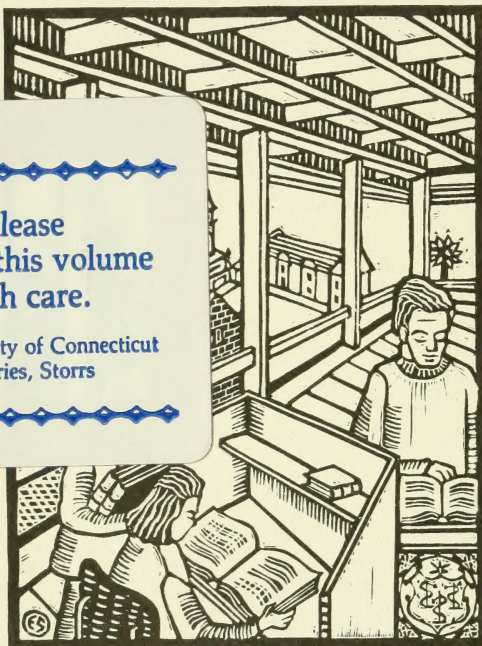




The UNIVERSITY of
♦♦♦ CONNECTICUT



Please
handle this volume
with care.


The University of Connecticut
Libraries, Storrs

♦♦♦ LIBRARY ♦♦♦

MUSIC
ML
420
L7
H7
1897

JENNY LIND THE ARTIST,

1820-1851.

A MEMOIR OF MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT,
HER ART-LIFE AND DRAMATIC CAREER: FROM
ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, LETTERS, MS. DIARIES, &c.,
COLLECTED BY MR. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT. 

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND, M.A.,

CANON AND PRECENTOR OF ST. PAUL'S,

AND

W. S. ROCKSTRO,

AUTHOR OF "GENERAL HISTORY OF MUSIC,"

"LIFE OF MENDELSSOHN,"

"LIFE OF HANDEL,"

ETC.

NEW AND ABRIDGED EDITION.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW YORK:
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
743 AND 745, BROADWAY.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.

Dedicated

BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION

TO

Her Majesty the Queen.

P R E F A C E.

THE welcome which was given to the Memoir of Jenny Lind in the original edition of two volumes has encouraged us to offer it in a smaller and less expensive form. In its first form it was essential that it should aim at completeness and thoroughness of treatment. It had to omit nothing that might legitimately be asked for, by those to whom her memory was dear in Sweden, and in Germany, no less than in England. It had to satisfy the attention and the interest of musical experts, to whom her career was a record of artistic perfection. To do this, it could not but be lengthy, detailed, and somewhat expensive. But, after all this has been done, there remains a larger English public, to whom she had become a name rather than a positive memory ; who had never heard her sing : but yet to whom her life could not but appeal with the irresistible force that belongs to genius whenever it is allied with simplicity, candour, purity, and courage. To them, her story would speak home, if only they had the opportunity of reading it.

We have, therefore, ventured on the task of reducing the memoir to one volume, by vigorous curtailments, and by omission of much technical matter.* We trust that, in this reduced

* *e.g.* The 'Appendix of Music,' etc.: published separately by Messrs. Novello & Co.

form, it may still convey the impression of a character which had a touch of unique nobility. Nothing has been added, except that, in the chapter entitled "Last Words," an attempt has been made to fill up the outline of Madame Goldschmidt's art-life after her marriage, that it may be felt to have the reality, and the value, which undoubtedly belonged to it in fact.

H. S. HOLLAND.

W. S. ROCKSTRO.

1893.

CONTENTS.

BOOK I.—ANTICIPATION.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION	page 1
------------------------	--------

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD.

Birth of Jenny Lind—Her parents—The child entrusted to Carl Ferndal at Sollentuna—Her love of the country—Return to Stockholm—Fru Tengmark, her grandmother—First discovery of her musical gifts—The Fanfare—Jenny at the Widows' Home—Mdlle. Lundberg hears her sing—Introduction to Herr Croelius—Jenny transferred to the School of the Royal Theatre	page 7
--	--------

CHAPTER III.

PUPILAGE.

The Royal Theatre, Stockholm—Jenny's life at school—She is boarded with her mother—Contract with the Directors—The training of an <i>Aktris-Elev</i> —Jenny's general education—Difficulties with her mother—Friendship with Mina Fundin—She takes refuge with Mdlle. Bayard—Her letter to Fru Fundin	page 15
---	---------

CHAPTER IV.

CAREER.

Jenny's dramatic power—Her first appearance as "Angela" in <i>The Polish Mine</i> —She acts "Johanna" in <i>Testamentet</i> —Criticism in the <i>Heimdall</i> —Extract from the play—"Otto" in <i>Johanna de Montfaucon</i> —"Janette" in the <i>Pasha of Suresne</i> —"Louise" in the <i>Students of Småland</i> , etc.— <i>The Daily Allehanda</i> protests against its performance—Other rôles—She sings at concerts—Herr Berg and his pupil—Lindblad's Opera	
--	--

Fronddörerne—Sacchini's *Œdipus in Athens*—She receives a salary from the R. Theatre—Her appearances in 1837—Hard work—Rise of Meyerbeer—*Robert de Normandie*—Jenny Lind's success . . . page 24

CHAPTER V.

DISCOVERY.

The moment of inspiration—"Agatha"—"Julia"—Rise in salary—"Alice" in *Roberto*—Upsala—Escort home and Students' song—Country life—Popular enthusiasm—Fru Lind—Louise Johansson—Jenny Lind's removal to Herr Lindblad's—Operatic successes—Presentation of plate—The judgment of Sweden page 35

CHAPTER VI.

CHARACTER.

Soirée at Stockholm—Moral independence—"A unique apparition"—Personal appearance of Jenny Lind—A transparent countenance—A typical Swede—Undertone of melancholy—Friendship—Influence of Lindblad—Geijer's songs page 46

CHAPTER VII.

PILGRIMAGE.

Jenny Lind appointed Court Singer—Unsatisfied longings—Offer from the Royal Theatre—Refusal—Parisian scheme—Provincial tour accompanied by her father—Charity—Stockholm—"Lucia"—"Alice"—"Norma"—Overstrain—Salary—Farewell page 58

BOOK II.—ASPIRATION.

CHAPTER I.

IN PARIS, 1841-42.

On the way—Arrival in Paris—First introduction—Nervousness—Garcia's first impressions—Jenny Lind's anguish—Rest—Linguistic studies—Street cries—End of probation—Garcia's lessons—Scales and exercises—What to unlearn—The worst over—Musical intuition page 65

CHAPTER II.

THE STUDENT.

Home at Mdlle. du Puget's—Home thoughts—Mdlle. Nissen's influence—Madame Persiani—Rachel—Dramatic inspiration—Despondency—A merciful escape page 73

CHAPTER III.

WITHIN SIGHT OF THE GOAL.

Recovery of voice with enhanced powers—The Artist complete—Dislike to Parisian artist-life—Reasons for visit to Paris and return to Stockholm—Longings for home page 80

CHAPTER IV.

THE RETURN.

Offers from Stockholm—Engagement concluded—Lindblad's opinion—Interview with Meyerbeer—Private trial at the Grand Opera—Meyerbeer's judgment—M. Pillet, Director of the Grand Opera—The second phase ended page 85

BOOK III.—ACHIEVEMENT.

HOME : AND AFTER ?

The Continent passive—Residence at Stockholm—Invitation to Louise Johansson—Re-appearance as "Norma"—The *messa di voce*—Stockholm enraptured—New characters—Swedish laws as to unmarried women—Jenny Lind and her parents—Appointment of an official guardian—Description of Herr H. M. Munthe—"The mirror of a noble soul"—National Jubilee—A May-day in Wärend—The poet Topelius—J. A. Josephson—Success at Copenhagen—Touching anecdote—New rôles—Gluck's *Armida*—Opinion of Andersen's Tales—Proposals from Meyerbeer page 91

BOOK IV.—MASTERY.

CHAPTER I.

IN DRESDEN.

Study of German—Josephson's welcome—A soirée at Dresden—Renewed offer at Stockholm—Jenny Lind's refusal—A momentous journey page 111

CHAPTER II.

AT THE COURT OF BERLIN.

Predecessors of Jenny Lind—Suspense—Meyerbeer's attentions—Courtesy of the Royal Family—Success in Society—Impression on Lady Westmorland—Transfiguration—Indifference to dress—First meeting with Mendelssohn page 115

CHAPTER III.

THE DÉBUT AT THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE.

Das Feldlager in Schlesien—Fraulein Tuczec “Vielka”—“Norma”—Success—Contrasts—Rellstab’s critique—Visit from Herr Josephson—A Swedish Christmas Eve page 121

CHAPTER IV.

‘DAS FELDLAGER IN SCHLESIEŒ.’

German studies resumed—Rapid progress—Meyerbeer enchanted—The public astonished—The critic’s summary—Invitation to London—At Tieck’s—Serenade and presentation page 129

CHAPTER V.

THE BUNN CONTRACT.

Mr. Bunn’s journey to Berlin—Hears Jenny Lind—Proposals—The Ambassador’s Box at the Opera—Contract signed—Terms page 134

CHAPTER VI.

HOMAGE TO WEBER.

Weber’s death—His burial—Jenny Lind’s interpretation of “Euryanthe”—Critique—The apparition of Emma—*La Sonnambula*—Critique—Sudden indisposition—Letter from Meyerbeer—Letter to Mr. Bunn—Last appearance—*Norma*—Critique—*Soirée* by the brothers Ganz—Court Concerts—Other Concerts—Farewell—Swedish songs—At Professor Wichmann’s—Unrest page 138

CHAPTER VII.

AT HOME ONCE MORE.

The homeward journey—Guest performances at Hamburg—Joy of return—Delight of her people—A welcome—Eighteen performances—*Die Tochter des Regiments* for soldiers—A concert—Country life—Summons to the Court of Prussia page 148

CHAPTER VIII.

IN PRESENCE OF THE QUEEN.

Her Majesty’s reception by the King and Queen of Prussia—Inauguration of the statue of Beethoven at Bonn—Extract from Herr Brockhaus’ diary—A sorrow—Jenny Lind sings at the State Concerts—Mrs. Grote’s account—Meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Grote at Frankfort—Mrs. Grote offers to intercede with Mr. Bunn—Jenny’s wish to retire and her reasons—A London journalist’s opinion of Jenny Lind’s personal appearance and voice—Proposals for Vienna page 153

CHAPTER IX.

WITH THE DANES.

For Charity—Letter to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer—Impressions of Copenhagen—The Mind-World of the North—Hans Andersen's Verdict—The Bunn Contract page 160

CHAPTER X.

THE RETURN TO BERLIN.

True friends—A brilliant season—"Donna Anna"—*Der Freischütz*—First production—The *Berlinische Zeitung* upon Jenny Lind's impersonation of "Agathe"—The Opera of Nature—Jenny Lind's devotion to Art—Self-depreciation—Artistic position reviewed by Jenny Lind in letter to Madame Erikson—Desire for retirement page 168

CHAPTER XI.

AT THE GEWANDHAUS.

Letter to Herr Josephson—Jenny Lind's opinion of Mendelssohn—Reflex action—The two great Artists at Leipzig—Great popular excitement—Free list suspended—Indignation of the Students of the Conservatorium—Rush for tickets—Miss Dolby—Herr Heinrich Brockhaus' diary—The note-book of Herr Edouard Brockhaus—Serenade and presentation—Mendelssohn returns thanks for Jenny Lind page 176

CHAPTER XII.

'DIE VESTALIN' AND 'DIE HUGENOTTEN.'

"Julia" in *Die Vestalin*—Rellstab's glowing panegyric—Jenny Lind's unerring dramatic instinct—Hans Christian Andersen—An *al fresco* toilette—An enthusiastic admirer—Andersen and Jenny Lind at Weimar—Visit to the Fürstengruft—Verses by Rollet—Visit to the Mendelssohn family at Leipzig—Letter from Jenny to Andersen—Meyerbeer's punctilious regard for perfection of detail—*Personnel* of the cast in *Les Huguenots*—Rellstab's criticism on Jenny Lind's "Valentine" page 184

CHAPTER XIII.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

An unfortunate accident—General sympathy—Letter from Mendelssohn—Three weeks' imprisonment—Medallion portrait modelled by Professor Wichmann—Portrait by Magnus—Re-appearance of Jenny Lind in *Norma*—Benefit recorded by Rellstab page 192

BOOK V.—PROGRESS.

CHAPTER I.

THE DÉBUT AT VIENNA.

Visit to the Brockhaus family—Mendelssohn's home-life—Home-life of Professor Wichmann—Herr Ferdinand David—Madame Schumann—Mendelssohn as an accompanist—In Vienna—Madame Birch-Pfeiffer's delineation of Jenny Lind's character—Mendelssohn's letter to Herr Franz Hauser—The "Theater an der Wien"—*Norma*—Timidity of Jenny Lind—Herr Hauser's reassurance—Success—Press notice of Jenny Lind's appearance—Strong party against Jenny Lind—Successful appearance in *La Sonnambula*—Countless calls before the curtain—Farther letters from Mendelssohn—Scheme for a *libretto* for Mendelssohn by Madame Birch-Pfeiffer—Difficulties—*Die Ghibellinen in Pisa*—A wreath from the Empress-Mother—An ovation—Accident to Jenny Lind's man-servant
page 198

CHAPTER II.

THE LOWER RHINE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Mendelssohn engaged on *Elijah*—Hauser's estimate of Jenny Lind—The Rhenish Festivals—*St. Paul* in 1836—The present festival at Aix-la-Chapelle—Consideration for an invalid servant—Haydn's *Creation*—The *Jenny Lind Fest*—Mendelssohn's and Geijer's account of it—Departure from Aachen—*Elijah* on the eve of production
page 217

CHAPTER III.

THE CONTRACT WITH MR. LUMLEY.

The Drachenfels—Appearances at Hanover—Friendship with the Royal Family—Second season at Hamburg—Overstrain—A short holiday—*Elijah* still unfinished—"Annotations-bok" of Jenny Lind—Visit to Frankfort—Mrs. Grote and Mr. Lumley—The Bunn Contract—English influences—Mr. Edward Lewin—Mr. Lumley's efforts—Mendelssohn's introduction of Chorley—Chorley's impressions of Jenny Lind—Darmstadt—Lumley's trust in Mendelssohn's influence—Mendelssohn's letter in support of Lumley's endeavours—Engagement with Lumley signed—Fresh endeavours to obtain a *libretto*—The Lumley Contract
page 225

BOOK VI.—WORK AND FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

SOUTH GERMANY.

In Munich—The Kaulbachs—Letter from Mendelssohn objecting to the Italian plan—*Concerts particuliers*—The Birch-Pfeiffer *libretto*—

"Susanna" in *Figaro*—Society at the Kaulbachs—Stuttgart—Letter to Judge Munthe on London engagement—Carlsruhe—Heidelberg—A Nuremberg medal—Return to Munich—Haydn's *Creation* at Munich
page 237

CHAPTER II.

THE RETURN TO VIENNA.

Operas—*Marie, die Tochter des Regiments*—Portrait—The *Wiener Zeitung*—The Schumanns—Madame Schumann's Diary—Concerts—Wilhelmina Neruda—Solicitude of Mendelssohn about the Bunn Contract
page 247

CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOW.

Trio for voice and two flutes in *Vielka*—Fräulein Auguste von Jaeger's reminiscences—Radnitzky's medal—Imperial Kammersängerin—The Schumanns—Viardot Garcia—Mr. Bunn adheres to the Contract—Terror of Jenny Lind—Reassurances of Mendelssohn—Jenny Lind's offer to Mr. Bunn—Last song at Vienna
page 253

BOOK VII.—SUPREMACY.

CHAPTER I.

MANAGERIAL DIFFICULTIES.

The "*Vieille Garde*" of the Opera—Mr. Lumley in the field—Lablache—Mr. Lumley's only hope—Lablache's estimate of Jenny Lind—Mr. Lumley's journey to Vienna—*Elijah* at Exeter Hall conducted by Mendelssohn—Mendelssohn's Visit to Mrs. Grote—Watching for Jenny Lind—Arrival—Appearance in Mrs. Grote's box at Her Majesty's Theatre—Jenny Lind at Mrs. Grote's—Mendelssohn invites her to sing—Jenny Lind's nervousness—Second essay—Still diffident about public appearance—Mrs. Grote's home-thrust—Jenny Lind convinced—Appoints rehearsal and chooses "Alice" in *Roberto*
page 259

CHAPTER II.

THE TRIUMPH.

Public excitement—Crowded house—Entrance of Alice—The *Terzetto* and Mme. Goldschmidt's interpretation of it—Self-effacement—A true artist—The *Times*' critique
page 265

CHAPTER III.

AT CLAIRVILLE.

Seclusion—A household word—A Broadside—Albert Smith's sketches—Jenny Lind's accounts of her London *début* and description of her home

—Mr. Bunn's position—Her Italian successful—Loving greeting to the Imperial city—Jenny Lind's large heart—Visiting the sick—Mr. Lumley saved page 270

CHAPTER IV.

'LA SONNAMBULA,' 'LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.'

Royal attentions—The Duke of Wellington—A brilliant company—Jenny Lind escapes—The new "Amina"—*Ah! non credea*—A stage illusion—Jenny Lind's thoroughness—Balfe's tribute—Lablache's comment—New departure in *La Figlia*—Inspired by Jenny Lind—The Priestess of Nature page 277

CHAPTER V.

THE QUEEN'S STATE VISIT TO THE OPERA.

"Norma"—Attitude of the Press—A new reading—Opinions of the Press—Mons. Roger—Opposing verdicts—Madame Grisi's opinion page 284

CHAPTER VI.

'LA TEMPESTA,' 'I MASNADIERI.'

The *libretto* an obstacle—Mendelssohn dissatisfied with Scribe's *Tempest*—Verdi—First performance of *I Masnadieri* based upon Schiller's *Die Räuber* page 287

CHAPTER VII.

'LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.'

Versatility of Mdle. Lind's genius—Mozart's music—The comedy of Beaumarchais—Rigorous exactitude of Mdle. Lind—An electrical effect—Musical example page 290

CHAPTER VIII.

BY COMMAND OF THE QUEEN.

Royal concerts—Swedish songs—Lablache "*wie ein Vater*"—King Leopold—Where the English heart was won—An inestimable privilege page 294

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE PROVINCES.

The summer of 1847—Burnham Beeches—Horse exercise—Wimbledon Park—Mr. Lumley's fête at Putney—Tea and supper at Clairville—Jenny Lind entertaining—Moods—In the provinces—English tour con-

cluded—Mrs. Grote's account—Mr. Edward Lewin—At Norwich—Invitation to the Bishop's Palace—Choristers' privileges—Letter from A. P. Stanley—An independent witness—Departure from England—On board the Packet—A last adieu page 298

BOOK VIII.—THE GOAL.

CHAPTER I.

NEW TRIUMPHS AT BERLIN.

Farewell at the Opera-House—At Sans Souci—Royal Kammersängerin—The King's letter—Hamburg—Stockholm page 308

CHAPTER II.

HOME AGAIN.

Love of England—Philanthropic plans—Jenny Lind's published letter in explanation of these plans—Voice in full splendour—Operatic performances—Concerts—"Norma" her last Swedish performance on the stage—The Bunn verdict—Home—Sympathy between Jenny Lind and Mendelssohn—His death—Fund for the Theatre School—Engagement to Herr Julius Günther—Departure—Retrospect page 313

CHAPTER III.

THE RE-APPEARANCE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

La Sonnambula—Clairville—The fourth of May—Chopin at the Opera—Chopin's *Matinées*—Jenny Lind's enthusiasm for Chopin's works—First appearance of Jenny Lind as "Lucia"—Analysis and critique—Lablache and Jenny Lind in *L'Elisir d'Amore*—Success of Jenny Lind in *I Puritani*—*Qui la voce*—The *Cadenza*—Critique—Her Majesty and the Prince Consort constant auditors—Mr. Lumley's profits page 324

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONCERT FOR THE BROMPTON HOSPITAL.

Retirement at Clairville—Herr Berg and family—Trusted friends—Thalberg—Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall—The Brompton Hospital—Mr. Otto Goldschmidt plays at the Concert in its behalf—Her visit to the Hospital—The "Jenny Lind Gallery"—Memorial salver—Panegyric by Mr. Disraeli—A long line of noble deeds inaugurated page 330

CHAPTER V.

'ELIJAH.'

Letter to Frau von Kaulbach—"In memory of Mendelssohn"—"*Tournée* in the Provinces"—*La Figlia* at Brighton—Roger's account of it—Benefit

concert for her Orchestra—Soirée to the band—Address and healths proposed by Jenny Lind—Return to London—A worthy monument to Mendelssohn—The Soprano part of *Elijah* written for Jenny Lind's voice—Performance of *Elijah* at Exeter Hall—*Times'* critique—The Mendelssohn Scholarships permanently established . . . page 336

CHAPTER VI.

FOR CHARITY.

Concerts at Manchester—Birmingham—Yule-Tide at Manchester—Liverpool—Second visit to Norwich—The concerts—The Jenny Lind Infirmary for Sick Children—Concert for Balfe's benefit—Worcester Royal Infirmary—£10,000 for charity—The *Creation* at Exeter Hall—*Times'* critique—Liberality of Jenny Lind page 342

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST OPERA.

Doubts and perplexities—"The Grand Classical Concerts"—A mistake—Reparation—General emotion—Six performances—Her Majesty and the Prince Consort—"For the last time"—A delicate memorial page 348

CHAPTER VIII.

THE "METHOD."

A *soprano drammatico*—Compass—The various registers—Art of blending—Signor Garcia's success—Veiled tone of middle notes—The F#—The *pianissimo*—The natural voice—Diligent practice—Voice not naturally flexible—The reward of labour—The shake—The method of breathing—The *messa di voce*—Articulation—Incessant practice—Two interesting letters—Singing as a beneficial exercise for the chest—Summary of eleven years' operatic work page 355

CHAPTER IX.

FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

Home of the heart—Of her adoption—The Grotes—Mr. Edward Lewin—The Bishop of Norwich and Mrs. Stanley—Mary and Arthur Penrhyn Stanley—"Jenny Lind's smile"—A letter from Tasmania—A Swedish Bible—Mrs. Stanley's report to her sister—Mme. Salis Schwabe—Baroness and Miss French page 366

BOOK IX.—FRUITION.

CHAPTER I.

WHY DID JENNY LIND LEAVE THE STAGE?

A dramatic genius—The moment of recoil—Reasons—Mrs. Grote's views—Tired—The hope of tranquillity—Love of home—Scheme for endowment of the Theatre School—Second London season—A crisis—Engagement to Herr Günther broken—A proposal—Clashing standpoints—Ruin awaits old friends—Mr. Nassau Senior—A pledge redeemed—Release—To Paris and Mrs. Grote—"Tired to the very bones" . . . page 376

CHAPTER II.

WANDERINGS AT EASE.

Tale of singing birds—Song from Spontini's *Vestale*—At the Swedish Embassy—Death of Catalani—Rest enjoined—A visit to Mme. Mendelssohn—A grape cure—America on the horizon—Mr. Goldschmidt's concert at Hamburg—To Berlin—Royal invitation to Stockholm—Letter from King Oscar I. page 393

CHAPTER III.

LÜBECK.

An English letter from Jenny Lind—Plan for going to Russia negatived—American tour—Barnum—His liberality—Destination of the American earnings—Mr. Benedict and Signor Belletti—Children's ball at Lübeck—Mr. Goldschmidt—Hanover—The Queen of Hanover's recollections—Excitement at Göttingen—The Burschenschaft Hannovera—At Berlin—Letter from Prof. Jüngken—Herr Rellstab's tribute—Lieder—The last air of "Susanna"—Hamburg and Mme. Schumann's diary—Jenny Lind's aversion to "Society"—Enthusiasm for Schumann's songs—Last "notes" of Jenny Lind "An den Sonnenschein"—Manificence to the Students' Union at Lund—A bracelet from the Court of Berlin—Religious impressions page 402

CHAPTER IV.

HOME ONCE MORE.

With the "Gauthiod"—The *Daily Allehanda*—Fröken von Stedingk's record—A bunch of forget-me-nots—Presentation of medal struck in her honour—Address—Medals, a legacy to the National Museum, Stockholm—Singing in the St. Clara Kyrka page 428

CHAPTER V.

DEPARTURE.

Liverpool Philharmonic Society—Two concerts—Jenny Lind at rehearsal—*Messiah*, her first singing of the Soprano part in England—Great excitement—Her Swedish heart—The old folks at home—A hurried departure—A royal progress down the river—Westward Ho!—American triumphs—Oratorio a congenial field—Letter to parents—To her guardian Herr Munthe—Milk soup and a wooden spoon—Death of Fru Lind—Retrospect of a devoted daughter—Word portrait by Mr. Parker Willis—Lady beggars—"Good night" page 432

LAST WORDS.

Later Art-life of Madame Goldschmidt—Her death page 448

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORTRAIT, AFTER MAGNUS	<i>Frontispiece</i>
CROELIUS, JENNY LIND'S FIRST SINGING MASTER	<i>page 14</i>
FACSIMILE PAGE OF ENGAGEMENT BOOK	<i>To face page 228</i>
JENNY LIND IN THE CHARACTER OF "MARIA" IN <i>La Figlia del</i> <i>Reggimento</i>	<i>To face page 248</i>
JENNY LIND IN THE CHARACTER OF "ALICE" IN <i>Roberto il</i> <i>Diavolo</i>	<i>page 267</i>
JENNY LIND IN THE CHARACTER OF "AMINA" IN <i>La Sonnam-</i> <i>bula</i>	<i>„ 279</i>
JENNY LIND IN THE CHARACTER OF "NORMA"	<i>To face page 318</i>
MADemoisELLE LIND, FROM A DAGUERROTYPE BY KILBURN, AUGUST 1850	<i>To face page 435</i>
WYND'S POINT, MALVERN HILLS, MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT'S COUNTRY HOME IN WHICH SHE SPENT MUCH OF THE LAST YEARS OF HER LIFE, AND IN WHICH SHE DIED, NOVEMBER 1887	<i>page 462</i>



JENNY LIND,—THE ARTIST.

BOOK I.

ANTICIPATION.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

JENNY LIND—the name carries music with it to English ears. The memory is very tender and fragrant of her who, to our joy, found, for so long, a home among us. And yet it may well be questioned whether we English have even yet formed an adequate estimate of her gifts and character.

For what is it which we have in our minds as we recall her name? It is, first, some tale of the wonderful days when all London went mad over her singing. We have heard people tell, as their eyes kindle with the old passionate delight, how she came tripping over the stage in the *Figlia*, and how the liquid notes came rippling off her lips. We hear of the hours they waited in the historic crush at the Opera in the Haymarket; of the feverish energy with which they toiled to catch one glimpse of her passing. We remember, with a smile, some picture in an old copy of *Punch*, or the *Illustrated London News*, of scenes in the opera passages on a Jenny Lind night.

And then we add to this memory of that surpassing triumph, the thought of one whose purity and simplicity won all hearts to love the girl who, in the hour of her overwhelming success, remembered others rather than herself, and poured out her money in charities, and devoted her marvellous gifts to the relief of poverty and the healing of pain.

That is our English picture, and it is good and pleasant enough ; and it is quite true, so far as it goes. But it is strangely imperfect and fragmentary. It assumes that her operatic career is to be identified with the brief passage of those London seasons, and that her fame is a private possession of our own here in England, where she lived and died. There prevails no general conception that the English visits were but the latter episodes of a long dramatic experience—an experience which had begun, with extraordinary promise, before she had passed out of her childhood, and which had already won to her the same enthusiasm which greeted her in England, not only in her own Swedish home and in the kindred capital, Copenhagen, but in the great musical centres of Germany—Berlin, the Rhine, Leipzig, Munich, and Vienna.

Nor was it only the enthusiasm of the general public for a most beautiful voice, which had been already given her ; but it was the authoritative chiefs of the musical art who had signalled in her the arrival not only of an exquisite singer, but of a supreme and unique artist. The admiration for Jenny Lind was not a mere popular fever, such as has now and again followed the steps of some favourite of the opera. Its peculiar force lay in this—that it held enthralled the highest and best minds in Europe. It was the men of genius who recognised in her something akin to themselves. In her native land it had been those who dominated in the musical and literary world who were drawn to sing, and write, and talk of her—Geijer, historian and poet ; Lindblad, the “Schubert of Sweden” ; Bishop Thomander, Fredrika Bremer, Topelius. At Copenhagen it is the chief artists and poets, and writers and sculptors of the day who are profoundly sensitive to her influence—Jensen, Hans Andersen, Thorwaldsen, Melbye, Ehlenschläger. In Berlin it is Meyerbeer, who can talk of nothing else but this marvellous Swedish girl. In London it is Moscheles, who writes, “What shall I say of Jenny Lind ? It is impossible to find words adequate to describe the impression she has produced. This is no short-lived fit of public enthusiasm. So much modesty and so much greatness united are seldom, if ever, to be met with.” It is Thalberg, Taubert, Schumann, who welcome her into the elect company of the masters, “who know.” It is Tieck and Kaulbach at Berlin, it is Grillparzer at Vienna, who are her friends and her hosts. And, finally, it is Mendelssohn himself, who, as will be seen in the letters that follow, is fascinated by her

personality, and feels all his gifts roused in him to compose something worthy of her, and is eager and on fire to put out all his power in an opera which she may sing, and bends before her judgment as to his own place and career, and delights to share with her the deepest motives and convictions with which he sets to work at the *Elijah*. Does not our picture of the Haymarket crush rather fade into insignificance as a standard of Jenny Lind's position as an artist when we recall the high notes of the soprano in the *Elijah*, giving out the cry of Seraphim to Seraphim, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth," and remember that it was with her image before him that Mendelssohn wrote that music—that it was to catch the peculiar beauty which he loved in her voice that the high F sharps ring out so appealingly in the "Hear ye, Israel?" And have we at all realised that she was one of whom he could say, "She is as great an artist as ever lived; and the greatest I have known"?*

The question that we have put was one which her visible presence would at once suggest. Surely those who first saw her in much later life must have instinctively felt a jar between the popular ideal and the realisation; not that she was less than their expectation, but that she was so much more than the general report tended to convey. They had come to be introduced to her, murmuring perhaps to themselves some air from the *Sonnambula*, or the *Figlia*, with which her early fame was associated; but the air was forgotten when they found themselves in her presence; that strong and solemn face, with its deep lines and grey pathetic eyes, with its grave dignity, with its serious exultation—what had this face in common with an opera of Donizetti? Charm, animation, lightness, grace—these, no doubt, she had at command, and she could brim over with gaiety and humour; but not in these lay the impression she produced—not here was the dominant note struck. Rather one felt oneself to be facing a character of emphatic force and vigorous outlines—a character that it was difficult to imagine curbed within the conventional artificialities of the Italian drama. It had far more of the impressive pose of a powerful tragedienne. Even the name of "Jenny Lind" seemed to be inadequate to the occasion. It is a name which English

* Recorded by Mrs. Grote, in her Note-book, as said to her by Mendelssohn in 1846. Cf. Mendelssohn's words to Hans Andersen, at p. 163.

lips caress with affection, having in it the sense and sound of some homely and endearing diminutive. But here, one felt, was something more than affectionate diminutives could express; something more than a delicious singer; something more, even, than the pure and simple and beneficent woman. All this there certainly was, but with it and above it was that which startles and quells and even alarms—something of a rare and majestic type, which broke through the ordinary layers which encrust and imprison our average human life; a character solitary and distinct, dowered with strange intensity, retaining its free original spontaneity, drawing ever on its own resources, independent and somewhat contemptuous of those external tests and standards by which the mass of men guide their hesitating judgments. Susceptible, indeed, she was, as an artist must be, to outside influence and atmosphere, but her individuality had not succumbed, or lost its sharp and unique distinction under this liability to sensitive impression; it had never yielded to the grinding years. It retained, obviously and undeniably, the rarity and the grandeur of genius; and all who had eyes to see knew, at a glance, that here before them was a pilgrim-soul, aloof and uplifted,

“One of the small transfigured band,
Whom the world cannot tame.”

It is to justify this high estimate of her powers and gifts that this book is written. It starts from the level of Mendelssohn's judgment of her. If, indeed, she was the greatest musical artist that he had ever known, it is well worth while to ask whence her capacities took their rise, what was their artistic development, what are the special notes and features which were most characteristic of her genius. The book proposes to respond to such questions as these; and, with this end in view, after lightly tracing the records of her birth and early infancy, it offers a sketch of her dramatic career from the year 1829–30, when she first passed within the doors of the theatre, to the year 1850–51, when, after having bade farewell to the stage for ever, she signalled her new position by her triumphant passage to the New World beyond the Atlantic. Within those full twenty years she was a Child of the Drama in an intimate and peculiar sense. Within that time she won the experience, under the pressure of which the gifts with which she was endowed received their impress,

and moved forward to their perfection. By the close of those years she had gained everything that gave its unique character to her artistic genius; for, not only had she proved her complete mastery over all the manifold opportunities and material of the operatic stage, but she had already, in earlier days, by her singing of selections from the *Creation*, and the *Seasons*, and more especially by her marvellous rendering of the soprano part in the *Elijah*, in London, on behalf of the Mendelssohn Scholarships, on December 15th, 1848, attested her supremacy in that domain of art which was so singularly congenial both to her special capacities and to her spirited temper, and through which she was, in after years, to carry such a high message to her hearers—the domain of sacred Oratorio.

Those twenty years, then, contain the secret of her growth as an artist. The years that followed, besides the splendid opportunities which they brought her of exercising the powers which were already matured, added, also, to this, much which matured and deepened the woman's inward history—added the good gifts which she herself had, by hard necessity, most pitifully lacked in her early days—the gifts of tender domestic love, of watchful devotion—the background of warmth and confidence which belongs to home, and husband, and children. All this would, for herself, measured by her own balances, be of priceless worth in the estimation of her life, and for those who knew and loved her, it would be of inexhaustible interest. But it is the *artistic* life, alone, of an artist, over which the world has a positive and undeniable claim. An artist is, in a sense, public property; his or her art makes direct appeal to public judgment; it offers itself as a public endowment to the world at large. Its development, its movements, its story, are public facts. And it is due to mankind, when it gives to an artist a generous and unstinted welcome, that it should know the peculiar growth and training, the advantages and the perplexities, the hindrances and the helps, through which that gift, which was at last so triumphant, won its slow way forward out of darkness into light. Such a story may not be without profit, if it aids men to understand how better to cherish and foster those germs of genius which are to be found scattered in such strange freedom, amid conditions which seem least calculated to rear them in hardihood and grace. And, certainly, the tale of Jenny Lind may well be told for the sake of

bearing splendid witness, to all those who feel themselves stirred by some inherent native power, of the unconquerable force with which a pure and strong individuality, if it be true to the inner light and loyal to the outward call, can dominate circumstances, however harsh and rude, and can, with a single eye on the far goal of artistic perfection, and upheld by faith in God, move straight to its aim with an unswerving and irresistible security, shaping its passage, amid pitfalls and snares, over this perilous earth with a motion as free and sure and faithful as a star that passes, in unhindered obedience, over the steady face of heaven.

Nor will it be without significant interest that those twenty years begin with her earliest attachment to the Royal Theatre in her own home city of Stockholm, and end with her tribute-gifts, made out of her wonderful winnings, as thank-offerings to that theatre and home to which her heart had so often and so tenderly turned. The years of her main artistic growth are those in which, whatever her successes elsewhere, Swedish influences dominated her life. It was from the Swedish stage that she derived all her dramatic training. It was Swedish literature, Swedish literary men, who first made her sensitive to the high motives that were at work within her. It was in their company, under their encouragement, that she learned the truth and power of her own spiritual promptings. It was to carry back to her beloved Stockholm the rich fruits of her Parisian discipline that she toiled in exile. And even though, as an artist could not but do, she felt her spirit expand when she found herself taken into the full sweep of the musical forces at a great centre like Berlin, still her Swedish heart beat true to the old home-country, and it was out of her innermost self that she bent herself, as soon as the currents of her public triumph carried her far abroad, to the sweet task of securing for Sweden, out of the gains that Europe and America poured into her lap, records and pledges of her faithful remembrance of the needs and necessities of her own people, and her fatherland.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD.

“A CHILD of the Drama”—so we have named her—and not without reason ; for it was within the shelter of the Royal Theatre at Stockholm that she first found the comfortable warmth of a steady and a tender home, in which her child-heart, with its intense affections, could freely and candidly expand. She was hardly ten years old when she came under the guardianship of the Royal Theatre ; and throughout those nine early years, she was a forlorn little pilgrim, often passed about through the hands of strangers, and pitifully deprived of that deep security which a fixed and stable home-life inbreeds in us through its traditional sanctities and immemorial kindnesses.

Her birth, which took place in the parish of St. Clara, in Stockholm, on October 6th, 1820, found both her parents somewhat under difficulties. Her father, Niclas Jonas Lind, son of a lace-manufacturer, seems to have been able to do little or nothing towards providing a home for mother and child. He was very young, only twenty-two years old ; he had, through lack of energy, failed to continue his father's business, and at this time, kept the ledgers at a private merchant's house ; in virtue of which office he is entered as “Accountant” in the church register at the baptism of his little daughter, who was christened, on the day after her birth, with the name “Johanna Maria.”

Such a post would, no doubt, bring him in but little ; and perhaps he was not very likely to make the most of what he got. For he was good-naturedly weak ; much given to music of a free and convivial kind, such as was widely popular in Sweden at that day. Mr. Lind had a good voice, and took an eager part in these musical festivities. Such a life, it will be easily understood, does not tend to foster steadiness or thrift ; and he was perfectly unable to provide mother and child with either lodging or board,

though he probably contributed to it in some slender way. All the practical management had to be left to the energy and determination of the mother, who was, at the time, making her own way through the world under conditions which were not favourable to a baby's entry on the scene.

She was, herself, of very respectable burgher-stock. Her maiden name had been Anna Maria Fellborg; but she had been first married, in 1810, at the age of eighteen, to a Captain Rådberg. Her marriage had proved very unhappy, owing to the bad character of the husband; and after about eighteen months she obtained a divorce from him in the High Ecclesiastical Court, the Court assigning to her, in decisive recognition of her husband's misconduct, the custody of a little daughter who had been born to them, called Amelia Maria Constantia, together with aliment to the amount of half Rådberg's income, whatever that might be. She was thus thrown upon her own unaided exertions; but she was a woman of great force of character, well-educated for her circumstances, resolute not to be beaten. She got along, in one way or another, chiefly by means of education; and in 1820, at Jenny's birth, was keeping a day-school for girls, one or two of whom she also boarded; it was one of these little boarders, nine years older than Jenny, who became afterwards so helpful to her as companion and friend—Louise Johansson, whose name will frequently recur in the course of our story.

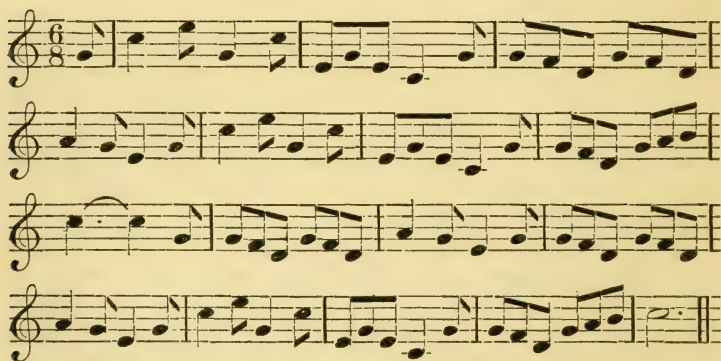
A baby would be, no doubt, a most tiresome inconvenience in the management of such a household; and so her mother seems to have placed the child, at once, under the care of Carl Ferndal, who was organist and parish clerk of the church at Ed-Sollentuna, some fifteen English miles out of Stockholm. She was tended by this man and his wife for about three years, her mother visiting her, it seems, at intervals, and spending with her the summer of 1821. Owing to some dispute with the clerk, she took Jenny back in 1824, probably in the early part of the year, to Stockholm; but it is possible to believe that those early years in Sollentuna were not without some influence on the child's character, for they seem to have woke up in her, from the very start, that innate and instinctive sense of the country which was so noticeable in her. The instinct itself is, indeed, native to the Swedes, for whom "the country" is a passion; and this national characteristic held, in her, a deep-rooted dominion. Somehow, one felt, in her company,

as if she had come out of the country. She was in close touch with all that belongs to a simple peasantry. She knew the tones of its songs ; and the rhythm of its dances ; its simplicity, its charm, its pathos—all were hers. Something of its native depth and dignity seemed to have passed into her. She ever felt herself at home in the country ; she breathed there freely ; she revelled in its wild flowers, in contrast with cultivated garden-flowers for which she had little love. She had an intense delight in the songs of wild-birds, with whose ways and habits she had intimate acquaintance. She enjoyed, especially, the expanse of wide waters. She delighted to be at large ; she hated crowds, and the pressure of a city, and the unresting stir of society. She did not desire the constant company of many fellow-creatures ; the town-instincts did not draw her. Her need of music might bring her to live there where she could best satisfy it ; but her heart was, naturally, away in country-scenes, where men were not too thick and near ; and where God seems closer ; and where the soul can feed its own high thoughts, somewhat aloof and alone, unfretted by man's insistent noise. Yet, after these first four years, she was brought up altogether in a city, winning the sight of the country only in her holidays. Something, surely, sank down very deep into the tiny baby, as she toddled in and out of the clerk's house, in the village of Sollentuna—something, which made her at home, ever, amid trees and fields—and something which was still strong in her to the end, linking the first days in the Swedish village to those last hours when she waited for her death, hid in the English home, where she had made for herself a refuge of peace, amid the sweet solitude of the Malvern hills.

Back, however, to Stockholm, she was then quickly brought ; and there, in her home, she, most likely, found a new arrival in the person of Fru Tengmark, her grandmother on her mother's side, now in her second widowhood, who had, hitherto, lived with one of her daughters, Fru Perman, at Östersund, in the north of Sweden, but who had now come to press her claim for admittance into a certain Home for the Widows of Stockholm burghers, an established and endowed institution of some importance in Stockholm. Already, in 1822, the old lady had put in her plea that she was unable, at an age which made employment impossible, to save herself, by her own efforts, from need ; but it was not until 19th August, 1824, that rooms were finally allotted to her. Jenny,

therefore, it would appear, found her at her mother's house ; and she seems to have received from Fru Tengmark a more kindly and appreciative treatment than it was in her mother's nature to bestow upon her. She always spoke of her grandmother with strong admiration and affection. Above all, she took in from her a profound impression of religion ; and it was to her that, in after years, she was accustomed to trace back those spiritual influences which became the very soul of her life.

It was the grandmother who was the first to detect the musical gifts of the child ; and this detection left a profound impression on the child herself, as if she, too, then first made a discovery of what was in her through the surprise which she found herself producing in others. The story formed her earliest distinct memory. Coming up from the country to the town, she was struck by the music of the military bugles that daily past through the street ; and one day when she fancied herself alone in the house she crept to the piano on which her half-sister used to practise her music, and, with one finger, strummed out for herself the fanfare which she had caught from the soldiers. But the



grandmother was at hand, and, hearing the music, called out the name of the half-sister, whom she supposed it to be ; and little Jenny, in terror at being found out, hid under the square piano ; she was so small that she fitted in perfectly ; and the grandmother, getting no answer to her calls, came in to look, and presently discovered her, and dragged her out, and was astonished, and said, "Child, was that you ?" and Jenny, in tears at her

crime, confessed ; but the grandmother looked at her deeply, and in silence ; and when the mother came back she told her, and said : “ Mark my words, that child will bring you help.” And, after that, the neighbours used to be called in to hear her play. As she told the story in later years, she would reproduce most vividly the frightened look of the child creeping away to hide ; and the significant look of the wonder-struck grandmother as she took in that it was indeed the tiny creature of three years old who had played the tune. She never forgot the historic “ fanfare ” ; and, as the earliest signal of her after-career, it is given in the form in which she herself committed it to the memory of her daughter.

At this day-school Jenny continued with her mother, for three or four years ; but, at last, the only boarder, Louise Johansson, was taken away, and her mother found herself hard pressed for funds. She determined to go out as governess ; and, perhaps with this intention, answered an advertisement stating that a certain childless couple were anxious to have a child to take care of. It turned out that this couple lived in the very same Widows' Home, in which Fru Tengmark had rooms, the man being the Guardian or Steward of the Home—a thoroughly comfortable and respectable position, by right of which he occupied the Lodge at the gate. This all seemed to fall in admirably, as Jenny would have the companionship of her favourite relation. So thither she was sent, probably in the year 1828 ; and her mother retired from Stockholm and took a place as governess, in Linköping, carrying with her her daughter Amalia Rådberg to help her in her educational work.

For a year and more she lived in the Widows' Home, but there is nothing recorded of her life there until we come to the famous incident which brought about her removal, and which fixed, for ever, the lines of her future career. It came about in this fashion. “ As a child I sang with every step I took, and with every jump my feet made.” So she herself records in her letter to the editor of the ‘ Swedish Biographical Lexicon,’ written in 1865 ; * and, apparently one of the forms which the perpetual song took was addressed to a cat, “ with a blue ribbon round its

* The editor of this Biographical Dictionary had written to her to ask if she could give him any account of her artistic training.

neck," of which she was very fond. The rest of the story shall be given in her own words as they were taken down by her eldest son, to whom she told it at Cannes in the spring of 1887 :— Her favourite seat with her cat was in the window of the Steward's rooms, which look out on the lively street leading up to the Church of St. Jacob's, and there she sat and sang to it ; and the people passing in the street used to hear, and wonder ; and amongst others the maid of a Mdle. Lundberg, a dancer at the Royal Opera House ; and the maid told her mistress that she had never heard such beautiful singing as this little girl sang to her cat. Mdle. Lundberg thereupon found out who she was, and sent to ask her mother, who seems to have been in Stockholm at the time, to bring her to sing to her. And, when she heard her sing, she said, "The child is a genius ; you must have her educated for the stage." But Jenny's mother, as well as her grandmother, had an old-fashioned prejudice against the stage ; and she would not hear of this. "Then you must, at any rate, have her taught singing," said Mdle. Lundberg ; and the mother was persuaded, in this way, to accept a letter of introduction to Herr Croelius, the Court Secretary and Singing-master, at the Royal Theatre. Off with the letter they started ; but, as they went up the broad steps of the Opera House, the mother was again troubled by her doubts and repugnance. She, no doubt, had all the inherited dislike of the burgher families to the dramatic life. But little Jenny eagerly urged her to go on ; and they entered the room where Croelius sat. And the child sang him something out of an opera composed by Winter. Croelius was moved to tears and said that he must take her in to Count Puke, the head of the Royal Theatre, and tell him what a treasure he had found. And they went at once ; and Comte Puke's first question was, "How old is she ?" and Croelius answered, "Nine years old." "Nine !" exclaimed the Count ; "but this is not a *crèche* ! It is the King's Theatre !" And he would not look at her, she being, moreover, at that time what she herself (in her letter to the 'Biographical Lexicon') calls "a small, ugly, broad-nosed, shy, gauche, under-grown girl !" "Well," said Croelius, "if the Count will not hear her, then I will teach her gratuitously myself, and she will one day astonish you !" Then Count Puke consented to hear her sing ; and, when she sang, he too was moved to tears ; and, from that moment, she was accepted ; and

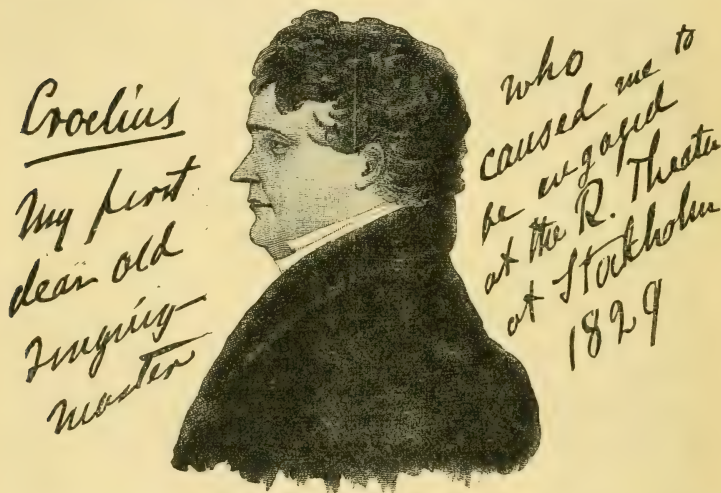
was taken, and taught to sing, and educated, and brought up at the Government expense.

So she told the crucial event in her life in her own graphic manner. Those stairs were to become familiar enough to the little feet which then first felt them. Up that broad flight she stepped on to the platform on which, for twenty years to come, she was to live out her life, and win her unexampled victories. As she pulled at her mother's unwilling hand that day, she took the step which determined her whole destiny.

For, radical as her mother's dislike might be to the stage, yet fate, on the one hand, was too strong for her, and, on the other, she was pressed sorely by her straitened means. Croelius and Count Puke were not going to let their new-found treasure slip through their hands. They made an immediate offer to relieve the mother of all direct responsibility for her child's maintenance and education ; they proposed to adopt her into the School of Pupils, which was attached to the Royal Theatre, looking to repay the expenses, which they risked, through the after-success which they anticipated. It was a generous proposal ; it came at a moment of pressure when it was almost impossible to refuse the opportunity of relief ; and the mother yielded. To her it still seemed an act by which, in her own words, used afterwards to the Directors of the theatre, she was "sacrificing her own child to the stage." But circumstances were unfortunate, and she could not but agree. So Jenny passed over from the Widows' Home to become a little nursling of the Drama ; and the world owes a debt of genuine gratitude to the Directors of the Theatre Royal for so quick and bold a recognition of the wonderful gift which lay hid in that tiny body. Rare, indeed, in the annals of art is it that the official authorities are so swift in their appreciation of strange and exceptional genius or so ready to make a venture on its behalf. And the chief honour, in a deed most honourable to all concerned, must lie with Herr Croelius. It was his insight that saw what there was in the "shy, gauche, and ugly, under-grown girl ;" it was his courage that laid compulsion on the natural unwillingness of Count Puke. "The person," she herself wrote in the letter we have already quoted to the editor of the 'Biographical Lexicon,' "whom alone I have to thank for the first discernment of my gift of song was the Court Secretary Croelius, Singing-master at the Theatre Royal. He told me all that which in later years

came to pass." His kindly features, quaint and dignified, are recorded in the accompanying sketch, on which she herself, long afterwards, wrote her witness to the goodness of him who was "the first to discern her gifts," and whose insight and courage determined her career.

So closes her early childhood. Hitherto she has sung as Nature bade her, singing to herself, singing to her cat, singing "at every step and jump which she made with her baby feet." Something, indeed, she may have caught from her mother, who was qualified to teach music, and from her half-sister and the day-pupils who used to practise on the piano on which Jenny made her first



famous experiment; and she would have heard her father, who used to come in the evening and sing, while her mother played the guitar, when the little one lay probably in bed. And, even at Sollentuna, she would have listened, in baby-wonder, to Ferndal as he played his organ in the church. But her young life had been, as we have seen, strangely wandering, chequered, and untutored, and nearly everything she had must have come from her own instinctive spontaneity. She was now to pass at this tiny age into a school devoted to the drama, under the definite training and discipline of skilled masters in music. The little foundling of Nature was henceforward to become the child of Art.

CHAPTER III.

PUPILAGE.

THE Royal Theatre, at Stockholm, into which Jenny Lind passed in the September of 1830, was to be, for the next ten years, the scene and centre of her life. In it she found a nursery for her child-talent ; a school to direct her entire development ; a playground in which she tasted the delights of companionship ; a home, which watched over her with fatherly interest and authority ; a stage on which she was greeted with unstinted appreciation. It became, for this spell of years, the pivot of all her efforts, the focus of all her associations and hopes, the environment within which all her gifts opened and discovered themselves.

The theatre was subsidised from the Royal Civil List, and was directed and controlled by the office of the Lord Chamberlain. Its chief officer was a Royal Director (Intendant), under whom, among other officials, was the Chief of the Singing Department. The first office was occupied, at the time of Jenny's entry, by Count Puke ; while the second was filled by Herr Croelius, who was dignified with the title of Court Secretary. The official finances came under the supervision of Herr Forsberg, an official in the War Office, who was charged with the honorary superintendence of the Theatre-School. He took an almost fatherly interest in Jenny Lind ; and she retained an intimate and affectionate friendship with his family, until her death.

The theatre stands in the heart of Stockholm, close to the Norrbro (North Bridge), overlooking the wide basin of the Norrström : it is a large, handsome building, facing the street known as the Gustaf Adolf's Torg, with its basement and double stories, on the second of which, in fine and airy rooms, was housed the School of Girls attached to the theatre, into which Jenny was now introduced, herself the very youngest of all, as we may gather

from Count Puke's complaint that Croelius was treating the theatre as if "it were a *crèche*."

The "Directors of the Royal Theatre," as its authorities were called, were in the habit of boarding out the pupils at some certified home, or homes, in the town, under the charge of some lady with whom the theatre made terms for food, lodging, and educational supervision. And, here, we come to a rather curious arrangement, which might, if it had been happily carried out, have combined, most fortunately, Jenny's new conditions with her natural home-relations. Her mother had moved back to Stockholm just before Jenny's entry at the theatre: she had taken, in the spring of 1830, a flat in No. 4 Quarteret Hammaren, in the Jakobsbergsgata. Had she taken it for the very purpose of boarding the pupils of the theatre? It is impossible to say: but, certainly, this parish of St. Jacob is close at hand; and, very soon after her return, she appears to have been intrusted by the Directors with some of their boarders; and, among them, probably, her own little daughter. Indeed, this is made almost certain by the fact that Jenny's very earliest recollection of the Theatre-School, as she often told her daughter, was her running to the school, to keep herself warm, in the cold winter mornings, dressed in the vivid smart colours, which her mother and half-sister loved, and which she so hated that she used to pull the bright feathers out of her bonnet as soon as she was out of sight of home. At last, in 1833, the affair took shape in a legal contract, drawn up between the "Directors" and Jenny's mother. The conditions of the bond are most precise. They begin by stating that they have, already, since April, 1832, been paying for * "Jenny Lind's board and education," and that, through the progress she has made since then, they have "formed the best hopes of her usefulness for the theatrical profession," and that they "desire to attach this young talent, by more definite conditions, to the Royal Theatre." They wish, therefore, to close a contract with her mother, with the terms of which, as they carefully insert, "Jenny Lind has declared herself satisfied." The child is to be received in the capacity of "actress-pupil at the Royal Theatre"; and cannot, without the consent of the Directors, be released from

* "Jenny Lind" appears as the formal name, even in the official document. Only once, *i.e.* in the Confirmation certificate, 1836, does the full name of her christening reappear, "Johanna Maria Lind."

her engagement until she have, through her after-efforts, "made restitution for the care and expense bestowed on her education."

"During her growing years, and until she is competent to be allotted a fixed salary, she is to receive, at the expense of the theatre, food, clothes, and lodging, together with free tuition in singing, elocution, dancing, and such other branches of instruction as belong to the education of a cultivated woman, and are requisite for the theatrical profession." The carrying out of this instruction is then committed to her mother, who engages to teach her "the Piano, Religion, French, History, Geography, Writing, Arithmetic, and Drawing." She is also to see to all matters of "food, fire, furniture, and clothing, bedding and washing"; and to have for her a tender mother's care.

For these purposes she will receive from the Directors 250 Riksdaler Banco (*i.e.* 20 guineas), while Jenny herself will be given two Riksdaler Banco every month for pocket-money, out of which she is to pay (poor child!) for her own needles and tape as well as for silk and cotton towards the mending of her clothes; this will leave not very much over for Jenny's private purposes; but on the other hand she is to be allowed the use of a pianoforte belonging to the Royal Theatre; and moreover, after the 1st July, 1835, she will actually be supplied with a chest of drawers, as well as bedstead and bedclothes, at the special cost of the Royal Theatre. Her mother is to see to it that the little pupil carefully observes the hours for lessons, rehearsals, and representations. The Royal Directors are to judge when the tiny creature will become competent to enter as actress with a salary from the Civil List, after which a new contract will be made, by which she will be pledged to remain for ten years in the service of the Royal Theatre for such a salary as the Directors, having proper regard to her talent and usefulness at the time, shall decide to grant her; but, in case "the aktris-elev Lind, contrary to the good hopes entertained on her behalf, were for one reason or another to prove of no use to the Royal Theatre, or, again, if she were to fail in that obedience she owes to the Royal Directors, it shall have full right to discharge her from the theatre after three months' notice, in which case the contract is to lapse."

So runs the deed, signed, on behalf of the Directors, by P. Westerstrand, who had succeeded Count Puke as Intendant,

and by Carl D. Forsberg, of the War Office ; and, below their signatures, Jenny's mother declares herself to be satisfied with the proposed conditions.

The bond is impressive, first in requiring the "full education of a cultivated woman." There, in that phrase, is a distinct ideal. It implies that the drama is no narrow, specialised function of a mere expert ; but is an affair in which the entire mind and character of the artist are concerned, so that the theatre itself may well spend its money in securing, not only the technical and professional training, but also that the pupil shall have the intelligence developed and fertilised, so that it be level with the average culture of the time.

And then, again, the completeness of the more professional instruction is well worth notice. Elocution, dancing, the piano—all are necessary to perfect the dramatic singing. The memory of this completeness in her early theatrical education left an indelible impression on Jenny Lind. She felt that she owed to it so much that contributed to, and enriched, the full effect of her musical gift ; and especially she valued her trained skill in expressive and beautiful motion, gained in the dancing school at the Theatre Royal. She moved exquisitely. Her perfect walk, her dignity of pose, her striking uprightness of attitude, were characteristic of her to the very last ; and no one can fail to recall how she stood, before, and while, she sang. Her grace, her lightness of movement were all the more noticeable from the rather angular thinness of her natural figure ; and there can be no doubt that they threw into her acting a charm which was positively entrancing.

To what degree the full education of a cultivated woman was actually attained in her case, it would be hard to exactly define. A great musical gift like hers carries culture with it ; and, then, she had, all her after-life, revelled in the society of the most cultivated men in Europe. So that it is difficult, from knowledge of her in later days, to say how much she had gained out of the formal instructions given her in childhood. But, naturally, these can only have been of an elementary and superficial type.

Nevertheless, the list of general studies named by the Directors was not merely nominal ; pains were taken ; the instruction was given. Religion, in spite of the hostile proximity of French on the one side, and of the piano on the other, was carefully attended

to; and her Confirmation certificate, given her on May 10th, 1836, witnesses, by the hand of the rector of St. Jacob's parish, Herr Abraham Pettersson, that she passed the public examination in the Christian doctrine of salvation "*with distinction.*"

For French, she went, probably, to the classes of M. Terrade, teacher to the Royal Theatre; the instruction was slight, but a certain degree of conversational French was in free use in Stockholm at the time, and would be habitual round about the theatre. Still, before her visit to Paris in 1841, she thought it necessary to take special lessons; and she had, when there, as we shall see, to grind at the grammar; so that her early knowledge must have been quite unscientific.

As to the piano, she, certainly, gained, at some time in her early life, a complete mastery over it, which stood her in good stead, and afforded her great enjoyment in later years. It was true that she had injured her left hand, when young, while striking fire with a flint on tinder, which to a certain extent crippled its full use; and, besides, she feared to fatigue and contract the vocal organs by serious practice on the piano. But, in spite of this, she handled it freely, and finely; she delighted to improvise on it, which she did with a touch of genuine genius; and part of the peculiar charm of her northern songs, as she sang them, came to them from her delicious playing of the accompaniment. There seems to be no doubt that, from quite early days, and more especially at about the age of sixteen, she could use it with easy familiarity; for, while still at this school, she used to "coach" the other girls through the musical parts of the plays, beating them out, herself, on the piano.

She had an eager and intense appreciation of her native literature; but, no doubt, this would be largely due to the influence of the Stockholm literary world, into which she was heartily welcomed at the time of her first triumphs.

A specimen of her drawing still remains—some painted flowers, done in the exact and formal manner of the day, but bearing sufficient witness to her having had the regular lessons; and those, probably, from her mother, who has left designs of the same type.

One accomplishment must be mentioned with special honour, her sewing. She worked magnificently. "Madame's stitches never come out," is the later testimony from her maid to her

powers. And she loved to do a piece of work, designing it herself, and achieving it, with the thoroughness of an expert.

German, which, afterwards, she loved, and pronounced beautifully, she did not begin until after her twenty-fourth year.

English was only slowly won, after her English visits. Her usual speech in this country at that time was French.

So much for her general education and accomplishments ; but we have been anticipating the course of our story, to which we now return.

The little girl, then, started in the spring of 1833, with what might well seem good hopes. Her career had taken a definite shape ; she was provided for, if nothing went wrong, for years to come ; she was to receive a regular education ; and a future position was assured to her. In the meantime she was to be housed, and cared for, by her own mother, in the happy companionship of other girls.

Mdlle. Bayard, the lady superintendent of the school, was a person much respected ; and the pupils were sure of enjoying care and attention from her. Jenny seems to have been exceedingly happy both with her, and with the other girls ; but, alas ! her trouble came from where we might least expect it—from her mother. Was it that her strong and resolute nature had been warped by early disappointment ?—that the early marriage with Captain Rådberg at eighteen, with its rapid disillusion, had left serious damage behind it on temper, and character ? Certainly, the world had gone hard with her. She had had to fight her way along for herself, under the burden of straitened circumstances. And she was somewhat proud, and stubborn, and self-willed. She, probably, fretted at the sense of being below the conditions which her burgher blood might expect and justify. From passages in her letters, we shall see, that she was quick to resent a slight, and hard to pacify. Altogether, from her recorded words and expressions, we can feel that she was one for whom things would not run smoothly. She was apt to show herself cross-grained, violent, harsh ; and this not only to others, but also to her child.

Before going on to tell the pitiful story of this early harshness, it may be well to remember that the daughter's memory of her mother was not all dismal and unkind. Their characters had, probably, many elements in common ; her mother's force, her

mother's haughty persistence reappeared, to some extent, in Jenny Lind. She, too, was not apt to take life too easily. And, again, she warmly recognised all that she owed, at this early time, to her mother's talents, and resolution, and effort. There was, below all the divergence, a strong tie of underlying attachment. The actual intercourse was, indeed, unhappy; it was marred by cruelty, and narrowness, and suspicion, which left a life-long shadow on the child. But it was not without something in it, which would, under brighter circumstances, open out into the tenderness and gentleness which belong to the name of mother, when once the early hardships were passed.

But it is these bad days of which we have now to speak. It appears that the pupils found the treatment they received from her too stern and hard; and they were soon removed to rooms at the top of the theatre itself; and placed under the charge of Mdlle. Bayard. Here they fared excellently; and were extremely happy. Jenny, who remained at her mother's, used to visit them there; and it was now that she struck up her intimate friendship with one of the pupils, Mina Fundin, who became her favourite playmate, and with whom she kept up, for life, an affectionate relationship. This lady is still alive, residing in Stockholm. It would seem that the contrast between the lonely severity of the home and the lively society of the theatre-rooms was too much for Jenny; and, at last, after some bout of harsh treatment, on the 30th of October, 1834, she took matters into her own hands, and ran off to Mdlle. Bayard. The Directors saw the merit of the proceeding, and allowed her to remain there. But her mother was not a person to acquiesce in such an arrangement, and the result was a long dispute with the theatre for the recovery of the child. It can serve no good purpose, now, to follow the track of this unhappy wrangle. It is enough to say that the mother was not content, until she had applied the pressure of the law against the Directors; that, at first, she only rested her appeal on the bond with the theatre, and that, when this failed, in January, 1835, she set to work with a more determined effort. Mr. Lind, who had, hitherto, kept in the background, was called to the front to take part in the struggle; and, together, they combined to make good their full parental claims over their child. Such a claim, once formally established, and put in force, was, necessarily, irresistible; and the theatre was obliged to surrender Jenny, by a final

judgment of the Royal Upper Town-Court, on the 23rd of June, 1836 ; and was, also, directed to recognise the existing contract of 1833 as still standing, and to pay, therefore, to the parents the stipulated sum for Jenny's keep, which was owing from January 1st, 1835, to April 1st, 1836, together with lawyer's fee, etc. There the quarrel ended ; on June 6th the theatre notified to the parents that Jenny would return to their house on July 1st, to be boarded at the old terms ; and both Mr. Lind, and his wife, countersigned the notice.

It is pleasant to think that, in spite of these most uncomfortable proceedings, the little creature over whose person home and theatre were fighting so strenuously was spending a most happy time at Mdle. Bayard's ; and it is delightful to read the brimming letter which she wrote, in the very thick of the wrangle, in August 1835—the very first word that we actually possess from her pen. It is written from Skytteholm, a place lying on one of the inland lakes which, in Sweden, are called by the pleasant name of "Sweet-Waters," where the pupils were taken for their summer holidays. It is addressed to the mother of her little playfellow, Mina Fundin—the Mina mentioned in the letter, who has made such desperate resolutions from which she is only saved by the state of her nerves and the motherliness of the "sensible old woman." With Mina's mother, Jenny is evidently on the brightest and most affectionate terms. Here is the letter :—

"Skytteholm, 5 Aug., 1835.

"MY DEAR LITTLE AUNTY,

"Pardon me for taking the liberty to write to you—but—I really don't know what to write about ! Yes, I know ! I hope that my little Aunty and Lotta are quite well ;—*we* are flourishing, all of us !

"Ah ! thank God ! soon we return to town ; I long dreadfully, for now there is no more fun down here. You must not feel uneasy, Aunty, about Mina going to drown herself, for she has not yet done so, because she is too nervous even to go near the water—Oh, yes !—*occasionally* she does run the risk of it, but *I* will look after her—I, who am a sensible, old woman.

"We eat fruit in such quantities that sometimes we are not able to walk, but we can't get so very much, for the simple reason that there are so few ripe ones ; we only eat currants, and those are most wholesome, aren't they ?

"Adieu, kind little Aunty ! Do not mind my having written so

badly, I shall write better another time. I venture to enclose myself in Aunty's friendship.

"Yours truly obliged,

"JENNY LIND."

"Oh! how beautifully written!"

The applause of the last phrase refers to the signature, which is written with a vigorous flourish. The tone of the letter is delicious,—simple, gay, and tender. They must have been bright days out of which such words came; and it must be confessed, we fear, that some of the brightness was probably left behind her, on the day when she returned to her own mother's house on the 1st of July. The nature of the return, to begin with, was not likely to be very auspicious; and, then, there was the partial loss of her merry companions. However, we hear of nothing to show that things did not go smoothly.

And, in the meantime, too, success is coming, and continually growing, to enliven, and enhearten the days. Whatever the struggle, and trouble, that her life brought in it, certainly of one grief, which is apt to darken the days of young artists, she was absolutely free. She was never troubled by a lack of recognition. From her earliest childhood, her gifts were felt to be surpassing; and this feeling never flagged. From the beginning of her dramatic career to its close, it is one unbroken triumph; and she had this singular good fortune of finding her way to the exercise of her gifts, before a sympathetic public, as soon as she had them to exercise. We shall see, in the next chapter, the way in which this happened, and the direction which her success took. We shall see that this risk on her behalf, which the Theatre Royal ran, and to which we have ventured to give cordial praise, was one which justified itself, by practical results, almost as soon as it had been run. The theatre had hardly sown before it found itself reaping. The child, whom Count Puke thought more of an age for a *crèche* than a Royal Theatre, was already, before she was in her teens, bringing grist to the Royal mill.

CHAPTER IV.

CAREER.

WE have seen that it was the child's *musical* talent that, first, evoked the wonder of her neighbours. The stupor of the grandmother at the baby's fanfare on the piano; the amazement of the passers-by at the song which was being confided to the ears of the patient and appreciative cat; the tears that started to the eyes of Croelius—these are the earliest signals of her marvellous gifts. But we, now, have to recognise a new characteristic, which was almost more phenomenal than her singing. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether, during her first ten years at the Royal Theatre, it did not surpass her voice in witnessing to the presence in her of a unique genius. This was her *dramatic* power. Precocious and extraordinary as her child-voice had been, both in versatility and in tenderness, yet her early woman's voice did not, at first, exhibit or develop its after-gifts of high sonority. It was still thin, and veiled. Rather, at that time, the secret of her success lay in that intense and irresistible identification of herself, voice and all, with her part, which is the highest proof of dramatic genius.

In later years, those, who heard her sing in opera, would often say, that if she had not been the greatest singer in the world, she would have been the greatest actress. And we shall see the evidence for the truth of this anticipation, if we glance over the early records of her performance at the theatre; and we shall, also, understand through what years of actual experience it was that she had obtained that thorough mastery over all the detail and method of the stage, which made her acting so consummate.

The long list of her performances, kept in the records of the Royal Theatre, reveal to us that already, in the very first year of her admittance to the school, as a little child of ten years old, she made her appearance on the boards, on November 29th, 1830,

in a play called *The Polish Mine*, described as a "Drama, with Dance"; and in which she played the part of "Angela." "Angela" is a little girl of seven, who has been carried off to a wild castle in the hills by a tyrant lord, to amuse and cheer her mother, whom he had seized and shut up as his prisoner. The child is to amuse the company at a grand fête in the castle, and contrives, in an improvised dance, to convey to her mother comfort and affection. But, on recognising her father disguised among the guests, in pursuit of his wife, a cry of surprise escapes her; the father is detected, and all three, father, mother, and child, are thrown into prison in the Mine. There little Angela succeeds in getting hold of the warder's key while he is speaking with her mother, and in opening the barrier without being discovered. The father and mother are thus enabled to meet, and to fly, with their child, from the Polish Mine; after a series of exciting adventures, they make good their escape; all is made right. It is a part full of occasions for the brilliant little dancer, whose ingenuity and skill are the key to the plot. The play was repeated five times in the December, and twice more in the January following. On March 18th, 1831, she made her first appearance in the play that is noticed in the newspaper quoted below; it was called '*Testamentet*, a Drama,' in which her part was that of "Johanna." She appeared, in this character, for the third time on April 14th, 1832, and on the 4th April, 1832, we have the following notice of her appearance in a periodical for literature and art, called *Heimdall*. The paper begins by an apology for not having, long ago, put on record the wonder that had already for some time been aroused. "We take this opportunity," it writes, "of performing a long-neglected duty—that of calling attention to a young pupil of the theatre, Jenny Lind, only ten or eleven years of age, who has several times appeared in the play *Testamentet* which preceded *Fidelio*. She shows, in her acting, a quick perception, a fire and feeling, far beyond her years, which seem to denote an uncommon disposition for the theatre."

This play, *The Will*, is a charming piece by Kotzebue; and the part taken by Jenny is one which would give delicious opportunities to her arch and winning grace. It is impossible, as one reads the part, not to picture her every look and gesture, so admirably is it suited to qualities in her which were vividly present to the

very last. We venture to extract a scene from it. The plot turns on an old Colonel wounded in the wars, who has been carried, unknown to himself, to the house of a daughter whom he had utterly cast off for a marriage of which he disapproved. He is full of gratitude for the care with which he has been nursed. His heart is stirred with a longing for home: he is longing to leave his fortune to his kind nurses; but the daughter, who has recognised him, keeps ever out of sight; and he only sees her two children, Henriette and Johanna. Henriette, the eldest, having been told by her mother who this old man is, has been singing him a song which he had loved in long-past days, "O sweet, and holy Nature!" He has broken down under the strain of bitter memories: and he has to beg her to cease singing, and to send him her little sister, for "the gracious child knows so well how to charm away all bitterness." After a sad monologue, bewailing the loneliness in which he is drawing near to that last hour, when there will be no one ever to say over him, "Here lies a brave man in peace!" Johanna (Jenny) comes springing into the room, saying:—

"Good morning, dear old Colonel!—'Mister Colonel,' I ought to have said! My mother scolds me, if I don't!"

"COL. Good morning, little Jacky! Come, and be merry with me! Do some of those funny tricks, that you are so fond of! And call me 'Colonel,' plain and simple, please!—Or, what do you think of calling me 'Papa'?"

"JOH. Papa? Oh! that I could never do! My papa is in the picture upstairs, and he is so beautiful, and young, and kindly——

"COL. Well, I own I am not young and beautiful: but kindly!—*that* I am, indeed! Don't you believe it?"

"JOH. Oh yes! very often you are!"

"COL. You must remember how ill I was: sick people cannot be very kind to others: but now, you shall always find me bright and good, right until I go away.

"JOH. What? Must you go away from us?"

"COL. Certainly: in a few days.

"JOH. Are you in earnest?"

"COL. I am, indeed.

"JOH. Oh! don't go away from us! We all love you so dearly!

"COL. Do you love me?"

"JOH. Oh ! yes ! At first, you know, I was very frightened of you ; but now—not a bit !

"COL. And how did you get over your fright ?

"JOH. Why, because when you are as kind as you were, no one could help being fond of you. And when you are dull, and cross, then I just take myself off.

"COL. Ah ! then, to-day, my Jacky will not take herself off, will she ?

"JOH. Yes, I will, if you ever again call me 'Jacky' ! that is a *dreadful* name !

"COL. Why dreadful ?

"JOH. I don't know. But there are such *lovely* names in the books which my sister reads ; and specially nice English names, like Liddy, and Betty, and Arabella ! Oh ! if only they had asked *me* before I was baptized, I would have chosen the very loveliest of them all !

"COL. It was, really, a great shame that they did not ask you.

"JOH. My mother says, that she only had two names to give to her daughters, because my grandfather had but two names, John, and Henry !

"COL. John Henry ! Why, those are *my* names, too !

"JOH. Once I cried over the stupid name, Jacky. But, then, my mother began to cry, too, and she said : 'Dearest child, you bear a name which reminds me of a noble man !' Now, I don't know at all why I should remind her of him. But then mother began to cry ; so, you see, since then, I don't take any notice of it !

"COL. Well, let me try and teach you why you have the name. I am too old, you say, to be your father, so will you try to think that I am your dear old grandfather, John Henry ?

"JOH. Yes ! All right ! But then, you know, you must never go away !

"COL. Or will you come with me, when I go ?

"JOH. Away from mother ? Oh ! what a horrid thing to do !

"COL. Well, but, some day, you will have to leave her, when you go to be married.

"JOH. Ah ! yes ! when I am married ! I say ! have you got a son ?

"COL. Why ?

"JOH. Why, because, if he is nice, I would marry him, and, then, we might all stop together.

"COL. No, Jacky ! I have no son—no child at all !

"JOH. Poor old man !

"COL. (*sighing*). Yes, indeed !

"JOH. It's a shame ! A horrible shame ! I should have been so glad to have married your son !

“COL. Why so glad ?

“JOH. Why, because you are rich ; and, then, I should be rich ; and I could help my sister !

“COL. What is there that she needs ?

“JOH. I'll tell you. Only, you must promise never to betray me !

“COL. I promise faithfully.

“JOH. Well, you know, she loves the head-ranger, and the head-ranger loves her ; and my mother says that it is all right : she often says, ‘It would be the joy of my old age !’ But he has nothing, and we have nothing : so nothing can be done.

“COL. Dear me ! Is that how it stands ?

“JOH. Ah ! if only I could manage that mother should be able to say to me ‘You are the joy of my old age !’ That would be lovely ! I declare that if only I could do that, I would not mind calling all my own children, ‘Jacky !’

: : : : :

“COL. Listen to me, dear child ! I have an idea. If it was in your power to make your sister rich enough to marry the head-ranger, would you not do it ?

“JOH. Of course I should !

“COL. Well, then, you *can* do it.

“JOH. You are only laughing at me ?

“COL. No ! I promise you ! Come away with me ; be my little daughter ; and I will give your mother enough money to buy this joy for her old age !

“JOH. Oh ! that's very hard ! Where shall we have to go ?

“COL. Far, far away from here.

“JOH. Oh dear ! and shall I never see my mother again ?

“COL. Oh yes ! I shall let you have a beautiful carriage with four beautiful horses, and you will jump into it, and cry ‘Coachman, drive me quick to mamma !’

“JOH. Will you really give me that ?

“COL. I promise it.

“JOH. And I shall, then, bring joy to my mother's old age !

“COL. Yes, you alone ! of your own self !

“JOH. Come along, you dear old Colonel ; I will be your daughter.

“COL. Away we'll go, my Jacky ! Only wait a minute ! I must go and arrange things. (*Goes out.*)

“JOH. (*alone*). Oh ! How happy mother will be ! and my dear sister ! and the head-ranger ! And it shall be a splendid wedding ! and we will have the musicians to play ! Oh yes !

we must have musicians ! My old man must not refuse me that, or else I won't go with him ! Oh dear ! I wish I was not going ! I shall cry so ; and the others will cry too ; for they all love me !—Ah ! but then just think what it will be when I come back in the beautiful carriage with four horses ; and say ‘ Coachman, drive me home ! ’ and away we go, over stock and stone, until we draw up here at our own house, prr ! prr ; and mother will put out her head at the window ; and cry ‘ Jacky is come ! Jacky is come ! ’ ”

Such was the delightful part played by the tiny little girl of ten years old. Every word in it would suit her—the merry quickness of the child, the sudden turns from gaiety to tears, and back again to gaiety, the mysterious confidences, the prattling innocence, the brimming affection. No wonder that the *Heimdall* was fascinated.

In the year preceding this notice, 1831, she had played, for three nights, in what is called by the serious name of “an historic drama”—*Johanna de Montfaucon*, in which she took the part of “Otto” ; and, besides this, had appeared five times as “Jeanette,” in a “Comedy, with Dance,” called the *Pasha of Suresne*. During the following year, 1833, she appeared in twenty-two performances—her new characters being “Louise” in a bagatelle in one act, called *The Students of Småland*, and “Georgette,” in a drama of five acts, called *Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life*, which ran for ten nights during November and December ; and was constantly repeated in 1834. This early brilliancy was apparently at its very height in 1834—when, on June 24th of that year, a paper, *The Daily Allehanda*, seems quite bewildered by the child's extraordinary power. “In the play known in its French form as *La fausse Agnès* ” (so it writes) “there is a child's part which is rendered with an almost incomprehensible, a really unnatural cleverness by Jenny Lind.” This cleverness must indeed have been almost incomprehensible : for it leads the critic to indulge in an anxious complaint that the little girl's “temperament seems readily to lean to everything that is not of a serious character.” So absolutely had she disguised herself by the freedom with which she had thrown herself into her part ! All that deep impressive seriousness, which was the innermost note of her being, had absolutely vanished out of sight ; and the paper feared for her light-headed frivolity ! Yet, in calling, as it does,

upon Jenny's instructors and guardians to see to it that the danger be averted, and that "her happy natural gifts, high-spirited as they are, should be carefully and judiciously dealt with," the *Daily Allehanda* was giving proof of a tender and noble solicitude for the good guidance of the child. And it did more. For it goes on to complain of the immoral character of this play, in which she was allowed to appear; it speaks strongly of the deep ethical corruption of the society which it portrayed, and of the responsibility incurred by those who permitted a child to put out her powers in a part so full of "coquetry, boldness, and heartlessness." It does honour to the Press of Stockholm that it should have made this protest. As we read it, we shudder at the terrible perils which were swarming round the child. Here was a case in which her very innocence of evil, at that tender age, allowed her to revel in the fun and the audacity of such a character, without any of the checks which a knowledge of the villainy in it would have suggested to her pure mind. Her very innocence is used to encourage her to abandon herself to the fling and swing of the scandalous play. So perilous was her path! Yet along it she moves, untainted and unhurt, in the security of the pure in heart, with such sure feet as those with which, on Raphael's canvas, St. Margaret passes, without an effort or a fear, in maiden gentleness, over the writhing Dragon and through the gate of Hell.

She appeared, altogether, twenty-two times in 1834, and twenty-six times in 1835—the principal new character being "Pierrette," in a drama from the French in three acts, called *The Foster-Son*, which ran for thirteen nights in the course of the year; and "Leonora" in a vaudeville, with music by Berwald, called *The New Garrison*.

In several of these plays, there seems to have been music and dancing; possibly, too, some singing from Jenny. At any rate, she sang publicly at some concerts in the theatre, during these years; taking part in a duet from *La Straniera* with her master Herr Berg, on November 24th, 1832; and in a trio, on November 28th, 1835. And long before this there appear to have been performances given, in private rooms, by Herr Berg, in which to exhibit her phenomenal talent, the news of which spread abroad: for, in the *Heimdall*, the periodical from which

we have already quoted a description of her acting, there is the following record given, in its number for April 24th, 1832 :—

“ Her (*i.e.* Jenny’s) remarkable musical gift, and its precocious development, have made quite a sensation in the circle in which she has appeared, guided by her master, Herr Berg. Her memory is as perfect as it is sure ; her receptive powers as quick as they are profound. Every one is, thus, both astonished, and moved, by her singing. She can stand a trial, in the most difficult *solfeggi* and the most intricate phrases, without being bewildered ; and whatever turn the ‘improvisation’ of her master may take, she follows his indications with the liveliest attention, as if they were her own. Nothing can be more interesting than to listen to Herr Berg with this little pupil by his side ; and one is tempted to believe in a magnetic ‘rapport’ between them, so entirely do both seem to be one soul and one heart.

“ If this young genius does not ripen too prematurely, there is every reason for expecting to find in her—although alas ! not until the distant future—an operatic artist of high rank.”

This is a fascinating little glimpse of the child of twelve, absorbed in her teacher, miraculously interpreting and reproducing his mind. Her innate originality of character did not at all stand in the way of her rapid assimilation as a pupil. Her musical genius carried her into the very heart of what was set before it, with extraordinary rapidity of insight. We shall find many instances of this. And, here, it leads us to dwell, for a few moments, on the name of this, her early master.

Berg had succeeded Croelius, as Head of the School of Singing, within a year, or so, after her entry at the theatre. Already, in April, '32, he had made the child entirely his own, in the manner described in the periodical. Croelius had the merit of first believing in her ; but it is Berg, who is to be credited with her entire training for the Swedish stage. He, evidently, took the most intense and devoted interest in her from the very first ; and she became the intimate friend of his home. He was a clever and cultivated musician, confident, sanguine, and eager ; well considered in Stockholm society. Her own feelings towards her first teacher cannot be better expressed than in the words which she wrote, long afterwards, to her guardian, Judge Munthe, in November, 1849. “ Herr Berg arrived so unexpectedly ! I was delighted to see him ! Oh ! God ! those memories of childhood !

At this unexpected meeting with him, remembrances of all kinds from my early years arose in my soul ! We all, indeed, have our shortcomings, that is certain—therefore, let us cover them over ! Herr Berg is one of my nearest friends ; and gratitude is a feeling that I love, and desire to cultivate. . . . And old friend Berg is interwoven with the history of my whole life.”

Such, then, was her master ; alert, talkative, confident, with a quick-eyed face, not unlike Schubert in type ; too pressing, perhaps, in his zeal for his pupil, to estimate the overstrain on her powers—an overstrain, forced on, no doubt, by theatrical necessities behind him, but constantly noticed and feared by the Press of the day.

In 1836, there is no record of Jenny Lind appearing at any concert ; but her dramatic engagements continue, and some of them, with music and singing. And, especially is to be noted her first attempt in an opera, during the month of February, when she played “Georgette,” for four nights, in a “grand opera,” by Lindblad, called *Frondörerne*.

Apart from this, the year was not specially signalised ; she made rather fewer appearances, only eighteen during the year, her new parts being “Emilie” in a comedy with song from the German, called *The New Blue-Beard*—and “Carolina” in a big drama in five acts of Kotzebue’s, called *The Unknown Son* ; and just at the close of December, she took the part of a girl in Sacchini’s opera *Œdipus in Athens*.

The 1st of January, 1837, marks a new departure. According to the contract of 1833, with the mother, the Directors were to decide at what date Jenny Lind should be given a fixed salary, as actress at the Royal Theatre. Hitherto the money paid her by the Directors has been simply an arrangement for her keep ; she has performed, on their behalf, under this arrangement one hundred and eleven times, besides her appearances at concerts. It is now considered time to give her a fixed and salaried position, after which she is still bound, by the original contract, to be in the service of the Directors for ten years, if they require it of her. Her salary is fixed at 700 R. D. Banco ; about £60 a year.* And, certainly, she was to do a lot of work, in the course of

* In estimating these figures concerning her fixed salary, it must be remembered that there was, besides, “Play-money,” i.e. a bonus given on each appearance.

the year, in discharge of her obligations under the bond. She appeared ninety-two times on the boards; in twelve new characters. Four of the pieces were produced for the first time in Stockholm. The parts varied greatly in character: "Betty," in a drama, with music, chorus and dancing, called *Jenny Mortimer*; "Zoe," in a comedy of that name, by Scribe; and "Marie," in another of his comedies called *Adèle de Sénanges*; "Justine," in a verse-comedy of five acts, from the French, called *The Jealous Wife*; "Louise," in a burlesque comedy, with song, by Nicolo Isouard, called the *The Ludicrous Encounter*; "Rosa," in a two-act comedy by the Princess Amelia of Saxony, called *The Bride of the Capital*; "Erik," a boy's part in a drama, with music and dancing, called *The Fisherman*; "Laura," in *The Sentinel*, a comic opera by Rifaut; "Fanny," in *Marie de Sirry*, a drama in three acts. Here was a great deal of bright and light business; and besides this, there was work of a more serious kind: "Emma," in a three-act tragedy in verse, by Delavigne, called *The Sons of King Edward*; "Clara," in *The Bride of the Tomb*, an historical drama in five acts, which ran for eight nights on end; "Dafne," in Victor Hugo's *Angelo Malipieri*; and "Fräulein Neubrunn," in *The Death of Wallenstein*. Two performances were given of Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, in which she sang as "Second Genius."

Evidently, she had a wide range of characters; and she must have accumulated a mass of dramatic experience. It will be noticed that this is all in her sixteenth and seventeenth years; and this disposes of a familiar rumour that, at that period, her voice entirely failed, and that she had to lie by. There was no positive pause in her work. The year 1836 was, no doubt, one in which she did least; but, then, it was the very year in which she first used her voice in a grand opera. The year 1837 was, as we see, a time of growing, and incessant work, and is the first year of her official engagement. The rumour arose from her own pronounced opinion that it is a time at which a girl's voice absolutely requires rest; to which opinion she had been brought by her bitter experience of the damage done to her own vocal organs by the absence of this needful relaxation. She ought to have had the repose for quiet and orderly growth, which all need, and which she was not allowed.

Before 1837 quite closed, a noticeable event took place, full of prophetic meaning to our heroine. A new name is becoming

important in the operatic world,—the name of Meyerbeer ; his fame stands high in Berlin and Paris ; and the Royal Theatre is anxious to test the prospects of his popularity in Stockholm. So a concert is arranged, in which a part of the fourth act of *Robert de Normandie* should be tentatively given. Oddly enough the part of the opera selected for the experiment was one that is not generally given when the work is performed as a whole. It is the scene in which, after a chorus of women, the Princess Isabella recognises the face of the girl, Alice, as she enters ; and learns from her what she bears to Roberto from his mother. Four performances of this excerpt were given in the course of that December ; and Jenny Lind was chosen to sing the short passage in which “Alice” appears. There is a melodious phrase, twice repeated, in the recitative, and a pathetic cadence at its close. The tradition still lives of the instantaneous effect produced by her on those who heard it. It was a short flight ; she just felt her wings ; she was to hear much more of Meyerbeer, and of “Alice.” For the moment all is still again. It is but a passing trial. We must wait a little longer.

CHAPTER V.

DISCOVERY.

YET it is to be but a very little longer ; for we now come to the year which was, to her, the epoch, the turning-point of her career. It had opened with an immense run, for twenty-two nights, all through January and February, of a French melodrama in two acts, *The American Monkey*, in which she played "Hyacinthe." Then followed three performances of the serious tragedy, in verse, *The Sons of King Edward*. And then, on the night of March 7th, came the moment of moments. "I got up, that morning, one creature : " she herself often said ; "I went to bed another creature. I had found my power ! " And, all through her life, she kept the 7th of March with a religious solemnity ; she would ask to have herself remembered on it with prayers ; she treated it as a second birthday. And rightly ; for, on that day, she woke to herself ; she became artistically alive ; she felt the inspiration, and won the sway, which she now knew it was given her to have and to hold.

She achieved this in the character of "Agatha" in Weber's *Freischütz*.

She used often to tell how, in studying this part in preparation for her *début*, with Madame Erikson, one of the chief leaders and teachers in the school, of whom she was very fond, and who did much for her, she, one day when they two were alone, was seized with a desire to satisfy her teacher, and put her whole soul and power into her portrayal of the character—only to be met with dead silence. "Am I, then, so incapable and so stupid ? " she thought, till she saw the tears trickling down her teacher's face ; and all Madame Erikson could say was, "My child, I have nothing to teach you ; do as Nature tells you ! "

The day of her *début* was an agony ; but, with her first note, she felt all fear and nervousness disappear. She had discovered

herself ; and, certainly, the discovery was absolute. The experience of that night was final. "She had found her power." That is her own record of what happened on that evening. She who was perfectly accustomed to a public audience, and to the applause of a public audience, still felt that all this success had never shown her the real potency which it was in her to wield. Still, for her, that 7th of March was a disclosure, a revelation, a new thing. It was not so much a better edition of that which had preceded it. It was a step out into a new world of dominion. She knew, at last, where it was that she stood ; and what she was to do on the earth. She learned something of her mission. For, to her religious mind, the discovery of a gift was the discovery of a mission. She saw the responsibility with which she was charged, through the mere possession of such a power over men. The singer, with the gift from God—that is what she became on that night. "She went to bed a new creature."

The memory of that eventful moment remained permanently recorded in the shape of two silver candlesticks, presented to her by the Directors of the Royal Theatre, "in remembrance of March the 7th," so the inscription ran. It was the first of the many tributes that were made her in her life ; and it had, as such, a peculiar value which no after-gift could exceed. She held those silver candlesticks in special affection ; and left them, at her death, to her daughter.

The *Freischütz* was given nine times in the course of 1838 ; but, for most of the year, she returned to her old parts which she had already played, appearing in melodrama, comedy, and burlesque. In all, she had made, for her salary of £60, seventy-three appearances.

In 1839, her success bore its fruit in a rise of the salary to 900 R. D. Banco. She appeared, in the course of the year, only fifty-three times ; but, perhaps, this is to be explained, by the growing importance of her operatic parts, and the gradual dropping of the light comedy characters in which she had figured hitherto. She sang the part of "Laura" in an opera called *Le Château de Monténéro*, by Dalayrac. She repeated "Agatha" four times. She appeared in a character which she greatly enjoyed, and in after years frequently repeated—that of "Julia" in Spontini's *Vestale*.

But the event of the year was her appearance in her traditional

part of "Alice" in *Roberto*, by which she was destined to win her most memorable triumphs. It was a character in which her splendid dramatic power fused itself with her gifts of voice, so as to leave an indelible impression of force and of beauty on the imagination of those who saw and heard. It was a part which drew on her own vivid personality, with its intensity of faith, with its horror of sin, with its passionate and chivalrous purity.

She opened, in this part, on May 10th and, evidently, with overwhelming effect; for she has to play it for twenty-three times before the year is out, and to repeat it for twenty-three more, in the following year. It is on "Alice" that the interest is concentrated, in Stockholm drawing-rooms, when Jenny Lind's name is announced as a guest. She will have to sing the part sixty times on those same boards before she has done, between the 10th of May on which she first sang it, and the 30th of December, 1843, when she will give her last performance of it in the Royal Theatre.

Bournonville, a distinguished composer of operatic ballets, in Copenhagen, of whom we shall hear more later on, writes in his 'Theatrical Life' of this performance:—

"She was only eighteen when I first heard her, but had already so eminent a talent, that her performance of 'Alice' could be compared to the best I had seen and heard in Paris. Although her voice had not yet reached the high development it afterwards attained, it already possessed, even then, the same sympathy, the same electric power, which now makes it so irresistible. She was worshipped."

The year 1839 was marked by several appearances at concerts in the Royal Theatre; and on May 12th, she gave her first great concert on her own behalf. At this, she sang a recitative with aria, from *Anna Bolena*, and in a duet by Mercadante: besides giving a scena from the second act of the *Freischütz*.

Not only at Stockholm did she sing. We find her at Upsala on the 19th June, giving a concert in her own name, in connection with the great Whitsuntide festivities, of which that university town is, annually, the scene. Here, for the first time, she had the fascinating triumph of an escort home, accompanied by the Students' Song. And here, too, is the first note of danger given, as to the strain that is being put on her voice. Evidently, her

inner genius is already beating against the bars of her technical skill. In her "strivings after perfection" she is attempting more than her present knowledge and training enable her to express. She "surpasses the limits" which, according to the paper, "Nature has set"; though, indeed, it was not "Nature," but the lack of knowledge, which had set the limits. It is just about this time, in May, 1840, that the famous Swedish historian Geijer, who was a most sympathetic admirer, notices "a certain inequality in her acting" in the part of "Lucia." Something there was, which was, as yet, missing to her full development. Here is the interesting extract from the *Correspondenten*, a journal of politics and literature, in which the tone of warning or alarm is so gracefully struck.

"We could hardly name any musical treat, given in Upsala, which has met with a more general appreciation than Fröken Jenny Lind's concert, last Sunday. . . . The modest bearing which is so noticeable in this gifted singer contributes, in no mean measure, to enhance the enthusiastic reception, with which she will always be greeted by an impartial public. But she herself, and those who, in one way or another, are disposing of her talents, ought to bear in mind that an artist's strivings after perfection can, in the case of a delicate physique, easily become a devouring fire. May we err in our conjecture, but there seems to be some foundation for the fear that this enchanting voice not rarely surpasses the limits which Nature itself has suggested. From here Fröken Lind, according to report, went to Gothenburg, having, however, promised to visit us again, later on."

At Gothenburg, Jenny Lind had a most delightful rest for the summer. She stayed there all July, singing indeed at a concert now and again, but without any serious work, and in hearty enjoyment of the delicious open-air country-life which was so near her heart. Her mother is with her, and writes to Mr. Lind on July 12th, 1839, a vivid account of the pleasant days, in which we can feel how the public excitement is working round Jenny, who "receives many visits every day from all possible artists and amateurs."

"In my last letter I gave you an account of our pleasant journey, etc. We have now settled down temporarily at the sweetest little spot, called 'Gubbero,' belonging to the Russian Consul Lang, whose chief property is separated only by a garden

from our lodgings which consist of three furnished rooms with ante-room. Our Jenny recruits herself daily, now in the hay-stacks, now on the sea or in the swing, in perfect tranquillity, while the town people are said to be longing for her concert and greatly wondering when it will come off. Once or twice she has been singing in rather good circles, the divine air of 'Isabelle' from *Robert le Diable*. Nearly everybody was crying—one lady actually went into hysterics from sheer rapture; this has got abroad already. Yes, *mon petit vieux*, she captivates all, all! It is a great happiness to be a mother under such conditions. She sends fondest love to her papa, wishing from all her heart to meet you in quite good health. About the 20th, Jenny will give her first concert—everyone says she ought to raise the usual price."

The last touch is as eminently characteristic of Fru Lind as it is unlike her daughter. We find the same note again in an amusing bit of disappointed complaint with which she closes a most pretty account of a surprise which they had had, earlier in the year—an account which we insert here, not only as a graphic story of the way in which Jenny was responding to the buzz of popular enthusiasm which already began to besiege her, but also, as illustrating what Fru Lind here notices, of Jenny's power to draw tears of joy, by her singing. Ever in her voice rang the sympathetic vibration, at which tears flow. As it had been at her earliest interview with old Croelius at nine years old, so it is now with this old Baron, when she is all but nineteen.

"Do you know," writes the mother from Stockholm, on the evening of Feb. 22, 1839, "the other day we had a curious visit, a certain Baron de G—, an old *gentilhomme*, who had travelled all the way from his country-seat, with the hope of seeing and hearing Jenny in the *Freischütz*, but he was disappointed, through a change of performance, owing to Almlöf's indisposition. Randel* (whose patron this man is) undertook to forward, in the most delicate way, his request to me and to our Jenny, that he might call upon us and be allowed to hear, ever so little, the voice of the adored one, so highly spoken of in his own part of the country. Jenny agreed, and so they came—Randel, Baron de G—, and his son. Little Jenny was liberal, the noble aspect of the old man prepossessed her in his favour, she sang both her grand airs. The old man was delighted, and this was clearly visible, because he could not keep back his tears. Our little home looked particularly

* Randel was, then, 2nd Leader of the R. Orchestra.

neat, and chocolate was served, and they parted with us, quite charmed. But probably it ends there ! For who rewards talent in our country ; even when people are ever so rich ? ” And “ what,” she asks in this same letter, “ has this good, this incomparable Jenny for her increased labour ? Not even the advantage of providing for her indispensable wants, without incurring debt ! But I say, like you, ‘ Come day, comes counsel ’ ; we shall see.”

These characteristic passages, which we have quoted to illustrate the stir of fame that is moving about the daughter, will well serve to explain a domestic crisis which we are now approaching—a crisis which had, for its issue, an event that told deeply upon Jenny Lind’s artistic development. For, indeed, as we read them, we cannot but be conscious that this mother, proud as she is of her wonderful child, and delighting in the glow of her success, yet lets drop expressions which reveal the gulfs that gape between the two temperaments. Every one who reads can understand why it was that, in spite of the pleasant and affectionate intercourse of these summer holidays at Gothenburg, there was something which would make mother and child impossible companions for one another. This practical and determined mind which was bent on acquiring the just profits that were due from a public that talked so enthusiastically about “ our incomparable Jenny ”—how it must have offended the primary instincts of the artist herself ! How was it conceivable that she should tolerate this insistent voice in her ear, suggesting always how easy it would be to raise the price of the tickets ; while she was, on the other hand, shaping steadily, into clearer vision, her recognition of her gift as a charge from God, to be used in His service, for the help of mankind ? There might be much affection, at heart, between the pair, but companionship, there could not be. They had antagonistic consciences : and neither of them had a nature that easily yields. This very letter from which we have been quoting contains a most characteristic instance of the temper of which we are speaking—a temper which was bound to fill a house with the noise of clash and quarrel, such as would be misery to one who needed in her home shelter, softness, refuge, ease, and peace. Here is the story :—

“ I must tell you ” (she writes) “ that I have just returned from the theatre with rather a long face to find that no seat is

accorded to Jenny's mother, although there still were empty seats, and, besides, the performance had already begun. M——, with his insinuating smile, asked me to wait on the chance of there being room after the second piece had begun. But I answered, 'As no place is accorded me, I shall go without altogether,' and so I left. Z—— is always overbearing and rude. This is the gratitude we get for our leniency with these people. Jenny, on hearing of this misadventure, went straight up to Z——, and gave him to understand her annoyance at my not having a seat. His answer, that there could not be room for everybody's mother, was just like him; but Jenny's remark on this took him a little down; a messenger was despatched to offer me a seat on the first tier; but, to Jenny's surprise, mother was gone—and best so!"

This episode is amusing enough; and, moreover, no one who knew the daughter can resist the recognition of qualities in her which vividly recall the mother in this most characteristic scene. Certainly they bore likeness to one another. But, then, this would only make matters worse. We cannot be surprised if such an atmosphere became intolerable, and if explosions occurred.

So it was that, towards the end of 1839, Jenny took the decisive step which, finally, separated her from actual home-life. It came about with a certain touch of humour. She had, some time before this, pressed her old friend, Louise Johansson, now engaged in a *Magasin de Modes*, to take a spare room, which was to be let in the Linds' house. This secured her a companionship which she greatly valued, and, through which, things were tolerable. After a year Fru Lind proposed to raise her terms: and, when Mdle. Louise—could not agree to this, she lost her temper, and declared that both Jenny and she were welcome to leave her roof.

This was told to a well-to-do relation, Mdle. Apollonia Linskog, known to Jenny as "Tante Lona," living with a sister of Mr. Lind's father, Fru Strömberg, who, having adopted Mr. Lind at his father's death, was called by Jenny "Grandmother." These two ladies agreed to receive the exiles: but how were they to manage the transfer? In this way. Jenny packed all her clothes into a large wash-basket on the plea that they were to go to the dressmaker. She, then, invited her parents to a performance of *Roberto*, in which she played "Alice": during which time Louise put up her things, and sent them off to Mdle. Linskog. Next morning, at breakfast, Louise announced that she wished to

leave her present lodgings. Fru Lind, with much heat, broke out into her old phrase, and declared that if so, she might take Jenny with her. Jenny, then, took her at her word ; and left the house, going, first, to Herr Berg, and, then, joining Louise at Mdle. Lindskog's. Her parents appeared there, to claim her : but found themselves unable to force a girl of nineteen from the house of so near a relation. Yet Jenny, in fear that they might yet succeed, on a Sunday shortly after, left the house, escorted by her maid Annette, and turned her steps towards the Bonde Palace, close to the theatre, overlooking the Norrström, in which lived the famous musician, Adolf Frederik Lindblad, the chief of Swedish song-writers, her warm admirer, and friend. Into his family she was received : she found in Madame Lindblad a second mother : and from Herr Lindblad himself, and from the society into which he brought her, she inhaled an influence which affected her entire development, artistic, intellectual, and moral. Of this, we shall have more to say in the following chapter. In his house she remained until her final departure for Paris in July, 1841. Back to rooms in that house she came on her return to Stockholm in 1842. There was her home. There she could rest at peace. There she found the sympathy, the understanding, the inspiration, which her nature ardently needed. Though in some points endowed with a "Finnish" stubbornness, she was, in others, singularly self-distrustful, uncertain, easily unnerved. She greatly needed an atmosphere of affection to give her confidence and security. She was passionately domestic ; she must have the assurance of love about her, to save her from the miseries of suspicion and of distrust, into which her lofty idealism was very apt to lapse. It was not that she did not have affection for her parents : on the contrary, she held them very deep in her heart. But it was impossible for them to enter into her motives and aims.

So it happened : and Jenny, now, could at last bring together her life into a single whole. Her daily surroundings were no longer in collision with her artistic inspiration. Rather, they aided, fed, succoured it. Her spirit breathed an air that was congenial and bracing : her heart found warmth and nourishment in the cherishing kindness of a family. The year must have been a happy one. It was full of success. It opened with a brilliant continuation of her "Alice," in January, to be repeated

in April, and all through November. She sang, again, in her former parts of "Agatha," "Euryanthe," "Pamina," "Julia" (the *Vestale*), and "Marie," in Herold's operatic drama of that name. All is now opera: not a single one of her old comedy parts does she play. She adds to her score two important characters—"Donna Anna," in *Don Juan*; and "Lucia," in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. This last part, one of her famous rôles, had a furore. She introduced it into Stockholm on May 16th, and played it for twenty-eight nights in the year. It was after her thirteenth performance of "Lucia," that, on June 19th, 1840, a number of the actors, together with members of the orchestra and chorus, gathered before her dressing-room and serenaded her; and, on her return home, she was presented with a silver tea and coffee service, which was ever highly valued by her, and was left, by specific direction in her will, to her eldest son. The donors appeared in gala costume, among them being his Excellency Count J. G. de la Gardie, Count Carl de Geer, Count Carl Axel Löwenhjelm, Count Gustaf Trolle Bonde, etc., etc. Lindblad's eldest daughter, now Mme. Lotten von Feilitzen, remembers well how Jenny Lind had to go to the window, after receiving the present, to wave her handkerchief to the crowd that had collected below in the street. Altogether, she made sixty-nine appearances.

Two special events may be finally noticed. First, she goes again, at Whitsuntide, to Upsala; and we have a letter of Geijer, written at the time, which speaks of the intense interest of Lindblad in his charge.

"Lindblad, who in the general enchantment is particularly enchanted with Mdle. Lind, was also here and staying with us. He left this morning, upon which Upsala may be likened to a barrel from which the bottom has been taken out, so that the contents run away."

And our old paper, the *Correspondenten*, has some graceful words which we cannot but insert, for, besides the warm and intelligent enthusiasm of its praise, it uses the symbol of the nightingale, which became afterwards her familiar patronymic.

"But, in addition to Nature's beautiful singing-birds, there came, flying thither on Whitsun eve, a nobler nightingale, the

famous Jenny Lind, whose arrival many a one has heartily looked forward to. For, indeed, she has been the object of a homage such as, in its truest form, can be given only in a city of culture and of youth. True, it is in the first place a great, an extraordinary talent one admires in her; but how infinitely is the value of this artistic power increased by the unpretending, modest, charming manner, in which it presents itself to an enraptured listener! With her all seems Nature, simple and glorious, so as to make one forget what great influence Art has also exercised on her development. It is by this harmonious combination of a noble nature and art, that Fröken Jenny Lind in every respect stands out as of exceptional and unalloyed worth."

So goes the judgment of Sweden. It embodies exactly the constant impression which, year after year, in far lands abroad, she is to create. Somehow or other, wherever she is to go, and whatever her triumphs in Denmark, Germany, England, and America, no one can succeed in recording his experience without arriving at this very identical conclusion of the Upsala periodical. Always he finds himself saying, that "great and extraordinary as is the talent which one admires in her, how infinitely is the value of this artistic power increased by the modest and charming manner in which it offers itself to the enraptured listener!" That is it. That is what everyone feels, and what everyone tries to say. It is this especial interest of her singing to which we propose to devote the following chapter. Here we pause for a moment in our narrative of her early dramatic career, and take note of where we stand. We have followed her from the lowest rung of the ladder—a tiny mite in the theatre-school, performing its first miraculous feats—to the high platform on to which she has passed, in secure possession of unqualified supremacy on her native stage. Nothing has interrupted or broken this sure progress. It has been a steady upward movement towards its final bewildering triumph. As a child, she had fascinated by her acting; as a singer, her very first *début* had been to her an immediate and unmistakable revelation of her supreme powers. Her nation have greeted her with acclamation. Their enthusiasm for her voice can only be outdone by their enthusiasm for herself. So it is, as we look back along the road she has travelled. Her troubles have all been domestic. As an artist, her career has been unchecked and unclouded. She might well think that she had, at twenty,

already touched the summit. All the world about her was ready to assure her that it was so. How little she herself thought so, we shall soon see.

But, before doing so, we are bound to stop and review the personal character, which had developed under these conditions. What type of person was the Jenny Lind of whom all Sweden was now talking?

CHAPTER VI.

CHARACTER.

THERE are artists, in whom their art is so predominant, that, like a despotism, it concentrates all efforts and capacities upon itself. The man is absorbed within his main interest. Through it alone does he find energetic vent. In it he verifies the attributes of genius : he gives evidence of something in him which is surpassingly excellent : but, outside its ring-fence, in all the other departments of life and character, he shows himself as ordinary, and unremarkable as the rest of us. His artistic genius does not flow over, and animate, his other sensibilities, and gifts : it abides in itself : and seems, even, to drain originality out of all rival channels ; so that we might think the man commonplace, and dull, until we saw him transfigured and illuminated in the exercise of his own peculiar talent. This is a perfectly possible type of genius : and, because it exists, men are loud in asserting the proverbial disappointment often felt at meeting, in society, some one who has been, through his gift, the inspiration of their lives. In the ordinary affairs with which all are concerned, this glorious hero, this poet, this musician, with whose fame the world is ringing, shows no particular power, has no especial facility, may, indeed, prove himself inferior in judgment and in insight to many a man who prides himself on making no claim to be a genius. More especially, in the field of executive art, involving curious and special facilities of organization, we may expect to come across such surprises as this.

All the more noticeable then is it, that, in the case of Jenny Lind, the surprise is all the other way. There is a universal consent, in all who record her influence, that what they experienced was the effect of a character whose genius penetrated every corner of her being, so that her unique gift of song appeared but as an incidental illustration of the originality which was every-

where in her. Even those who felt her singing most profoundly, felt ever as she sang, that she was more than her singing : while those whose lack of musical perception made them impervious to her special talent, experienced as much as any the full fascination of her personality. This impression of her belongs to her early, as well as to her after, years ; and it cannot be better given than in an expressive phrase, used long after our present date, indeed, but which vividly and exactly embodies what was already so characteristic of her. "After all, I would rather hear Jenny talk, than sing, wonderful as that is," writes Mrs. Stanley, the wife of the Bishop of Norwich, to her sister, Mrs. Augustus Hare, in September, 1847, after a rapturous account of what her singing had been. Surely, a most striking remark to make. The phrase exactly embodies the feeling that Jenny Lind was, not less, but more, than her Art. What men saw, and found in her was, not that a common piece of the stuff of human nature had been caught up, by the artistic inspiration, into some unspeakable heaven, and been transfigured by some sudden and strange glory which carried the human spirit beyond itself. No ! rather they felt that here was a character of supreme value, of unique excellence, which had contrived to find its way down into the world's scenery, through the particular channel provided for it by song. Music gave it its chief opportunity for discovering itself to men ; but it itself stood above the Art which it used as its finest medium of communication. Hence the intensity of spiritual interest, which greeted her singing. Men seemed to themselves not so much to be listening to a voice, as to be catching sight, through the door which music opened, of a high and pure soul, moving down to them, through the pathway of song, out of some far untainted home of purity and joy. It was this soul which they greeted with such amazement, such warmth ; it was its felt presence which made the tears start, always, to their eyes as they listened. It was Jenny Lind herself, who, by means of her wonderful gift, was the revelation to them of the heights which it was still open to men to attain.

And, because this was so, we desire, both in the present chapter, and in chapters to come, to dwell, especially, on the *social* impression produced by her, wherever she went. This book, it is true, is a memoir of Jenny Lind as the artist. But as she was one of those whose art reveals a character behind it, out of which

its own excellence is drawn ; so it would be impossible to represent the effect of Jenny Lind, as an artist, without making it continually clear what it was which Mrs. Stanley meant when she said in 1847, "After all, I would rather hear Jenny talk than sing," or, as she wrote again in the same year : "Her singing is the least part of her charm ; she has the simplicity of genius."

We shall have frequent occasion, as our story proceeds, to call attention to this significant characteristic ; as, for instance, to note that wherever she goes, over the cities of Europe, she is, somehow, always found to be staying in the house of someone who is of special, and even European, reputation. Men of this high stamp seem, always, to foregather with her ; she has the entry ; she finds her home with them. And, again, in her own city of Stockholm, where the circumstances of her life, with which we are familiar, might be expected to stand somewhat in her way, and where there was, necessarily, so much, in her bringing up, which would make it difficult for her to break down social barriers, nothing is more remarkable than her complete acceptance, before she has passed her girlhood, not only into those circles where details of birth and position are supposed to be of vital importance, but what is far more, into those high literary intimacies where nothing but character counts.

Let us give illustrations of this. Here is a most graceful and brilliant picture of a soirée in Stockholm in 1839, which we cannot but give as a whole. It is perfectly trustworthy, being the record of a lady, still living, in whose old home the scene took place. Evidently, as all who read it must feel, the impression of that marked evening stamped itself upon the girl's brain, so that every detail stood out sharp and clear, when, in 1887, nearly fifty years later, she wrote out the sketch. Here is the account :—

"It is a cold winter's evening in the year 1839. In the house of 11 Regeringsgatan chandeliers and lustres are gradually being lit. Along the street is stopping a row of closed carriages, which, each in its turn, drive up to the entrance. Footmen in livery open the carriage-doors and smart women, followed by men in uniform, get out cautiously and disappear through the porch of the faintly illuminated passage.

"In the first *salon*, where various musical instruments are seen, they are received by the host, Baron L——, an elderly man, with noble features, shaded by silver-grey hair, of dignified

deportment, and an air of kindness and refinement about him generally. Passing through a smaller ante-chamber, the guests now proceed to the great, half-round *salon*, where the hostess is awaiting them. She is a tiny little lady, about thirty, youthful in her movements, with expressive eyes and a smile of great fun as well as of courtesy, round her lips." After describing the arrival of the guests, the account goes on.

"All of a sudden, the whispering becomes louder, changing tone altogether, while every head is directed towards the ante-chamber.

"On the threshold stands the host and by his side, shaking hands with him, a young girl, with an abundance of curls round the pale cheeks; a gown in simple style softly clings round the maiden figure, and there is a dreamy, half-absent, and fascinating look in the deep-set eyes.

"The hum is increasing still more when the old nobleman leads the visitor into the midst of his guests; but he has not time to pronounce her name, it is already on everybody's lips, and is now flying round the room with a subdued sound: *Jenny Lind! Jenny Lind!*

"The beauties of the season are forgotten, and, what is more, they forget all about themselves.

"A singular liveliness is breathing through the hitherto rather formal company. The hostess attracts both young and old to her animated conversation with the honoured guest; and every one is gratified who catches a word or a look from this Jenny Lind who, for the last few weeks, has, as 'Alice' in *Robert le Diable* and 'Agatha' in the *Freischütz*, captivated and enchanted both themselves and the whole Stockholm public.

"Somewhat monosyllabic, at the start, amongst all these strangers, the guest begins, by-and-by, to shake off her reserve. She smiles an incredulous smile when one of *la jeunesse dorée* compares her to 'la divine Malibran,' and laughs openly at some old general's grotesque flattery. To a sentimental inquiry as to what heavenly thoughts had filled her mind when, the preceding evening, she had, as 'Alice,' embraced the cross, she answered, a little hesitatingly: 'I believe I was thinking of my old bonnet.' But, wherever she encounters genuine and deeper understanding in the compliments uttered, her answers are sympathetic, almost humble.

"How the gay party went on, and how Jenny Lind sang the 'Lieder' of Geijer and Lindblad as they never were, nor ever more will be sung—we must here only glance at. And further how the host and hostess were obliged to check the too eager wishes of their friends to hear more and ever more—in order to

show that the object of the invitation had been the personal acquaintance of the charming artist, not only the enjoyment of her song, lovely though it be. That Jenny Lind was satisfied with her evening, and, in this *milieu*, found several of her most enthusiastic and faithful admirers, is quite certain. And, as she was the first operatic singer received in the best society of the capital, in which she became a dear and honoured guest, it has seemed of some interest to preserve a few details of her appearance in this domain.

“In the memory of the writer of this paper, Jenny Lind stands out a unique apparition, like no one else, simple, unpretending, but dignified—penetrated by a sort of sacred responsibility for her mission—the mission of Art in its lofty purity—which she felt that God had confided to her.”

The last touches of this graphic record will serve to justify our insistence on this social aspect of Jenny Lind's life; and to redeem our motives from the suspicion of any unworthy interest in these formalities of society. For it is just through this lofty sense of artistic mission that she took her place amid her fellows. As at Stockholm, so everywhere, it is this, her spiritual sense of responsibility, which gave her social distinction, and carried her, in dignified ease, through these surroundings. It was this, which secured her that aspect of independence, of detachment, which is so vital, if an artist is to preserve moral dignity, in face of a “society” which is too apt to flatter itself that it is doing a favour to those to whom it kindly permits an entry, and which is encouraged in this self-flattery, if the artist is obviously grateful for the attention. Nobody could see Mdlle. Lind for two seconds, and suspect her of any such flattery. She moved about “like an apparition”: like one “with a mission”: charged with a serious responsibility. That is her social character: that is her note, her charm, as this paper beautifully records: and this made all touch of over-deference to external position absolutely impossible to her. No one could mistake that free independence: that moral “detachment.” Indeed, criticism on her social qualities would turn on the very opposite defect to that at which we have been hinting. It might be said that this spiritual aloofness gave a sense of haughtiness to her manner in public, and with those who were not intimate. There was a “hold-off” look—a drawing away, a critical survey of a new-comer, which made many an introduction to her, in after years, a moment of supreme

agony to those who had, perhaps, dreamed of that happiness for hours and days before, but who, now that it had come, and that she was looking them over with a cold and lofty gaze, could only pray that the earth might yawn and swallow them up, before things had gone any further. It was a severe ordeal : and, unquestionably, no worldly rank or position would have the slightest effect in modifying its severity.

Again, this spiritual attitude of one "charged with a mission," made "Society" most distasteful to her. She hated its frivolous distractions, its social pettiness, its wearisome routine. She liked "intimates." And "Society," therefore, in admitting her, never felt that it had done her a great kindness, or that she hung on its favours. Rather, it knew that something was there in her, which made all social distinctions become very small matters indeed. For the standards, which her presence forced to the front, were not "social," but moral and spiritual : and it was impossible to have intercourse with her, without becoming conscious of this : and, tried by those standards, it was she who brought the honour, not society which conferred it.

In this temper of moral independence, she passed up, out of the struggles and clouds of her childhood, into the full sunlight of success, with absolute ease, without a shadow of encumbering consciousness, without a breath of worldliness ever crossing her spirit. She retained, without even an effort, all her inherent and native simplicity, her freshness, her undaunted sincerity. Never did she slacken, for a moment, her demand that the worth of men should be estimated, wholly and utterly, according to their moral value. Never, for one instant, did the mists of conventionalism dim her vision, or confuse her insight. She had one set of balances ; and one only. She never even seems to have been tempted to exchange them. Swept up, in the sudden rush of an overwhelming success, out of obscurity into the company and the friendship of princes and kings, this girl, in her simple-hearted virginity, kept a conscience as true and fine as steel. Failings of another type might be laid to her charge. She could be hasty and hard, sometimes, in her judgments. She was liable to misunderstand people. She had vehement impulses, and equally vehement reactions, which were apt to gain for her, from those who knew her little, the character of capricious fitfulness. She could magnify slight lapses into great sins. A certain

spiritual haughtiness there was in her ; a certain suspicion of the motives on which she, by bitter experience, learned that men too often act. All this might be said. But one thing it was for ever impossible, even for an enemy, to imagine : that Jenny Lind ever condescended to lower the steady standards by which she tested all human worth, high or low, rich or poor. Thus it was that she secured, as we shall hear, “a homage” from the best society in Stockholm, which was quite peculiar in its type. “Homage !” that is the very word to express what it was that was given her. One feels it, in the delightful refusal of the lady of the house, in the sketch just given, to ask her to sing again, lest she should seem to have been invited for her singing, and not for her personal qualities. It was this complete acceptance of her, in her own independent character, which worked a real and lasting change in the social respect given to actors and actresses in Stockholm, by which the difficulties that had stood hitherto in their way disappeared. And this absolute sincerity of character which won her this homage as a girl of nineteen, remained so entirely untouched to the last, that every gesture and every look, recorded in that graceful portrait of her behaviour on her earliest *début*, is familiar to those who only knew her in the latter years of her English life. That is the very lady whom they knew : every phrase recalls her. They can see her, as she stands there, at the entry of the *salon*, when the old nobleman is receiving her : rather monosyllabic, at first ; and, then as she shakes off her reserve, responding, to any genuine speech, with a sympathy that is “almost humble.” They can feel her as she bends and smiles incredulously, at the pretty compliments paid her by the young men : they can positively hear her laugh as the old generals come up to fumble out their “grotesque flattery” : they can catch the very ring of her voice, and the very look in her arch eyes, as she puts off the inquiries as to the nature of her secret thoughts when clasping the cross in the scene from *Roberto*, with the mock-serious confession that “she was thinking of her old bonnet !” “A unique apparition, like no one else ; simple, unpretending, dignified !” How much the words recall ! How many a similar scene was embodied in them ! To the very last hour of her life, they would have been the only possible description of her. Surely, a singular force of sincerity lay in her, which could make that early picture of her so speak to those who saw and loved her

forty years after, as if it were alive with her very presence and instinct with her very tones !

And here, as we speak of her social effect, it is necessary to touch upon her personal appearance. Yet how useless it seems ! No words can be used which will not convey a wrong or exaggerated impression to those who never saw her : and to those who have seen and known her, no words are necessary. Her features were strong, and homely : of a usual Swedish type, we believe : very pliable, and expressive, especially about the nose and the mouth ; and it was this expressive pliability, which allowed such strange and delicious transformation to pass over her face, as it changed from repose to action. At the start, you would pronounce it plain ; but, then, it lent itself to express, in a peculiar degree, the winning simplicity and freshness of girlhood. It was full of animation, and into it, moreover, there ever passed the singular grace of her "pose" and her movements. It was a face which it was delightful to watch. It could express everything with a graphic intensity that made one laugh from pure joy. It could brim over with fun : it had an irresistible archness, when she was amused : it was capable of an almost awful solemnity : and it could, when she was suspicious and on her guard, become absolutely stony. A transparent countenance, indeed, on which every emotion revealed itself with unqualified spontaneity. It was the ever-changing mirror of her soul, and therefore became charged with interest : a speaking face, which could captivate by its overflowing vitality, until it became delightful to observe, and to remember, for its own sake ; and this illumination from within, combined as it was, with the buoyant movements which filled her whole body, gave her, both off and on the stage, whenever she was animated, that positive charm, that personal fascination, which is associated, generally, with beauty.

She was five feet three to four inches in height : but she held her head so erect and had trained herself so carefully in standing and walking that she appeared to be taller.

All the portraits taken of her, take notice of the fine mould of her arms, and especially, of their characteristic position, in repose, with her hands clasped on her lap. In the Stockholm days, she wore her hair in bunches of curls at each side of the forehead, as is the case in Södermark's portrait of her, painted in 1843, which she had in her own possession. About the year 1844, she seems

to have adopted for herself, that wavy droop of the hair, laid down low about her ears, which became so familiar and noticeable a mark of her appearance, that it alone sufficed to make a likeness resemble her.

The main elements of her character, as of her type of countenance, were radically national. She was a downright and typical Swede. She was fond of dwelling on the artistic capacities of her people, to whom she owed her own quick sensibilities, her alert and receptive imagination, her vivacity of temperament. She believed them to have all the artist's possibilities in them, with all the attendant perils. And, in view of these perils to which all such gifted natures must be liable, it is remarkable that she should have included within this national groundwork of her character, a profound moral stability, a depth of seriousness, such as would be rare in any race; and, moreover, with this she had a persistence, a stubbornness, which, among Scandinavian races, is traditionally attributed to the Finn. And if she had the vivacity of her people, she inherited also from it the strong, passionate feelings, and affections, which make the home-relationships, in Sweden, so rooted and so deep; and, also, that undertone of melancholy, into which such artistic sensitiveness is prone to re-act,—an undertone, which seems to creep, like the sighing of a wounded spirit, out of the black heart of Swedish pine-woods, and to hover over the wide surfaces of her inland waters. Such notes of pathos underlie the songs of her people: and she was a true Swede when she wrote of herself, "When I am alone, you have no idea how different I am—so happy, yet so melancholy that tears are rolling down my cheeks unceasingly."

This personal impression, which we have faintly suggested, told, as we have said, not only upon the higher social circles of Stockholm, but also upon the literary and cultured society, where, again, she formed affectionate intimacies with the few, and the best.

Of those two names must yet be mentioned, which embody a special interest in her life.

First, A. F. Lindblad, the famous song-writer. We have seen into what close contact they had been drawn. In his house she found a refuge, and a home, through which she was brought into constant contact with the higher culture of the Swedish capital. Lindblad was born in 1801, and studied music in Berlin, under

Zelter: and also in Paris, between 1825–27, after which he returned to Stockholm and lived there until 1864, when he moved to near Linköping. His renown rests, chiefly, on his songs.

“They are eminently national, and full of grace and originality, tinged with the melancholy which is characteristic of Swedish music. In short songs, in which extreme simplicity is of the essence of their charm, his success has been most conspicuous.”*

There can be no doubt that Jenny Lind’s intimacy with Lindblad had an immense influence on her musical development. Besides the vital effect of his personality, she heard at his house all the best instrumental music of the great composers then flourishing: it was there that she was first introduced to the music of Mendelssohn,—especially to the *Songs without Words*, which had, just at that time, taken Europe by storm. She wrote herself, in 1882, after having read a biography of Lindblad, by Professor Nyblom:—

“I have to thank him (Lindblad) for that fine comprehension of art which was implanted by his idealistic, pure, and unsensual nature into me, his ready pupil. Subsequently Christianity stepped in, to satisfy the moral needs, and to teach me to look well into my own soul. Thus it became to me, both as an artist and as a woman, a higher chastener.”

So she described her spiritual progress, looking back to the influence of Lindblad as anticipatory of that yet deeper hold of the meaning of Art which was given her under the later dominance of the full Christian ideal. Not only did she repay, in counter-influence, all the attention that Lindblad concentrated upon her, but also, she by her singing, carried the fame of his songs all over Europe. And still, in long after years, in England, in hours of lonely quiet, or at times when she was depressed and needed comfort, she would sit at the piano and “croon” over to herself those songs of Lindblad’s, which had in them so many memories—memories that had passed into her very being, of far days in the old country, when those sounds, so saturated with the inspiration of her home, were first in her ears, and she was tasting the spring sweetness of her fresh young powers.

* Grove’s ‘Dictionary of Music,’ Art. “Lindblad.”

And, secondly, we must mention the great name of Erik Gustaf Geijer, a man at the very summit of Swedish literature. Born in 1783, he became Professor of History at the University of Upsala in 1816, where his lectures had unexampled popularity. In spite of the offer of a bishopric, Professor he still remained, planning the great history of Sweden, of which his introduction was a masterpiece of skill and knowledge: and producing various historical works. He was much occupied with political and economical speculations; and for thirty years continued to be one of the chiefs of the Swedish literary world. He died on April 23, 1847. Besides his historical and political work, he had a real talent for music; and published a volume of songs, of which Lindblad wrote a famous account.* Through music, he crossed the path of Jenny Lind; and in her he took a most warm interest.

"Jenny and I have become very good friends," he writes in January, 1840. "I call her 'Thou,' and she calls me 'Uncle.' She is a simple attractive being. Lindblad and Madame Lindblad both stand to her in almost fatherly and motherly relation, which becomes both parties very well. All the same, I am afraid she is a kind of 'comet' which may interfere with their domestic peace, for comets have tails; and their house is besieged by Jenny's admirers, who now may be said to consist of the whole public."

Again, in March, he writes: "Jenny Lind sang two of my songs, i.e. '*The Drawing-Room or the Wood*,' and '*Spring, will it come?*' It was quite excellent. I went behind the curtain to thank her, and accompanied her home to her door. I do not think lightly of the good graces in which I believe myself to stand with her."

For her he wrote songs, both words and music; and it is in one of these songs that we discover the record both of his estimation of her character, and also of the profound effect which such an estimate, coming from such a man, had upon her to whom it was addressed. And, indeed, we cannot wonder at this effect: for the author of the song is not afraid to acknowledge, in this fresh young girl, the signs and omens of that supreme genius, which is the highest born of Heaven, and which, yet, because it is highest, is also a "consuming flame," to which the devoted and

* Cf. Biography in Geijer's Collected Works, 1873-75.

sacrificial Will must yield itself, as a victim, offered on an altar. The deep and serious import of such momentous words, addressed to her by the highest intellectual authority of her native land, and ranking her, the young opera-singer from the Theatre School, with that rare band of spiritual heroes whose lives are as a torch lit by divine fire, must have been as a revelation ; and the traces of this remain on a copy of these verses, in her own handwriting, found among her papers, across the bottom of which she has written, "On these words I was launched into the open sea." To her they marked the date at which she felt herself a public, an historic, character. For her they contained the secret of her mission, of her expectations, of her future. She was to move out into the open day of her fame, not to win a reputation, not to enjoy, not to taste triumph, not to satisfy her own craving for expression, not to find a world of honour, and wealth, and ease. Nay ! She was to be clad about with prophetic solemnity. She was to yield herself to the stern necessities of genius : she was to consume, in giving : the steps up which she was ever to be passing were to be the steps of an altar : and she was the sacrifice. Such were the words that were behind her when she found herself "launched into the open sea." *

We give them in a free and rough translation :—

"Oh ! if from yon Eternal Fire,
Which slays the souls that it sets free—
Consuming them, as they aspire—
One burning spark have fallen on thee !

"Fear not ! Though upward still it haste,
That living fire, that tongue of flame !
Thy days it turns to bitter waste ;
But ah ! from heaven—from heaven it came !"

* They were printed, with music, in the 'Linnaea Borealis Poetisk Kalender,' 1841.

CHAPTER VII.

PILGRIMAGE.

THE sign of the sacrifice was already upon her, in the year 1840. On the surface, she had everything which could satisfy her. She had become the idol of the National Drama. She had been made Member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music in 1840, and had received the high official recognition by being appointed Court-singer on the 13th of January, 1840, by His Majesty Carl Johan. This was an honour which her mother had already been anticipating, from the summer of 1839, and had rejoiced over the fact that it included a salary. "It is a great mark of distinction," she writes to her husband; "and a great joy for us!" She had the best social "world" at her feet. She enjoyed the delightful companionship of some of the most cultivated men and women in Sweden. Her position at the Royal Theatre was assured her. The Directors were, at the very moment, proposing to her a fresh and advanced contract. Indeed, we shall see that their zeal outran their discretion and their proper consideration for her; for they were but too anxious to use her gifts at the risk of over-straining them. Her popularity was at its height; she was pursued with enthusiasm. The musical authorities of Stockholm had no more to teach her; they were content to praise her as the perfect exponent of their art.

And, yet, what was it that worked within the girl's heart, and told her that all this was as nothing—told her that, far from having reached the end, she was not even at the beginning—told her that her art had secrets yet to unfold to her, and that this adulation which encompassed her was but a prophecy of what she ought to become hereafter? As she bowed in courteous acknowledgment of the loud plaudits of an enthusiastic theatre, she heard, above all the genial tumult, this "still, small voice" within, which

said to her, "Yes! you may some day live to deserve that kindly, that encouraging applause; but to-day you know that, by rights, it is not yours. It is given you, in spite of yourself. But you have that in you which may, indeed, deserve to receive that which is generously offered you, in anticipation, to-day. Far away, over the sea, the secret is kept which will unlock the shut doors, and will set free your true self. There it is that Art will disclose the mystery, which is now felt but not perceived—the mystery that moves veiled behind the glory of to-day's success." It was the inspiration of genius which spoke to her. She had but her own soul to trust to. She had no ideal, no articulate standard given her, by which to test herself; yet she knew her lack—she felt what she was missing. And, in so feeling, she knew, also, that, to discover the ideal, to win that which was lacking, all her present triumph must be surrendered—must be thrown to the winds. The voice within must be obeyed at all costs; out over the sea, far from home and its happy honours, she must seek, alone and undirected, the meaning of the mysterious summons. Surely the pressure of the prophetic words was upon her—

"Fear not, though upward still it haste,
That living fire, that tongue of flame!
Thy days it turns to bitter waste;
But ah! from heaven—from heaven it came!"

So it was that she took her own resolution. We give it in her own remarkable words. They were written in answer to the new proposals made by the Directors, who, on the 15th of December, 1840, "wishing," as they said, "most particularly to attach to the Swedish stage a talent so eminent as the Court-singer Fröken Jenny Lind, make her the highest offer of which their regulations afford them the power." This highest offer was, it is true, not extravagant; it ensured her £150 a year; it provided her with all her costumes out of theatrical funds; it allowed her one "benefit" every year; and special "extra service money for the parts in which she appears." It offered her the months of July and August for study abroad; and promised to try to extend this interval. The engagement was to last for the full period permitted, *i.e.* three years.

To this Fröken Lind sent the following answer :—

“ To the Directors of the Royal Theatre.

“ In reply to the letter from the Directors of the Royal Theatre, dated 15th December last year, I have the honour to state as follows : The musical and dramatic capabilities which, from my earliest years, I have felt myself to possess, have, thanks to the cultivation received at home, though hitherto insufficient, still been able to attract some attention to my dawning talent ; but it is not with half-developed natural gifts, however happy, that an artist can keep his ground ; and, greatly as I prize the appreciation I have been fortunate enough already to win, I feel I ought to consider it not so much a homage to the artist I was and am, as an encouragement to what I might become.

“ With this conviction, and in order to attain the artistic perfection open to me, I have thought it a duty to do what I can, and not to draw back before any sacrifice, either of youth, health, comfort, or labour, not to speak of the modest sum I have managed to save, in the hope of reaching what may, perhaps, prove an unattainable aim. In consequence, I have decided on a journey to, and a sojourn at, some place abroad, which, through furnishing the finest models in art, would prove to me of the greatest profit.

“ It is, then, chiefly this journey which constitutes the real obstacle to my immediately accepting, in its entirety, the kind offer of the Directors of the Royal Theatre ; for it defers, for another year, the possibility of my re-engagement. I am in hopes, however, that the Royal Directors will not disapprove of my resolution, all the more as it aims solely at perfecting myself in my art ; while all sacrifices, inseparable from a similar undertaking, will fall on myself alone. Trusting that the Royal Directors will accord to these reasons due consideration, and, in accordance with the request made in their kind letter, I beg leave to submit my counter-proposals.

“ On returning to my native country, next year, I undertake to serve at the Royal Theatre for the two following years at the salary proposed by the Royal Directors in the above-mentioned letter of the 15th December last, but with the following modifications : that my engagement, for each year, may not exceed eight months, viz., from 1st October unto the following 31st May, so that a leave of the four months, June, July, August and September may be accorded to me.

“ Furthermore, I must, rather as a humble petition, than as a condition for my return to the service of the Royal Theatre, express my wish to be free this year from next 31st May, since in

the beginning of June an opportunity offers for me to start on my intended journey in company with a family without whose protection I should not venture to undertake it. I hope the Royal Directors will, kindly, give due weight to this invaluable advantage, and, in view of its importance to me, excuse my earnest request.

“JENNY LIND.

“Stockholm, 9 February, 1841.”

A notable document, this. Had she any counsel to aid her in its production? Did Berg, did Lindblad advise the step? We have no record of such advice from them. Both, indeed, seem to have agreed to the step, and to favour its carrying out; for Berg is found with her at the start in Paris; and it is only out of her own delicate affection for her former master that she delays her beginning with the next one. Moreover, she owns to having consulted him as to what was to be done when it became clear to him as to her, that he had no more to teach her. Lindblad, also, visits her in Paris, and interests himself in her final fortunes there. But, still, there is no sign of their being the prime movers. No evidence exists of her seeking other counsel than her own heart in making the final decision.

Yet two influences there were that told strongly upon her at the time, and urged her forward. The first was theoretical and ideal: it was that of Geijer. He was clear that she belonged to mankind, rather than to Sweden, and he pressed upon her the necessity of widening her range of knowledge and skill. She, herself, attributed the momentum that drove her afield to Geijer's insistence. “He kicked me out . . . into the great world,” she would say, with humorous vigour. The second influence was direct, and practical. It was the example of Belletti, the celebrated barytone, then singing with her at the Royal Theatre. He showed her, vividly, what scientific singing in the great Italian manner really meant; and he would be able, if consulted as to where such style could be gained, to say at once,—“At Paris, under Garcia.”

The decision, then, from which she is not to draw back, even at “the sacrifice of youth, health, comfort, and of her modest savings,” appears to be largely the issue of her own insight, and deliberation. Later on, in Paris, she speaks as if it were her own “artistic conscience” whose dictates she had obeyed. Certainly, it was left to her own courage and resolution to find the funds by

which to carry it out. And it was, for this end, that she had already in the summer of 1840 set out on a provincial round of concerts, accompanied by her father; in which she, probably, wore out what remained of her voice after the hard work of the theatrical season, but, in compensation, won triumphant successes and accumulated supplies that would carry her through a year's training at Paris, whither she was determined to go and discover the true secret of song.

We have a letter from her written, in the middle of this tour, towards the early part of July, to her friend Louise Johansson, from Malmö, at the extreme south of Sweden, whence she could actually see Copenhagen, in which she records how things have gone in the series of towns through which she has passed. "The journey has gone off well enough, thank God! That is to say, the roads were so bad that the wheels, now and then, sank a foot deep into the mud, and it was very horrid sitting about in the atrocious weather; but as soon as I arrive in a town, and see the exceeding great kindness and friendliness the people have for me, then I feel it wicked to grumble. You cannot think to what an extent they all vie with each other in serving me. It is quite astonishing!"

The letter closes with a commission which shows how very early in life her characteristic charities had begun:—

"My dear Louisa, would you be kind enough to render me the service of going to Clara Vestra, Kyrkogata 13 or 25. I am not sure which of these numbers is the right one, but after you have crossed the Clara churchyard, and when you arrive at the gate on the Vestragatan, turn to the left, then it is the first door on the right-hand side, on the ground floor. Ask for Bruhn, the painter, a poor sick man ill in bed these last fourteen years; I forgot to bring him his monthly allowance, before coming away; will you be good enough to give him, on my behalf, 8 r. d. banco, and to tell him this is for the months of July and August. Greet him much from me, as also his wife, and pardon your friend who troubles you in this way.

"JENNY."

A note is here struck, which is to sound on through her life. It expresses one of the most vital instincts of her nature—an instinct which roots itself deep down in her artistic impulses—this instinct which bids her dedicate her gift to the cause of the poor, and the unhappy. That in her which made her an artist, made

her also charitable. It was the sense of possessing a gift which prompts the giving. That which had flowed in, must flow out. She was responsible for her great possession ; she held it in trust ; she must put it out to use. It was no mere liberality of disposition ; it was no mere genial beneficence ; it was an obligation, binding, and urgent ; a joyful duty ; a holy privilege which it would be a sin to neglect. Everything in her which made her recognise the powers lodged in her to be a divine endowment, made her, by a like impulse, recognise her duty to give away what she gained. No one will understand her, who does not see how closely her charity was interwoven with her art ; and how it was that, in after days, in deciding the question of marriage, she made it the prime necessity that her husband should leave her free in her charities. It is because it was so interwoven, that it seemed to her to be no work of merit ; it was done by a plain law of right ; it was spontaneous, natural, inevitable. So it is that already, at twenty, in the flush of youth and personal success, her nature is at work with instinctive security ; she has found out the poor sick painter ; and, quite modestly apologising for the trouble, just as if she were giving a commission to buy something at a shop, she begs her friend to see to it that he gets what he had the right to look for from her.

Back to Stockholm she got in August, where she was singing in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, on August 19th ; and all through the autumn, and spring, she is hard at work, fulfilling her bond to the Directors, though, owing to her concert-tour, she had had no holiday whatever. No wonder, that her voice was left fatigued and strained after such unintermittent work, with all the weariness of incessant journeys, and the anxieties that beset new appearances in unfamiliar rooms. It was in this effort to raise funds by which to reach Paris, that she ran so near to doing irreparable damage to her vocal powers. Twenty-three times does she perform in *Lucia*, between August 19th, when she returned, and June 19th, when she closed her engagement. Fourteen times did she give "Alice," in *Roberto* ; and nine times she repeated her former rôle of "Agatha" in the *Freischütz*. And, besides these, there were incidental appearances ; in the *Zauberflöte* as "Pamina" ; in *The Swiss Family* as "Emmelina" ; and, seven times, as "Alaida" in Bellini's *Straniera*. And, moreover, there were concerts at the theatre, in which she sang, on August 27th, and October 17th,

and November 14th, and on January 11th and 20th. And, finally, for the closing nights in May and June, came her first seven performances of *Norma*. At the last of the concerts, she had sung, as her piece, a duet from *Norma*, with Mme. Gelhaar, her old playmate in the school. And, on May 19th, the full opera was produced, in which her own people recognised, and greeted, one of her most brilliant and impressive impersonations.

With *Norma* she ended, on June 19th; it was her 447th appearance on the boards of the Royal Theatre, since, as a tiny child of ten, she played "Angela" in *The Polish Mine*, on November 29th, 1830. The Directors had, indeed, been justified by the venture they made with the little creature, whom they sent on the stage to dance and sing before she had been many months at the school. She had well repaid them. For her sixty-nine performances in the year 1840, she is only receiving, besides the regulation play money, 1100 r. d. banco—about £95 a year. Her voice is fatigued, and worn; she has done more work than she could rightly afford. But her spirit is not looking back, but ahead. She is not calculating her present gains; but is all on fire with the great hope, that is astir within her, at the bidding of which she will wander out, a pilgrim of Art, seeking the better country, sure that there is a vision to be seen, a victory to be won, to which as yet she has not even come nigh.

She has found her opportunity; and has made her resolution. Some good, kind friends, M. and Madame von Koch, in whose house she found constant friendship and affection, have arranged for her journey, and have lent her a maid, as a companion. A safe road is thus laid open for her to Paris. So, on June 21st, she gave, in the Ladugårdslands Church, a final concert on her own behalf, singing an aria from *Anna Bolena*, and another from *Norma*; winding up with a 'Lyrical Farewell,' written and composed, for the occasion, by Lindblad; and, in July, she leaves the Lindblads' house, and enters on the pilgrimage which was to mean so much. Home has been gracious to her; she loves her country which has loved her so freely; her one desire is to return to Stockholm, worthy of the enthusiasm which it has poured about her. But home cannot tell her the great secret. Somewhere else it lies, far off; she must seek it, and find it, even though, on its behalf, she sacrifice "youth, health, comfort, labour, and savings."

BOOK II.

ASPIRATION.

CHAPTER I.

IN PARIS.

ON Thursday, the first of July, 1841, Mdle. Lind embarked, on the steamship *Gauthiod*, for Lübeck; attended by a trusty female companion, recommended to her by Madame von Koch.

“The dear little girl,” wrote Madame Lindblad, “was almost crushed. I never thought that it would cost her so much. On the last night she never slept, but wrote letters the whole night through, coming occasionally into our rooms to have a good cry. On the first of July she left, at 11 o’clock, A.M.”

After a few days of rest and enjoyment, she proceeded with her companion to Håvre by the steamboat; and thence, by diligence, to Paris.

To a nature so sensitive, the change from the natural simplicity of domestic life in Sweden, to the restless activity of the French capital, with its crowded streets, its ceaseless craving for pleasure and excitement, its passion for amusement, its caprices of fashion, and above all, its splendid theatres, its art-collections, and priceless opportunities for mental cultivation and improvement—to such a nature, all this, so new, so unexpected, and, in many respects, so strangely incomprehensible, must have been fraught with an all-absorbing interest.

And we must not forget, that the Paris of fifty years ago was a city, very different from, and, in many respects, very much more interesting than, that in which it delights us to spend our holidays to-day—an older Paris, as different from the

Paris of to-day, as the Hamburg of to-day is, from the Hamburg that suffered in the conflagration of 1842.

It was to this older Paris that Mdle. Lind repaired, in the summer of the year 1841, in the hope of perfecting herself in the technicalities of the Art she so dearly loved—that Art of Singing, of whose mysteries she knew so little, and longed to know so much ; and the details of which she found it so impossible to acquire satisfactorily in Stockholm.

For her advancement in Dramatic Art, she trusted to herself alone. No one could teach her to act, and she sought no teacher, for her method was part of herself ; she needed no help for this. But her need of a competent *Maestro di Canto* was a very pressing one, indeed ; and she had long been convinced that one, and one only, could teach her what she so much desired to know. But it will be readily understood that the assistance and hearty co-operation of such a master as she needed were not to be had for the mere asking ; and some little time elapsed before her desire was accomplished.

On first reaching Paris, she found a comfortable home with a family named Ruffiaques, who kept a boarding-house, in a street near the Rue Neuve des Augustins.

Here, she was visited by Madame Berg, the wife of her former singing-master, who was then staying in Paris, with her little invalid son, Albert ; and, also, by Herr Blumm, a Swedish gentleman of kindest disposition and infinite *bonhomie*, who held the appointment of *Chancelier* to the Swedish Legation, in the Rue d'Anjou, and to whom she was indebted for innumerable acts of courtesy and kindness, during the period of her residence in Paris.

On leaving Sweden, she had brought with her letters of introduction from Queen Desideria,* to her relative, the Duchesse de Dalmatie (Madame la Maréchale Soult) ; and, soon after her arrival in Paris, she was invited by this lady to an afternoon reception. It was understood that she would be asked to sing : and, by invitation of the Duchesse, Signor Manuel Garcia, the brother of Madame Malibran and Madame Viardot, and the most renowned *Maestro di Canto* in Europe, came to hear her.

* The wife of Maréchal Bernadotte, who became King of Sweden and Norway, in the year 1818, under the title of Karl XIV. Johann.

She sang some Swedish songs, accompanying herself on the pianoforte ; but, either through nervousness, or fatigue, she does not appear to have done herself justice, and her singing seems to have produced no very favourable effect upon the assembled guests. Her voice was worn, not only from over-exertion, but from want of that careful management which can only be acquired by long training under a thoroughly competent master. Such training she had never had. She had formed her own ideal of the difficult *rôles* that had been entrusted to her at the Royal Theatre in Stockholm, and had tried to reach that ideal by the only means she knew of—means, very pernicious indeed. The result was, that the voice had been very cruelly injured. The mischief had been seriously aggravated by the fatigue consequent upon her long and arduous provincial tour ; and the effect was a chronic hoarseness, painful enough to produce marked symptoms of deterioration upon the fresh young voice, which had never been taught either the method of production, or the cultivation of style necessary for the development of its natural charm.

Signor Garcia was not slow to perceive all this ; and he afterwards told a lady, who questioned him upon the subject, that Mdle. Lind was, at that time, altogether wanting in the qualities needed for presentation before a highly-cultivated audience.

Soon after this, Mdle. Lind called, by appointment, upon Signor Garcia, who then occupied a pleasant *deuxième étage*, in a large block of houses in the Square d'Orléans, near the Rue Saint Lazare. As, on this occasion, she formally requested the great *Maestro* to receive her as a pupil, he felt it his duty to examine her voice more carefully than he had been able to do at Madame Soult's afternoon party ; and, after making her sing through the usual scales, and forming his own opinion of the power and compass of the vocal registers, he asked her to sing the well-known scena from *Lucia di Lammermoor*—" *Perche non ho.*" In this, unhappily, she broke completely down—in all probability, through nervousness, for she had appeared in the part of " Lucia," at the Stockholm Theatre, no less than thirty-nine times only the year before, and the music must, therefore, have been more than familiar to her. However, let the cause have been what it might, the failure was complete ; and, upon the strength of it, the

Maestro pronounced his terrible verdict—"It would be useless to teach you, Mademoiselle ; you have no voice left"—"*Mademoiselle, vous n'avez plus de voix.*"*

The effect of this sentence of hopeless condemnation upon an organisation so highly strung as that of Mdlle. Lind may be easily conceived. But her courage was equal to the occasion, though she told Mendelssohn, years afterwards, that the anguish of that moment exceeded all that she had ever suffered in her whole life. Yet, her faith in her own powers never wavered for an instant. There was a fire within her that no amount of discouragement could ever quench.

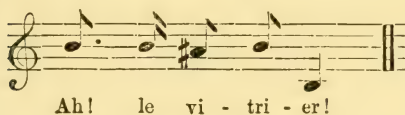
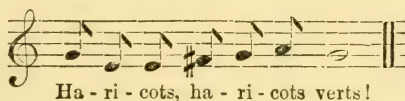
Instead, therefore, of accepting his verdict as a final one, she asked, with tears in her eyes, what she was to do. Her trust in the *Maestro's* judgment was no less firm than that which she felt in the reality of her own vocation. In the full conviction that, if she could only persuade him to advise her, his counsel would prove invaluable, she did not hesitate to make the attempt ; and the result fully justified the soundness of her conclusions. Moved by her evident distress, he recommended her to give her voice six weeks of perfect rest ; to abstain, during the whole of that time, from singing even so much as one single note ; and to speak as little as possible. And, upon condition that she strictly carried out these injunctions, he gave her permission to come to him again, when the period of probation was ended, in order that he might then see whether anything could be done for her.

To any really earnest aspirant, six weeks of enforced idleness would have been a martyrdom. For Mdlle. Lind, such a period of inaction was simply impossible. Disobedience to the *Maestro's* orders was, of course, out of the question. But, if she was forbidden to sing, or to speak, she was, at least, permitted to read, and write. Never doubting, for a moment, of her ultimate success, she knew that she would, one day, have to sing in Italian, and possibly, also, in French. She therefore spent the six weary weeks

* It is necessary that these words should be very distinctly recorded ; for, their frequent misquotation, in the newspapers, and elsewhere, has led to a very false impression, equally unjust to master and pupil. The *Maestro's* exact words were, "*Mademoiselle, vous n'avez plus de voix*"—not, "*Vous n'avez pas de voix.*" Mdlle. Lind had once possessed a voice ; but it had been so strained, by over-exertion, and a faulty method of production, that, for the time being, scarcely a shred of it remained.

in the diligent study of those languages ; and there are actually in existence, at this moment, no less than sixty-one large foolscap pages, in her own handwriting, closely filled with exercises in Italian grammar, and twenty-three similar pages in French, the greater part of which appear to have been completed during this trying period ; not mere scattered memoranda, but systematic work, genders of nouns, conjugations of irregular verbs, long lists of exceptions, and other like matters, such as would have been executed by an industrious student on the eve of a severe critical examination.

But, the time was a weary one, nevertheless. Her nerves were excited to the last degree of tension, and never did she forget the exasperating effect of the cries which, day after day, reached her, from the street, as the long dull hours dragged on. Two of these she imitated, sometimes, when speaking of her Paris life, in the presence of her daughter, who thus noted down the “ words and music.”



The first of these street-melodies speaks for itself. The second is the cry of a wandering glazier ; and may still be heard, in the poorer streets of Paris, sung by men who carry panes of glass on their backs, to mend broken windows.

Intense indeed must have been the relief, when the time of probation expired, at last. Once more, Mdle. Lind sought an interview with the master ; and, this time, her hopes were crowned with success. Signor Garcia found the voice so far re-established, by rest, that he was able to give good hope of its complete restoration, provided that the faulty method of production which had so nearly resulted in its destruction was abandoned ; and, with the view of attaining this important end, he agreed to give her two lessons, regularly, every week—an arrangement which set all her

anxieties at rest, and for which she was deeply grateful, to the end of her life.*

The delight of the artist, at being once more permitted to sing, may be readily imagined. Though discouraged, sometimes, by the immense amount she had to learn—and, with still greater difficulty, to un-learn—she never lost heart; and so rapidly did the vocal organs recover from the exhaustion from which they had been suffering, that, before long, she was able to practise her scales and exercises for many hours daily.

The lessons appear to have begun about the twenty-fifth, or twenty-sixth of August; and to have been continued, twice a week, from that period, until the month of July, 1842.

Mdlle. Lind thus describes her first introduction to the new system, in a letter to her friend, Fröken Marie Ruckman :—

“Paris, Sept. 10, 1841.

“I have already had five lessons from Signor Garcia, the brother of Madame Malibran. I have to begin again, from the beginning; to sing scales, up and down, slowly, and with great care; then, to practise the shake—awfully slowly; and, to try to get rid of the hoarseness, if possible. Moreover, he is very particular about the breathing. I trust I have made a happy choice. Anyhow, he is the best master; and, expensive enough—twenty francs for an hour. But, what does that signify, if only he can teach me to sing? Mdlle. Nissen has been his pupil, now, for two years, and has made immense progress.”

A fortnight later, she writes to Madame Lindblad :—

“I am well satisfied with my singing-master. With regard to my weak points, especially, he is excellent. I think it very fortunate for me that there exists a Garcia. And I believe him, also, to be a very good man. If he takes but little notice of us, apart from his lessons—well!—that cannot be helped; but I am very much pleased, nay! enchanted with him as a teacher.”†

And, again, to Herr Expeditionschef Forsberg :—

* The exact date of these two interviews with Signor Garcia cannot now be ascertained.

† This, and all other extracts from the collection of letters in the Lindblad family, have been kindly furnished by Madame Grandinson, (*née* Lindblad.)

“Paris, February 1, 1842.

“Garcia’s method is the best, of our time ; and the one which all here are striving to follow.”

And, it is pleasant to know that the *Maestro* was equally well pleased with his pupil, who, in a still later letter, writes :—

“Paris, March 7, 1842.

“You know, to-day, four years ago, I made my *début* in *Der Freischütz*.—No ! five years ago, I mean. No ! it is four, I think.—Well ! yes ! I do not know.—Anyhow, it was on the 7th of March.*

“My singing is getting on quite satisfactorily, now. I rejoice heartily in my voice ; it is clear, and sonorous, with more firmness, and much greater agility. A great, great deal still remains to be done ; but the worst is over. Garcia is satisfied with me.”

The teaching she now received was, evidently, the exact thing Mdle. Lind needed. Of the management of the breath, the production of the voice, the blending of its registers, and other technical details upon which the most perfect of singers depends, in great measure, for success, she knew nothing—and, but for Signor Garcia, in all probability never would have known anything. But, of that which concerned the higher life of her art, neither Signor Garcia nor any one else could teach her anything at all. She evidently felt this, herself ; for, long years afterwards, she wrote :—

“The greater part of what I can do in my Art, I have myself acquired, by incredible labour, in spite of astonishing difficulties. By Garcia alone have I been taught some few important things. God had so plainly written within me what I had to study ; my ideal was, and is, so high, that I could find no mortal who could in the least degree satisfy my demands. Therefore I sing after no one’s method—only, as far as I am able, after that of the birds ; for, their Master was the only one who came up to my demands for truth, clearness, and expression.” †

But, though thus dependent upon her own natural genius for

* The *début* really took place on March 7, 1838 ; i.e. “four years ago.” See pp. 35–36.

† See note, p. 11.

the high qualities which placed her above the greatest of her contemporaries in everything which concerned her loftiest aspirations in the realm of Art, she was none the less grateful to Signor Garcia for the "few important things" which gave her her first practical insight into the *technique* of singing—an insight, without which, as she herself felt, she would never have been able to bring her own great artistic ideal to perfection.

CHAPTER II.

THE STUDENT.

FOR some few weeks after her first interview with Signor Garcia, and her subsequent entrance upon a course of regular study under his guidance, Mdlle. Lind continued to reside with Madame Ruffiaques. But she soon awoke to the conviction that a boarding-house was scarcely a fitting place for continuous and undisturbed study ; and—a still more serious consideration—she found that the terms for board and lodging were too high for her slender means. It was really necessary that she should go to a cheaper and a more convenient home ; but the removal was not effected without tears on either side. Madame Ruffiaques cried bitterly when she left, saying that they had all “hoped for a longer stay on her part,” and “could scarcely have believed such dignity of conduct possible in a young person coming alone to Paris.” But it was indispensable that the step should be taken. Towards the close of October, therefore, she removed to the house of Mdlle. du Puget ; a lady, who, though not a Swede by birth, had been educated in Sweden, was thoroughly Swedish in all her thoughts and habits, and had familiarised the French with the literature of Sweden by her excellent translations of many well-known Swedish works.

Though a pleasant, and, in many ways, a sympathetic companion, Mdlle. du Puget was not free from certain amusing peculiarities which Mdlle. Lind occasionally described with genuine good humour. In a letter to Madame Lindblad, dated, “Paris, November 26, 1841,” she narrates an amusing little episode :—

“You must know that I am beginning to be an ape—a fact of which I was not aware until yesterday. I was singing to Mdlle. du Puget, and she seemed a little bit surprised when, just once or twice, I displayed all my powers—you know what I

mean—and she looked at me as if she had not given me credit for this. (Mdlle. du Puget—you must know—is a person who has heard all the great artists, and is herself musical.) First, I sang ‘in Persiani’s style,’ and then ‘in Grisi’s’; and she was kind enough to say it was excellently *imitated*—‘could not, in fact, be better.’ The compliment was rather hard to digest. I was so ashamed, that, for a long while, I could not look up. But, after a considerable pause, I asked, ‘Do you really think so?’—with a feeling of pride which my look—even the look of my back—must surely have reflected. God help me! I am so proud that I cannot bear people to tell me I ‘imitate.’ I loathe the very word to such an extent that I cannot conceive what its inventor was thinking of! It seems to me, that to take what is another’s, and use it for one’s self, and then to make believe that it is one’s own, is positively to steal. But, I seize so quickly the impression of what is good, or bad, that I should not feel surprised if I have caught something from the Italian Opera, which I have already visited pretty frequently. But be this as it may, the reminiscences I am carrying away from the Italian Opera here are much better than those connected with Stockholm and the school and style that prevail there.”

But Mdlle. Lind was not deprived of the companionship of critics better able than Mdlle. du Puget to appreciate her talents at their true value. Her most intimate friend, at this period, was Mdlle. Henrietta Nissen,* who was also a pupil of Garcia, and a great favourite with the master. The two talented young vocalists frequently sang together; and, before long, a feeling of generous rivalry sprang up between them, which must have been of infinite advantage to both. Mdlle. Lind thus describes her young friend in a letter to Madame Lindblad :—

“Paris, August 19, 1841.

“Yesterday I went to see Mdlle. Nissen, to whom I go pretty often; and we sang to one another. She has a beautiful voice. Still, I think I agree with what Adolf once said—‘it is getting a little thin in the upper notes.’ But, notwithstanding this, it is a splendid voice. In future we are going to have music together at Herr Blumm’s.”

The meetings at Herr Blumm’s became an institution. A month later, she writes :—

* Afterwards, Madame Siegfried Saloman.

“Paris, September 19, 1841.

“I am just expecting Philippe*—not King Philippe!—who is going to take me to Herr Blumm’s, where Mdle. Nissen is waiting for us, with an old relative of hers; and we four are going somewhere into the country for the day. She is a very sweet girl. I am really glad to have made her acquaintance. The divine song draws us to each other.”

But there were other bonds of sympathy between them, besides those cemented by their mutual love for “the divine song.” When Christmas drew near, Mdle. Lind’s heart was torn by yearnings for home. As the time approached she wrote to Madame Lindblad :—

“Paris, December 9, 1841.

“Do you know what I am doing, besides writing to you? I am munching away—at what?—just guess!—at a bit of genuine Swedish *Knäckebröd*,† which Herr Blumm has brought me. . . . Ah! think of me, when you go to the *Julotta*,‡ for it is the most glorious thing your poor Jenny knows of.”

And again :—

“Paris, December 16, 1841.

“Ah! who? who will light the Christmas Tree for my mother? No one; no one! She has no child who can bring her the least pleasure. If you knew how she is ever before me! how constantly she is in my thoughts! how she gives me courage to work! how I love her, as I never loved her before!”

And, in the midst of this cruel burst of home-sickness, good Mademoiselle du Puget bethought her of an expedient, of which we hear in another letter, written four days after Christmas :—

“Paris, December 29, 1841.

“Christmas Eve passed off better than I expected; for Mademoiselle du Puget went to fetch the dear sweet Nissen, and, all of a sudden, as I was standing in my room alone, she came creeping in to me. We sang duets together—but my thoughts strayed homewards.”

* Philippe was an old servant of Herr Blumm’s, who, with his characteristic kindness and courtesy, sent him to attend Mdle. Lind to and from her lessons with Garcia.

† A kind of rye bread, baked in large thin round cakes, with a hole in the middle, by which they are hung up in bundles, and thus kept fresh for a long time.

‡ The early Service, on Christmas Day.

It is beautiful, as the time progresses, to mark the utter absence of jealousy which characterised this rare artistic friendship between two young students, each of whom had a reputation to ensure, and a name to render famous.

On April 3, 1842, she writes :—

“Do you know that Nissen is just upon the point of concluding an engagement for three years at the Italian Opera? For the first year, she is offered four thousand riksdaler banco;* and, when the three years are over, she will, no doubt, be able to command from sixty to seventy thousand riksdaler banco † per annum. Ah, yes! God help her! She is a nice good girl. Yet, notwithstanding all this, I am contented with my own lot, and would not change with any one, though my prospects for the future are poor, and dark.”

And again on May 1 :—

“I am not depressed on Mademoiselle Nissen’s account. Ah, no! Besides, how foolish it would be not to stand aside for a merit greater than my own—and this I do. Thank God! I feel no jealousy, and—shall I tell you?—it is true that I can never get her voice; but I am quite satisfied with my own. And, furthermore, I shall be able, in time, to learn all that she knows; but she can never learn what I know. Do you understand? She is a nice girl; and, with all my heart, I wish her every happiness. Her stay here is of great advantage to me, for she spurs me on.”

In truth, every brilliant manifestation of real talent served only to spur Mademoiselle Lind on to still greater exertions on her own account. She was a constant attendant at the Italian Opera; and recorded her impressions of the principal performers with the most perfect frankness. In one letter she writes :—

“Oh! if you could have heard Madame Persiani sing in *La Sonnambula*, yesterday! Oh! oh! it was beautiful!”

Of Grisi, though she admired her greatly as an actress, she spoke less enthusiastically; and, especially, of her shake, which, she said, was not good. Indeed, this particular grace was then

* Equal to 8,000 francs; or £320 sterling.

† It is possible that this may be a *lapsus calami*, for “six to seven thousand”—i.e. 12,000 to 14,000 francs, or £480 to £560. The larger sum seems improbable, to the last degree.

but very little cultivated in the Italian School, from an idea—entirely fallacious—that its frequent practice was deleterious to the voice.

But Mademoiselle Lind's observations were not confined to the Italian Opera, or to singing alone. She was a great admirer of Mademoiselle Rachel ; and studied her performances with peculiar interest. In one of her letters she writes :—

“Paris, October 24, 1841.

“There is a remarkable dearth of good actresses here. Mademoiselle Rachel is the only one—after her, Grisi.”

And again :—

“Paris, November 20, 1841.

“Shall I tell you my thoughts ? The difference between Mademoiselle Rachel and myself is, that she can be splendid when angry, but she is unsuited for tenderness. I am desperately ugly, and nasty too, when in anger ; but I think I do better in tender parts. Of course, I do not compare myself with Rachel. Certainly not. She is immeasurably greater than I. Poor me ! ”

It is evident from this, that, while striving, with all her might, to master the technical difficulties of singing under the guidance of Signor Garcia, Mademoiselle Lind never, for a moment, forgot the importance of the dramatic element. Her correspondence teems with observations which show how constantly her thoughts were dwelling upon this important point. In one more than ordinarily interesting letter, she writes :—

“Paris, October 24, 1841.

“I am longing for home. I am longing for my theatre. I have never said this before, in any of my letters. I know I am contradicting myself, but I rejoice over it. Oh ! to pour out my feelings in a beautiful part ! This is, and ever will be, my continual aim ; and, until I stand there again, I shall not know myself as I really am. Life on the stage has in it something so fascinating, that I think, having once tasted it, one can never feel truly happy away from it, especially when one has given oneself wholly up to it, with life and soul, as I have done. This has been my joy, my pride, my glory ! True, it is a great thing to be free from all the worries connected with it ; but, when I return home, I know not what people could have to reproach me with. Then the die will be cast ; and I shall not change very much for the

better after that, I suppose—and, consequently, things will be different.”

Later on she writes :—

“Paris, March 7, 1842.

“Sometimes I act by myself ; and it seems to me that I have gained more feeling, more *verve*, more truth in my rendering ; at least, I feel, now, better than I used to do, what life really is. It is just possible that I may not act as well as before ; but I do not think so. Nobody acts as I act. What do you say to such language as this ? But, you will not misunderstand me.”

But there were moments of doubt, bordering sometimes almost upon despondency. On one occasion she says :—

“Paris, May 30, 1842.

“Then Garcia pretends to believe that I shall never more act in tragic parts ! * What do you think of that ? I leave him to say what he pleases. In the meantime, may God preserve me from being altogether bewildered ! I do not think there is any danger. I acted ‘*Norma*,’ this morning, and it was not much worse than at Stockholm.”

In the midst of these alternations of hope and anxiety, the studies were interrupted, for a moment, by a sudden shock—a merciful escape from an accident of the most frightful possible character.

On the 8th of May, the Baroness Schwerin accompanied Mademoiselle Lind on an excursion to Versailles.

Herr Blumm was anxious that the party should return to Paris by a train which would give them an opportunity of passing through some very beautiful scenery on their way home. But, that very morning, the Préfet de Police offered the Baroness a box at one of the theatres. In order to render this available, the plans were changed at the last moment ; and it was not until after their return, that the little party of friends learned that the train by which they intended to travel had been wrecked by the bursting of the boiler, and that, of the four hundred persons who were injured by the explosion, one hundred were either scalded

* Possibly, Mdle. Lind’s idea of tragedy may have differed from Signor Garcia’s. On such a point, the Scandinavian and the Keltic temperament were scarcely likely to be in very close accordance.

to death, or cut to pieces, in a manner too horrible for description.

Mademoiselle Lind's account of the occurrence shows that it affected her very deeply indeed. But her nature was not of the weak type which is rendered unfit for exertion by a sudden fear, however great may have been its effect at the moment ; and her subsequent letters show that after the first burst of thankfulness was over, she was at work again as heartily as ever. She had come to Paris to work ; and she left undone nothing which could tend to perfect her in the art to which every energy of her life was devoted.

CHAPTER III.

WITHIN SIGHT OF THE GOAL.

MDLLE. LIND'S course of study, under Signor Garcia, lasted ten months, from the 26th or 27th of August, 1841, to the end of June, 1842—by which time she had learned all that it was possible for any master to teach her.

The result for which she had so ardently longed, so patiently waited, so perseveringly laboured, was attained at last. Her voice, no longer suffering from the effect of the cruel fatigue, and the inordinate amount of over-exertion which had so lately endangered, not merely its well-being, but its very existence, had now far more than recovered its pristine vigour—it had acquired a rich depth of tone, a sympathetic sweetness, a birdlike charm in the silvery clearness of its upper register, which at once impressed the listener with the feeling that he had never before heard anything in the least degree resembling it.

No human organ is perfect. It is quite possible that other voices may have possessed qualities which this did not ; for voices of exceptional beauty are nearly always characterised by an individuality of expression which forms by no means the least potent of their attractions. But, the listener never stopped to analyse the qualities of Mdlle. Lind's voice, the marked individuality of which set analysis at defiance. By turns, full, sympathetic, tender, sad, or brilliant, it adapted itself so perfectly to the artistic conception of the song it was interpreting, that singer, voice, and song, were one.

With such rare power at command, Mdlle. Lind was able, without effort, to give expression to every phase of the conception which she had originally formed by the exercise of innate genius alone. Her acting, as we have seen, in former chapters, had grown up with her from her infancy, and formed part of her inmost being. She had found no one in Paris capable of teaching her anything

that could improve that, though she thought it necessary to take lessons in deportment. The rest she had studied for herself, though she had naturally gained experience by observation of others. With fearless modesty, she had measured her own powers against those of Mdlle. Rachel, and dared to tell herself what she believed to be the truth, with regard to their comparative merits. She had acted the part of *Norma* to herself, and calmly passed judgment upon her own performance. That she was satisfied with it we cannot doubt ; for she had studied the difficult character of her heroine to such good purpose, that she had reconciled all its apparent incongruities, and elevated it into a consistent whole, dramatic and musical, breathing poetry and romance from beginning to end, yet, as true to nature as she was herself, and no longer fettered by the fatal technical weakness which had so long stood between her ideal and its perfect realisation. There was no weakness now. The Artist was complete.

And now arose the crucial question—should the finished Artist make her *début* in Paris?—or, should she return, at once, to Sweden, and reappear, in all the glory of her newly-acquired powers, in her beloved Stockholm?

There were arguments to be brought forward on both sides. The problem was no new one. It had frequently been discussed ; but her own feeling on the subject was very strong indeed. She could not reconcile herself to Paris. From the very first, she had suspected the hollowness of its social organisation. As early as the 10th of September, 1841, she had written to her friend, Fröken Marie Ruckman :—

“MY BEST FRIEND,—

“There might be much to say about Paris, but I put it off until I am better able to judge. This much, however, I will say at once, that, if good is sometimes to be found, an immeasurable amount of evil is to be found also. But, I believe it to be an excellent school for any one with discernment enough to separate the rubbish from that which is worth preserving—though this is no easy task. To my mind, the worst feature of Paris is, its dreadful selfishness, its greed for money. There is nothing to which the people will not submit, for the sake of gain. Applause,

here, is not always given to talent ; but, often enough, to vice—to any obscure person who can afford to pay for it. Ugh ! It is too dreadful to see the *claqueurs* sitting at the theatre, night after night, deciding the fate of those who are compelled to appear—a terrible manifestation of original sin ! ”

To Madame Lindblad, some six weeks later, she writes :—

“ Paris, October 24, 1841.

“ All idea of appearing here in public has vanished. To begin with—I myself never relied upon it ; but people said so many silly things about ‘ just one performance,’ that, at last, I began to feel as if I were in duty bound to try. But, monstrous and unconquerable difficulties are in the way. In any case, I want to go home again. But, if I can arrange to sing at a concert, before leaving, I will do so ; in order that I may not return home without having at least done something.”

Three months later, in a letter dated February the 1st, 1842, and addressed to Herr Expeditionschef Forsberg (who controlled the Dramatic School attached to the R. Theatre at Stockholm at the time at which Jenny was numbered among its pupils), we find her dwelling touchingly on her desire to consecrate her talents to her native country.

“ I came hither,” she says, “ because I felt my talent too insignificant. I knew, indeed, that it was not really so. But, having no one to consult but my dear Herr Berg—who was miserable at his inability to help me through with my incessant work—I resolved simply to break off, and to take two years’ leave of absence.

“ I am working on, now ; have made progress ; and—need I say it—if they want to hear me again, in my Sweden, with what joy will I not hasten thither ! I have only made these sacrifices, in order that I may become worthy of the public ; and, if I do not succeed, I shall, at all events, have satisfied my artist’s conscience.

“ Therefore, Herr Expeditionschef, if I can only learn to sing, I shall certainly return, in a year and a half ; but, not if I meet with coldness, or am regarded as altogether unnecessary. I am almost afraid of that. I do not wish to stand in the way of any one. Rather than that, I would settle down here to give singing-lessons ; for Garcia’s method is the best of our time, and every one, here, is striving to follow it. But, in any case, I shall come

home, in order that people may hear what progress I have made—if I really have made any. Will they accept me, and give me a suitable engagement? If so, I shall remain. If not, I shall go abroad again.”

When the time for arriving at a decision began to draw near, she wrote to Madame Lindblad :—

“Paris, April 3, 1842.

“I dare not tell you how I long for home! I dare not tell you how far from happy I feel, here! but, there is one thing in your letter that really frightens me. You say, that, if I come back, without having previously appeared in public, here, they will say that I was not fit for it, however well I may sing. Ho! ho! what will happen, then? It might, perhaps, be better for me to engage myself somewhere as nursery-maid; for it is a very difficult thing to appear, here, in public. On the stage it would be out of the question. It could only be in the concert-room: and there I am at my weakest point, and shall always remain so. What is wanted here is—‘admirers.’ Were I inclined to receive them, all would be smooth sailing. But there I say—STOP!

“To sing, without a name, is difficult; for, here, everything depends upon the accessories. It matters not how little talent there may be. My position is, indeed, a hard one! If only I belonged to a country having more self-confidence when passing judgment on its own artists, then, all would be well. But, the misfortune is, that they never believe in themselves. However, I have never said that I should appear in public, though others have.”

A week later she wrote to her father :—

“Paris, April 10, 1842.

“GODE PAPPA!—

“So many thanks for your last letter. I see, from it, that you and Mamma are well. It gives me no slight comfort to know this; and I should be even better satisfied, if I were also to learn that you prosper in your country home.

“As yet, my dear Pappa, I have not grown particularly stout; but, what I shall be, when I grow old, I cannot tell. However, I trust the Lord will save me from being obliged to sing on the stage, until my life’s end; and then, I shall rest tranquil.

“Apropos of the Opera! I wonder when I shall next be allowed to show myself ‘on the boards,’ as the term is. I clearly see—yes, I do see, Pappa—that I am born to stand on them. God grant that I may always stand ‘on firm feet,’ as Gelhaar said.* In one respect, Pappa knows that I do. In the other, I am in

* Herr Gelhaar was a member of the Royal Orchestra at Stockholm.

God's hands. Think only, if, when I come home, I find no engagement !

"Yes, yes. 'Comes time, comes counsel.' Perhaps I may have to sit on the Djurgårds Common, with a little money-box in front of me, to gather in small contributions, and sing while the day lasts—for, says the proverb, 'There is no day so long that it has not its evening'—and, after that, I go to my Father's bosom, to awake in a better land. And this is surely the highest aim. It does not matter how one gets there, so that one only does get there, somehow, and, 'he that humbleth himself shall be exalted,' says the Scripture.—But, be this as it may !

"I was obliged to act as I did ; otherwise, the whole thing would have remained at a standstill with me. Perhaps I have not yet been quite forgotten—though I have some doubt about it : and, in that case, and if I have also made some progress, people may perhaps find pleasure in listening to me, when I come back again. I wish for nothing better than this.

"*Adieu, lille Fader.* Write, if occasion offers, to your
"AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER."

A letter addressed, on the same day, to Madame Lindblad, announces still greater indecision with regard to the future :—

"Paris, April 10, 1842.

"I am really anxious to see how a life, begun like mine, will end. Oh ! what emptiness beyond description there is around me ! An unwonted amount of courage is necessary, for prolonging my stay here for another year. But I need this, for several reasons. This journey has altogether changed me. The foundation of the building was tolerably safe, and needed no pulling down. But, the superstructure !—this has crumbled away, through not having been better put together."

The spirit which pervades these letters is unmistakable ; and clearly shows Mdlle. Lind's own feeling, with regard to the critical question, on the settlement of which her artistic destiny seemed now mainly to depend.

But, she was not, and could not possibly be, the only, or even the best judge, of what was best for her. From the very nature of the case, she was placed very much at the mercy of others, who, moved by feelings of friendship, or self-interest, as the case might be, took an active part in the discussion ; and it was mainly through their intervention that the question was solved with the results which we propose to describe in our next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RETURN.

ON the 24th of May, 1842, while Mdlle. Lind was still tortured by doubts as to the best course to follow, in this difficult crisis, the Directors of the Royal Theatre at Stockholm sent her the offer of a definite and official engagement—or rather re-engagement—at the Opera-House in which her early triumphs had been achieved. It must be confessed, that the terms proposed by the *Direktion* were more in accordance with her former *status* at the Royal Theatre, than with that which was the just due of the great artist she had now become. The engagement was to last either one, or two years ; from the 1st of July, 1842, to the same date, in 1843, or 1844—the longest period for which an engagement was legally possible. The salary was fixed at 1800 *Riksdaler Banco, per annum*—equal to about £150, in English money ; with the privilege of an extra “benefit” ; and “extra service-money, according to the regulations of the Royal Theatre,” for each appearance ; the necessary “silk costumes and bridal gowns” being provided at the expense of the management. In return for these emoluments, Mdlle. Lind was engaged to submit, in all things, to the regulations laid down for the direction of the Royal Theatre, in the year 1839 ; but she was permitted to extend her stay abroad, until September, 1842, without diminution of salary, as a compensation for the expenses connected with her home journey.

To this not very tempting offer, she replied, as follows :—

“Paris, June 6, 1842.

“I have had the honour to receive the Royal Direction’s flattering offer of an engagement, for one or two years, from the 1st of July, 1842, at the Royal Theatre of Stockholm, and hasten to submit my humble answer.

“Although the period which I intended to devote to my studies abroad does not terminate until next year, and, therefore, an earlier return home will either interrupt those studies, or entail redoubled efforts for the accomplishment of the course on which I have entered, I feel not disinclined to accept the offer of the Royal Direction, for two years ; but, well remembering the rather too heavy service to which I had to submit in former times, at the Royal Theatre, and from the evil consequences of which I am still suffering, I am compelled to attach the following conditions to my engagement, viz.:—

“(i.) That while enjoying the salary, benefices, and other advantages proposed by the Royal Direction, I shall not be obliged to appear in more than fifty representations during the season.

“(ii.) That an extra fee of 66 *Rdr.*, 32 *sk.*, *Banco*,* may be granted to me for each representation over and above the said fifty, during the season.

“(iii.) That the representations be so arranged, as not to compel my appearance more than twice during the week.

“(iv.) That leave of absence be granted to me, from the 15th of June, to the 1st of October, in each year.

“I trust that the Royal Direction will appreciate the fairness of the above-named conditions, and will consider them as pardonable forethought with regard to my health and future, which are particularly uncertain, and difficult to ensure, by a dramatic artist, in Sweden.”

On the same day, she thus confided her difficulties to Madame Lindblad :—

“Paris, June 6, 1842.

“I have been offered an engagement at the theatre in Stockholm, and this has somewhat altered things. There is much to be said for, but much also against it. It seems to me that my demands are not exaggerated, when I propose to appear fifty times during the season, for 1800 *Rdr.* *Banco* in the form of salary, with extra money, etc. ; while, for other evenings, beyond that number, they will have to give me, each time, 66 *Rdr.*, 32 *sk.*, *Banco*—the same as to Belletti. I shall not do it for less ; so, if they do not agree to this—well and good !

“So, it may happen that I come home in the autumn. What do you say to that ? I rather long for home ; and this offer, on the part of the Direction, will furnish a good opportunity for closing the mouths of those who might feel inclined to say something about my incapacity for another theatre.”

* Rather less than £5 10s.

Herr Lindblad, who was in Paris, at this time, wrote to his wife :—

“Paris, June 1, 1842.

“Jenny has had an offer, from the Direction of the Royal Opera, to come home ; and she seems inclined to accept it. If so, she will return, in the autumn.”

This seems to imply that Herr Lindblad took no unfavourable view of the arrangement ; yet, when the engagement was finally concluded, he wrote to Madame Lindblad :—

“Paris, July 4, 1842.

“Jenny has engaged herself at too small a salary. This she regrets, now, but it cannot be helped. Her love for Sweden, and the kind letter from the Director of the Opera, have dimmed her vision.”

And again :—

“Paris, Friday, July 15, 1842.

“I conducted Meyerbeer to Jenny, when she sang for him airs from *Roberto*, *Norma*, and several of my songs. He thought much of her voice, and wishes to take her to the Grand Opera-House, in order to hear how it would sound on the stage there ; for he believes that its carrying power would grow in the large room.”

And again :—

“Paris, July 18, 1842.

“So it is, however, that, had Meyerbeer arrived here before Jenny accepted the engagement at Stockholm, she would probably not—unless tempted by home-sickness—have returned so soon to Sweden ; for Meyerbeer was not against engaging her for Paris or Berlin. Not a soul has here done the least towards making her known. She has been living as in a convent.

“Still, she is not sorry to return home ; for, the greatest stage reputations are here won only through sacrificing honour and reputation. While the world is resounding with their praise, every *salon* is closed to them ; and this, even in easy-going Paris. Such homage as Jenny met with in Sweden, no foreign artist ever received. This, she feels ; and it is for this vivifying atmosphere that she is longing.”

As may well be supposed, Meyerbeer's influence was no unimportant factor in the arrangements which concerned the future. He had come to Paris on business connected with the production

of *Le Prophète*; had there heard of Mdle. Lind—probably, from Herr Lindblad; and—as we gather from that gentleman’s letter of the 15th of July—had already heard her sing, in private. But he seems to have entertained doubts as to whether her voice was powerful enough to fill the *salle* of the Grand Opera; and, in order to satisfy himself on this point, he wished to hear her sing on the stage of the theatre itself. Whether or not, Signor Garcia felt any doubts upon the subject, we do not know. On the 13th of June, Herr Lindblad had written:—

“On Saturday last, I met Garcia, and spoke to him about Jenny. He has found out that she has much *esprit*, and feeling; but considers her voice still somewhat *fatiguée*.”

But, whatever Signor Garcia may have felt, it is quite certain that Meyerbeer was determined to carry his point; and, that he made the necessary arrangements with M. Leon Pillet, then the Director of the Grand Opera, for the gratification of his wish; for, on the 22nd of July, he wrote (in German) to Herr Lindblad:—

“HONOURED SIR,—

“I was unable to answer your kind letter, yesterday, as I found it impossible to speak to the Director of the Opera. But I have since seen him, and have arranged that, to-morrow, Saturday, at two o’clock in the afternoon, precisely, a well-tuned pianoforte, and an accompanist, shall be in readiness, on the stage of the Opera, to accompany Mdle. Lind in her songs.

“I have told the Director, that Mdle. Lind wishes to bring with her six or eight persons with whom she is acquainted; and orders have been given to the porter to admit them. The entrance, however, will not be from the Rue Lepelletier, as in the evening; but, in the Rue Grangebatelière, No. 3, through the great gateway, on the left hand of the court.

“Begging you, honoured sir, to make my compliments to Mdle. Lind, and in the hope of seeing you again to-morrow, at the Opera, at two o’clock,

“Yours most sincerely,

“MEYERBEER.”

Of the proceedings which took place at this probationary meeting, no detailed account has been preserved. M. Castil-Blaze tells us, that the pieces sung were, the three grand scenes

from *Der Freischütz*, *Robert le Diable*, and *Norma* ; but, as we shall presently see, his account of the occurrence is so glaringly incorrect, in other respects, that it is not safe to accept any part of it. Herr Lindblad, however, has described his impressions ; briefly enough, it is true, but, in language which may be accepted as thoroughly trustworthy. His account of the effect produced is thus recorded :—

“ Paris, July 25, 1842.

“ Nothing worth mentioning happened, in the course of last week, except that Jenny appeared at the Grand Opera, here ; but, without the lights, and with no other listeners than Meyerbeer, the Hiertas, Herr Blumm, Branting, the Director of the Opera, and myself. It was in order to hear how her voice would tell, in the immense *salle*. Jenny was unusually nervous ; and, you know, she never does herself justice until she is in full action on the stage. But, notwithstanding this, she sang well ; though it seemed pale in comparison with what she can do. Meyerbeer said the prettiest things : ‘ *Une voix chaste et pure, pleine de grâce et de virginalité*,’ etc., etc. Yesterday, I breakfasted with him ; and, in the presence of Berlioz, and some other Frenchmen, he spoke of her with an enthusiasm so great, that I almost felt inclined to question its sincerity—for, Jenny had not sung nearly so well as she is capable of doing.

“ In the meantime, she is coming home, for which she longs with her whole heart. May the Swedes receive her well, now, and not soon get tired of her ! Otherwise, we shall take her to Berlin, and get her an engagement there, in accordance with Meyerbeer’s wish. He maintains that she ought to appear there.”

This proves, clearly enough, that after hearing the effect of Mdle. Lind’s voice, in the *salle* of the Grand Opera, Meyerbeer was of opinion that Berlin would offer a better field for the exercise of her talents than Paris ; and subsequent events proved that his judgment was perfectly correct. Neither the style, nor the tastes of the singer, would have found a congenial home on the stage of the Grand Opera. There was, in all probability, no difference of opinion between any of the parties concerned, on this point ; and, for the moment, this probationary performance passed off, without any practical result. But, in after years, the circumstance was brought before the public, in a distorted form which entirely changed its import, by giving a glaringly false account of the circumstances under which the trial took place.

It was said, that "Mdlle. Lind had vowed a profound artistic dislike to France, in remembrance of the check which she had there experienced, and for which she retained a lively resentment ;" that "she constantly refused the engagements offered to her from Paris, because she had been heard there, without success, at the beginning of her career, by the Direction of the Opera ;" that she had even "made a *début* at this theatre ;" that "this *début* had not been a happy one ;" and that it was this "that provoked her resentment."

These false reports were publicly contradicted in November, 1887, by M. Arthur Pougin, who, in an article communicated to '*Le Ménestrel*,' related the circumstances, precisely as they are here recorded. Moreover, the letters of Meyerbeer and Lindblad prove the statements complained of to have been without a shadow of foundation. Mademoiselle Lind was not in Paris in 1840. Never having sung before a Parisian audience, she could have had no possible cause for resentment against it ; and, at no period of her life did she ever entertain so unworthy a feeling. Indeed, when the trial performance took place, in 1842, she was not open to an engagement, either in Paris, or elsewhere ; for the contract with the "Direction" of the Royal Theatre at Stockholm had already been signed and ratified. The die was cast.

"Paris, July 25, 1842.

"Jenny is now returning home," wrote Herr Lindblad, "and longing for it, with her whole heart. She will accompany the Hiertas. There is a question of returning by way of England, and staying there until the 11th of August, when the steamer leaves for Stockholm. If this is possible, we might all be back by the 14th of August, or the 15th, at the latest."

And it was possible. The journey to Paris, with its hopes and fears, its long hours of diligent study, its cruel alternations of confidence and despondency, dominated by a firm and righteous determination to achieve success in spite of every obstacle, at the cost of every sacrifice of personal ease and comfort that the nature of the case might demand—the eventful journey to Paris, so carefully planned, and so bravely brought to its conclusion, had accomplished all, and more, far more than ever was expected from it. And the second phase of the great Art-life was at an end.

BOOK III.

ACHIEVEMENT.

CHAPTER I.

HOME : AND AFTER ?

“LAND of my birth ! Oh, that I could one day show how dear thou art to me !” That had been the deep desire of Jenny Lind, as she toiled in Paris. And, indeed, it had seemed as if the Fates were set on fulfilling her desire. She was, after all, to return to her familiar boards—to put herself under the old yoke. That great Italian Opera, with its famous heroines of song, was to remain a vision of what was doing in the big world outside. She was not to enter, as yet, on that magnificent scene. Enough for her to carry out her bond with that theatre which had been her nursery and her home, in her beloved Stockholm, at the humble salary of 1800 r. d. banco, *i.e.* £150 a year. Very happily, so far as we can see, she set to work ; though inwardly conscious of the immense increase of knowledge and power which had become hers since she had begun again with Garcia “at the beginning of the beginning,” and had learnt what “Art” meant. She arrived in August, 1842, and rented rooms for herself and Annette, her maid, on the upper floor of the same Bonde Palace, where the Lindblads still lived. With them she had the delight of feeling at home, and all the comfort of domestic affection ; but, in the following year, she found it well to establish herself in an independent position, and she took rooms in another house, whither she invited her old friend, Louise Johansson, to come, and be her companion.

On October 10th she opened, at the theatre, with a performance

of *Norma*—the very opera in which she had closed her appearances on June 19th, 1841. It must have been a direct challenge to the critical world of Stockholm, to recognise the change that had intervened between the two performances. What that change was, we learn from an estimate which has been kindly supplied us by a most competent and judicious critic, himself a musician, who sang with her often, both before and after her visit to Paris. We give his own words :—

“When, during the years 1838, 1839, and 1840, Jenny Lind enraptured her audience, at Stockholm, by her interpretation of the parts of ‘Agathe,’ ‘Pamina,’ ‘Alice,’ ‘Norma,’ or ‘Lucia,’ she succeeded in doing so solely through her innate capacity for investing her performances, both musically and dramatically, with truthfulness, warmth, and poetry.

“The voice, and its technical development, were not, however, in sufficiently harmonious relation with her intentions.

“In proof of this, it was noticed that the Artist was not always able to control sustained notes in the upper register—such, for instance, as the A flat, above the stave, in Agathe’s cavatina, ‘*Und ob die Wolke*’—without perceptible difficulty ; and, that she frequently found it necessary to simplify the *floritura* and *cadenze*, which abound in florid parts like those of ‘Norma’ and ‘Lucia.’

“Nay!—there were not wanting some, who, though they had heard her in parts no more trying than that of Emilia, in Weigl’s *Swiss Family*—a rôle, which, in many respects, she rendered delightfully—went so far as to doubt the possibility of training the veiled and weak-toned voice in a wider sense.

“Yet, in spite of this, Jenny Lind, when resuming her sphere of action at the Stockholm Theatre, proved to have not only acquired a soprano voice of great sonority and compass, capable of adapting itself with ease to every shade of expression, but to have gained, also, a technical command over it, great enough to be regarded as unique in the history of the musical world. Her *messa di voce** stood alone—unrivalled by any other singer.

“In like manner, in her shake, her scales, her *legato* and *staccato* passages, she evoked astonishment and admiration no less from competent judges than from the general public : and the more so since it was evident that, in the exercise of her wise discrimination, the songstress made use of these ornaments, only

* A technical term, applied to the art of swelling or diminishing the tone of the voice, by imperceptible gradation from the softest attainable *piano*, to the full volume of its utmost power, and *vice versâ*.

in so far as they were in perfect harmony with the inner meaning of the music.

“The incredibly rapid development of Jenny Lind’s voice and *technique* caused many people to question the value of the instruction she had originally received. Such doubts must, however, be dismissed as unjustifiable. The true reason why Jenny Lind’s singing, before she went abroad, could not be said to flow in the track which leads to perfection, is undoubtedly to be found in the fact that she was a so-called *Theater elev*—a pupil educated at the expense of the Directors of the Theatre itself—and, as such, was unable to escape from the necessity of appearing in public before her preparatory education was completed—a proceeding no less disastrous to the pupil than contrary to the good sense of the teacher.”

Such, then, was the transformation that had come over her rendering of *Norma*. No wonder that Stockholm was wild with enthusiasm.

She sang in seven performances of *Norma*, and in six of *Lucia*, besides giving some scenes from Rossini’s *Semiramide*, and in January, 1843, repeated her favourite “Alice” three or four times.

She took up several new characters—“Amazili,” in Spontini’s *Ferdinand Cortez*, the second act of which was given eight times during the spring; “Valentine,” in the *Huguenots*; “Minette,” in *La Gazza Ladra*; “La Contessa,” in Mozart’s *Nozze di Figaro*; above all, “Amina,” in the *Sonnambula*—one of her representations which was to become so famous in after years, and which she sang for the first time on March 1st, 1843. Altogether, before the nine months of the year’s engagement were out, she had made, between October 10th, 1842, and June 21st, 1843, one hundred and six appearances in thirteen different parts.

But, besides her normal work, those nine months were chiefly memorable for two main incidents, one, personal and domestic; the other, national and dramatic.

The personal event formed the last crisis in her home-relations. These relations were still strained; for we must remember that she has never gone back on that first decision to leave her parents’ home, which landed her in the Lindblads’ household. She is still living apart from them; and this is all the more marked, now that she is independent of the Lindblads, and living in her own hired rooms, with the sole companionship of the

faithful Louise. A woman, by Swedish law, at that time, was bound to be under guardianship until she married. Yet it must have been as difficult as ever for her to remain under the guardianship of parents, who cared, indeed, for her, and valued her highly, but who, yet, could not possibly enter into her motives and aims, which were beyond the range both of the easy-going conscience of her father, and of the embittered temperament of her mother. We have only to recall her deep and peculiar sense of the obligation she was under, to devote her art and its rewards to the service of God and man, to see how tough a difficulty this desire would prove to Herr Lind, who had never taken life very seriously, and to Fru Lind, who had fought her own way along, with sturdy resolution, under the ugly burden of poverty, and who had seen no good cause to be over-tender towards a world which had dealt hardly enough with her.

In view, then, of this radical difficulty, Jenny Lind took a step, which, with characteristic generosity, put an end to the long and tangled story. Out of her earnings, scanty though they were, she managed to secure a little home in the country, in which she established her father and mother. And, then, she won their consent to transfer a guardianship, which they could not well exercise at a distance, to an official guardian, duly appointed by law, to whom they would hand over all parental responsibilities. This they did ; and the transference was a marked moment in her life. Not only did she thereby put a total end to all the domestic troubles which had so darkened her young days ; not only did she set free her natural affection for her mother, by releasing it from all the aggravation of jarring wills ; but also she did something towards securing for herself what she, always, most sorely needed—needed, indeed, with all the innermost necessities of her being—a strong and steady personal influence at the back of her life, to calm her agitations, to control her uncertainties, to abide constant throughout her reactions, to correct her self-mistrust, to dissipate her suspicions, to fix her emotions, to anchor her conscience. She had all the fervour and the lapses, the starts and the recoils, of a dramatic genius ; and, firm and high as was her moral ideal, its very force brought it into confused collision with the bewilderment of circumstances, and it was as liable to perplex and distress her, as to cheer and impel. Some one ought to be near at hand from whom she could receive the profound assurance that “all was

well"—that her belief in goodness had not played her false. This is what her home had sadly omitted to give her: and for this loss nothing could now compensate. But it was, at least, a profound relief, under such a strain, to have obtained a guardian whose presence abode with her, from then to his death in 1880, as a permanent pledge of all that was wise, and kindly, and excellent, and of good report. Herr Henric M. Munthe, Judge of the Court of Second Instance, the guardian chosen, was a man of high character and distinguished position; she could confide in his judgment with absolute confidence, while she could also rely on his appreciation of her art, as he was himself a cultivated musician, and took his part in the best amateur quartette in Stockholm. His portrait suggests a benignant and benevolent "Thackeray"—a face full of fatherly interest and mild good humour, yet with the discreet wisdom of one who knows the Law. And, indeed, with the shrewdness of a councillor, he combined true sympathy with all that was most deeply implanted in her heart. She wrote to him constantly and freely; and she found in him one who could understand her, even in those respects in which a legal trustee is most apt to fail. For it was he who directed and managed for her, so long as his guardianship lasted, those abundant charities which she showered upon her native Stockholm. About these she could pour out her mind to him, sure of intimate comprehension. And his open recognition of her ideas in all this is evidenced by the fact that he stored up her letters to him, and left them at his death inscribed with this description—"The mirror of a noble soul"; though, according to her own words to his son, these letters were almost entirely occupied with the distribution of her charitable gifts. She declares this, in a letter written, in June, 1880, to Carl H. Munthe, the son of the Judge, after she had learned from him of the existence of these letters, on the father's death in April, 1880. Her letter throws so much light on her character that the main portion of it is printed here.

This letter to Carl Munthe has an interest, also, that belongs to the present memoir, for it will be noticed that she here mentions her intention of writing an autobiography; and, above all, of recording her artistic experience. Though this purpose was utterly abandoned (or, rather, was never put in action), yet her words lend a sanction to the effort made in this volume to give

some record of her career as an artist. In her last years, she was prone to justify her abandonment of the autobiography by indignant remonstrances at the hopeless failure of the public to understand Carlyle's 'Reminiscences.' Her experience of the cruel stupidity with which a mighty character like his could be maltreated and misinterpreted, made her put the thought utterly away. "If they could so treat him, who was so great, what respect would they pay me?" she said. "No! let the waves of oblivion pass over my poor little life!"

But we must go back to our letter: here it is:—

*Extract of a Letter from Fru Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt to
Hofrättsrådet Carl Munthe.*

"1 Moreton Gardens, June 15th, 1880.

"The letters from me, left in your charge, my dear brothers and my sister Emma, can contain only dispositions for distribution of pensions and purses to different people. What good would there be in exhibiting these letters to the curiosity of the public long after that the writer thereof is decayed and forgotten? To me, the most acceptable course would be the burning of those letters after you all are gone. There is nothing I have shunned more, during my life, than praise for the assistance I have been fortunate enough, through the grace of God, to render to my fellow-men as far as lay in me, and it can never be a merit to give of that which has been given to us. These are my views—and, if I am not much mistaken about you, brother Carl, you will say I am right.

"Moreover, I intend to write an autobiography. My life—especially as an artist—has furnished material for a biography in such abundance, that I almost look upon it as a duty to produce something of the kind, before leaving a world where I had been called upon to take so active a part. That in such a biography, written by myself, my beloved guardian should take his well-deserved place, is only natural; that the help he gave me with the distribution of my little bounties in my fatherland, was of the greatest importance for those who received them, is a fact nobody can dispute, and, consequently, his part in this page of my life must be clear and unmistakable. Alas! in my letters to him, he does not by any means occupy the place to which he is entitled, consequently they would be only interpreted to my advantage; and still, had he remonstrated against my urgent commissions—which he was much too noble and much too discreet ever to do—I should most probably have listened to his objections."

Such was the kind and fatherly guardianship which she won for herself, under a legal sanction obtained from His Majesty's Lower Town Court on the 30th of January, 1843, under the chairmanship of the Sous-Préfet, Chamberlain, and Knight of the Order of the Royal North Star, M. Kuylenstierna, when the following request was presented :—

“ Having decided to leave Stockholm for good, and consequently being unable to bestow due attention to the guardianship of my dear daughter, the Court-singer, Jenny Lind, I hereby beg that I may be relieved from this duty, and that Herr H. M. Munthe, Judge of the High Court, may be appointed in my place to the guardianship.”

This is signed by N. J. Lind ; and, after that Herr Munthe has formally signified his consent, the Royal Court agrees to the request, and Judge H. M. Munthe “ is herewith appointed guardian of the Court-singer, Jenny Lind, in accordance with regulations provided by the law.”

So happily closes a long and chequered chapter of domestic history. The parents contentedly enjoy the fruits of their daughter's generosity. Their discomforts and their anxieties are over. They seem to have been very fond of one another ; and henceforward the days began of quiet and kindly peace in which the natural affections found free way.

The second great event of that spring was the National Jubilee, to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of the reign of King Carl Johan. The Royal Family of the Bernadottes, in spite of their abrupt introduction into the country, have succeeded in attracting about them the national associations ; and the Jubilee was to be celebrated by appeals to everything that was native, and popular, and Swedish. The Royal Theatre set itself to the task by the production of a “ *Divertissement National*,”—a medley of national scenes, with words and dances by Böttiger, Tegner's son-in-law, and himself a poet ; and with music by Berwald, the conductor at the Theatre Royal. In this, Jenny Lind sang, in the character of a peasant girl from Wermland. This piece ran for twenty-seven nights, all through February, and March, into April ; and it was followed, in May, by another *Pièce d'Occasion*, of the same type, with national melodies and dances, called *A May Day in Wärend*—full of Swedish customs, and melodies, and dresses ; in

which she sang the part of "Märtha," the heroine, riding in, at one part, on horseback on to the stage, and singing as she rode. This ran for fifteen nights before June was over. She was capitally supported by the barytone, Belletti, in the character of an itinerant Italian. We can imagine how her Swedish blood would tingle, as she threw herself, with her whole heart, into the delight of rendering the native peasant life which was so dear to her, and which she so instinctively interpreted. She would pour her soul out in melodies which touched the very fibres of her being, as they spoke to her of the sounds and sights which make Sweden what it is to Swedish hearts. She must have felt that the opportunity was indeed come to put out all the new powers, which she had gained abroad, to prove to her own people how dear they were to her.

We find that, from this time on, the Court began to take delight in showing her both favour and friendship; and especially kind to her was the Queen, Desideria, wife of Bernadotte. We are allowed to use the interesting notes from the diary of a lady-in-waiting on Queen Desideria, which belong to this and the following years. This lady, Fröken Marie von Stedingk, had, in quite early days, predicted a great future for Jenny Lind, when she heard of her wonderful dramatic gifts, as a child of eleven or twelve. And, now, after the return from Paris, it was "her greatest treat" to witness the fulfilment of her prophecy, and to hear "Our nightingale, the charming Jenny Lind," both in the *Divertissement National*, and in her great parts, "*Norma*," "*La Sonnambula*," etc. She had, also, "often the advantage of hearing her, through the winter, in private houses, where one and all treated her with distinction. Her behaviour and her reputation are faultless; her manners pleasant and modest. Without being pretty, she has an expression of purity and genius, which, combined with her youth and her charming figure, is exceedingly prepossessing." We shall hear more of this diary in the years 1844 and 1845.

So the first year of the home engagement ended—prosperous, happy, secure. But, after all, was it to be possible that this great gift of hers should be left to be the private possession and prize of her Swedish home? Could it be so hid? Was no rumour to creep about of this strange singing 'mid the northern seas? Was the "Nightingale" caught, and caged for ever?

It could not be; and we have, now, to follow her first flights

outside the home-limits, and to watch her, as she discovers that her voice has that in it which can overleap all the barriers set up between people and people, and can speak to the souls of those whose tongue is unknown to her, and whose eyes have never seen the woods and waters of Sweden. There was a little experiment first, in Finland, in the summer of 1843, which met with overwhelming response. A graceful and pathetic record of the visit is given us in the verses of the aged poet of Finland, Topelius, written for a festival in 1888, on the news of Jenny Lind's death. The old poet is carried back to recall the days when he first heard her sing so long ago; and we venture to give, in a free translation, a few of the opening verses, which describe, with delicate accuracy, the effect she then made on all—the effect of one, who, using all the subtlest resources given her by skill and training, still spoke straight home, from soul to soul, with the natural direct ease with which a bird sings its heart out, in sheer simplicity and joy:—

“ I saw thee once, so young and fair,
In thy sweet spring-tide, long ago;
A myrtle wreath was in thy hair,
And, at thy breast, a rose did blow.

“ Poor was thy purse, yet gold thy gift:
All music's golden boons were thine:
And yet, through all the wealth of Art,
It was thy *soul* which sang to mine!

“ Yea! sang, as no one else has sung,
So subtly skilled, so simply good!
So brilliant! yet as pure, and true
As birds that warble in the wood!”

So it went well in Finland.

But yet another step outward was to be made that summer—a step into a country, near enough to be familiar, yet remote enough to be almost foreign. Once before, she had just looked in at Copenhagen, in the middle of her provincial tour, in 1840; and, now, she visited it again. It was in connection, again, with a provincial tour which she made; and of which we have some happy records in the life of the musician, Jakob Axel Josephson.

This name is so closely linked with these years of Jenny Lind's life, that we must pause upon it before going on with our story. Josephson was a Swedish composer—born in 1818, and died in 1880—whose songs have become widely famous in Sweden.

The event of his life was a tour through Germany and Italy, for the study of Art ; it was this which brought him under the full sway of classical culture in music ; and it was with this tour, as we shall see, that Jenny Lind was so personally and deeply concerned. He returned from it in 1847, and was appointed Musical Director of Upsala University in 1849. He devoted himself with indefatigable perseverance to producing the great works of the great masters, especially the oratorios of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. Through these efforts, as well as through his lectures on the ‘ History of Music,’ given at Upsala, he has done much to kindle and to purify, by the power of music, the minds of the present generation in Sweden.

Now, in 1843, Josephson was just at the critical point in his musical education ; he was longing to get abroad ; he had no sufficient funds. Here was a situation which Jenny Lind would thoroughly understand ; for it had been her own. We shall soon see how she dealt with it. They met, in the August of this year, at this town, Linköping, whither Josephson had gone, on the occasion of an annual concert, to be given under the direction of Concert-Master Randel, in aid of the fund for the widows and orphans. It was a most pleasant surprise, as he tells us in his Diary,* to meet with a number of old acquaintances and friends, and among others Jenny Lind and Günther, who had come to give a concert of their own, and joined in this preliminary entertainment. Crowds were present from all parts of the country, partly owing to the presence of some of the royalties ; and the heat and the crush in the church, where the concert was given, were intolerable, and he did not enjoy it so much as he expected—“ even Jenny Lind was less successful than usual.” This was on the 18th August ; but, at her own concert, in the evening of the following day, she was in excellent voice, and he was enraptured ; “ she sang in a manner unsurpassed. What brilliancy of delivery, side by side with that grandeur which is so characteristic of her ! What energy and pathos, even in the very *fioriture* ! What classical finish in her cadenzas ! ” In the evening she was serenaded. And on the following day, at the concert given by her and Herr Günther, he heard her sing, in costume, a scena from the *Freischütz*. “ She is incomparable ! ” is his verdict. “ The beautiful gentle calm during the first part of the scene ; her fine

* ‘ Gedenklblätter an Jakob Axel Josephson,’ von N. P. Ödman, 1886.

attitudes, full of feeling, when listening for the horns ; her rapture and glowing prayer at the supposed victory of her beloved—all this is so glorious, so true, so enchanting, that in reality, nothing can be said, while the full heart feels all the more from the lack of words." She sang one of Josephson's own songs, at this concert, "Believe not in Joy !" After this musical feast at Linköping, the friends separated. Josephson and Günther went on a tour of their own, giving musical soirées, while Jenny Lind took the opportunity of a run across to Copenhagen. Before the three meet again, we must see what happened to her there. She had intended only to make a visit ; but there was in Copenhagen, an eager and enthusiastic friend who was not to be denied. This was Mr. A. A. Bournonville, of whom we have already spoken as being delighted with Jenny Lind's operatic singing as far back as 1839, when he was indignant at the pittance at which she was rendering such magnificent service to the Royal Theatre. He was eminent, both at Copenhagen and at Stockholm, as a composer, and master of ballets ; he was made knight of the Dannebrog in Denmark, and of the Wasa in Sweden ; he was greatly respected and beloved, and it was at his house that Jenny Lind usually stayed, on her visits to Copenhagen. He urgently pleaded that she should give them "her incomparable Alice" in *Roberto* ; and suggested that she should sing her part in Swedish, while the rest sang in Danish, as the languages were so nearly akin.

"All the theatre showed the greatest good-will," he writes in his memoir of his theatrical life ; "but the one obstacle was the fear of Jenny Lind herself ; she dreaded a foreign stage. And when she saw Fru Heiberg act in the *Son of the Desert* she felt such enthusiasm for her, and, at the same time, such depression for herself, that she begged me, with tears of anguish, to spare her the pain of exhibiting her own insignificant person and talent, on a stage which had, at its disposal, the genius and the beauty of Fru Heiberg. In addition to this, my counter-arguments excited her to such a degree that she began to reproach me for having laid a trap for her. This both frightened and wounded me ; and I promised to cancel all. But now the 'woman' came to the front ; for as I began to doubt, she waxed firm."

An admirable episode, as amusing as it is natural ! So long as it is only her *own* doubt, it is only due to nervousness, however real its anguish ; but if another doubt her powers, it constitutes an

attack, a challenge ; and “the artist,” as well as “the woman,” is up in arms to repel it. Bournonville seems to have seen how to reap the advantage of this mode of argument with her ; he must have deepened his doubts to the point which secured complete conviction in her. For, certainly, he obtained her consent. She sang ; and the success was tremendous, was overpowering. “Jenny Lind gained in Denmark a second Fatherland,” writes Bournonville. And, after deploring the slackness which failed to secure her services for the Danish Opera, he speaks, significantly enough, of the impression which the event made on her—of the discovery which she made for herself. “The ice was broken. Jenny Lind discovered that she could get her living out of Sweden ; and also she learned that the Artist, in reality, should not settle down on the native-soil, but, like the bird of passage, should go there only in search of rest.” The words are those of the theatrical master, who has made the drama his world. They are singularly unlike what she would have used, at any time. But they may describe, in his language, an effect which did take place within her secret self. She must have experienced a sense that the doors were being flung open, and that she might pass out through them, if she would. There was a world, she now knew for certain, out and away beyond the range of home, where she would find that her powers would tell, her gifts be welcomed, her genius be met with the warmth of sympathy. This must have, indeed, been something like a revelation, to one who, as we have just seen in the scene with Bournonville, was terribly susceptible to self-mistrust. There can be no doubt that Copenhagen marked an eventful hour in her destiny.

She only sang twice in the theatre, on September 10th and 13th : and in one concert, in the large hall of the Hôtel d’Angleterre, on September 16th. The opera, on each occasion, was *Roberto*. The following words from a History of Danish Dramatic Art, by Th. Overskou, form an admirable comment :—

“It was said about Jenny Lind, that in her everything is combined to make the perfect dramatic singer ; a clear, full, sonorous voice of large compass ; an easy and charming method of singing, which she never overburdens with inappropriate ornament ; a style, in the highest degree expressive and enchanting : and an extraordinary dramatic talent. Added to this, there lies diffused throughout the whole personality of this admirable artist, a

peculiar charm, a naturalism rare on the stage, which makes an immediate appeal to the goodwill of the audience. And, after all, this eulogy, however detailed and true, can only give but an imperfect account of the gifts by which, without dazzling through beauty, she fascinates all by her appearance, her singing, and her speech; for her power derives its origin and its life from a loveliness altogether characteristic and individual, such as it is impossible to describe, and which banishes all disturbing influences, and collects all her rare and precious advantages, so as to create an irresistible impression of grace and purity of soul."

Nor was it only the possibility of a wider public, which opened upon her at Copenhagen. She also found that here, as at Stockholm, she won, in a peculiar manner, the admiration and the friendship of eminent men, such as the artists Jensen and Melbye, the poet Œhlenschläger, and, above all, of Hans Andersen, who was absolutely fascinated, and who for a long time after, paid her a devotion, which had in it all that delightful mingling of simplicity and childishness, which was so characteristic of him. In his 'Story of my Life,' he tells in beautiful words how he was called in by Bournonville, to take part in the work of persuading her to sing:—

"Except in Sweden," she said, "I have never appeared in public. In my own country all are so kind and gentle towards me; and if I were to appear in Copenhagen, and be hissed! I cannot risk it!" "When she appeared in *Alice*," he writes, "it was like a new revelation in the domain of Art. The fresh young voice went direct to the hearts of all. Here was truth and nature. Everything had clearness and meaning. In her concerts, Jenny Lind sang her Swedish songs. There was a peculiar, and seductive charm about them: all recollection of the concert-room vanished: the popular melodies exerted their spell, sung as they were by a pure voice with the immortal accent of genius. All Copenhagen was in raptures. Jenny Lind was the first artist to whom the students offered a serenade: the torches flashed round the hospitable villa, where the song was sung. She expressed her thanks by a few more of the Swedish songs, and I then saw her hurry into the darkest corner, and weep out her emotion. 'Yes, yes,' she said, 'I will exert myself; I will strive; I shall be more efficient than I am now, when I come to Copenhagen again!'"

This is the remarkable note of her character—so natural, yet so

rare—that every triumph, instead of satisfying her with her skill, spurs her to further efforts to be more worthy of its joy. Hans Andersen goes on :—

“On the stage, she was the great artist, towering above all around her ; at home, in her chamber, she was a gentle young girl, with the simple touch and piety of a child. . . . The spectator laughs and weeps, as she acts : the sight does him good : he feels a better man for it : he feels that there is something divine in Art. One feels, at her appearance on the stage, that the holy draught is poured from a pure vessel.”

We will close this visit to Copenhagen with the graceful and touching words in which Mr. Bournonville has clothed an incident which seemed to him to embody the secret of Jenny Lind's significance at that time. In translating the words from their congenial French, we must, we fear, strip them of half their charm : but here they are :—

“Again and again have the delights of Nature, the glory of Art, the enthusiasm for the true and the beautiful, inspired in me some attempts at verse. How, then, is it that, to-day, the sweet singing of Jenny Lind has left my lyre mute ? How is it that I fail to find even an echo within me which might pass on into the distance the sound of that music which laid open to my soul a world as yet unknown ? Alas ! To paint in words the tones of a voice steeped in all the uttermost tenderness of the human heart, is as vain as to seek shadows in the darkness ! Moreover, the sound of my voice would be lost in the thunders of a people's praise. The little flower that alone I could offer to the artist, in the midst of her triumphs, would be crushed under the feet of the crowds that press round her. No ! Rather let me treasure up the memory of her gifts, and of her story within my home, and let me leave, as a legacy to those that come after, one trait of her life, which will serve to bring her honour in the day when the loud applause will have died away, and when the poets will be singing the praises of other, and newer names.

“I had a friend who enjoyed all the privileges of happy comfort, of public esteem, of cultivated taste, of the affection of his family, of the love of his fair, young wife. A cruel sickness brought him down to the very edge of the grave ; but by God's mercy, he was saved. He was lying, still weak and faint, in his bed, when the thrill of excitement which Jenny Lind had kindled in Copenhagen, reached even to his sick-room ; and bitter were

the regrets of the young wife, at the sick man's loss of that which would have been to him such a delight. Jenny heard of her desire, and offered, at once, to sing to the invalid : and so, in the very heart of her triumphs, when the Court and the Town were anxiously craving to know whether they could yet keep her one day more, she found time to charm, with her heavenly voice, the hearts of the two young people. It was on a Sunday, the 16th of September, 1843, at the hour when all the churches were filled with the praises of God, that Jenny, without any strangers to observe her, without any public notice, did this act of charity ; and the tears of gratitude which flowed from the eyes of Mozart and Mathilde Waage Petersen were the waters in which they christened her with the name of 'Angel.' The emotion and the pleasure of the visit served to help the recovery of my friend.

"May God ever bless Jenny Lind !

"May she receive the reward of her charity, if, one day, she be wed !

"And if God grant her children, may it be given them to know of this, their mother's act."

This kindness of hers was not forgotten, we shall find, when she returned to Copenhagen about two years later ; for on the back of the picture then presented to her—a picture of white roses by Jensen—appear the names of this happy little couple, Mozart and Mathilde.

So ended the first flight outside the house, the first brief act of achievement beyond her native stage. She crossed back to Sweden, to continue her series of concerts ; and on reaching Westerwik, about the 25th of September, by the steamer "Scandia," she found herself once again in company with Günther and Josephson, who had lingered on in the town, after a successful musical soirée. The friends joined together at the hotel in the evening. "I greatly rejoiced," writes Josephson, "to meet her again after the brilliant triumphs she has achieved at Copenhagen."

"Her genial modesty had lost nothing through her success. Her nature wins more and more harmony ; and in consequence there is more equanimity in her disposition and in her friendliness, than before she went abroad."

Josephson was just parting with Günther, at the close of their tour ; so, while Günther went straight home to Stockholm,

Josephson decided to tack himself on to Jenny Lind and her companion, now on their way to give a concert at Norrköping, where he might be able to help. So, on the 28th, he started after her in a light cart, caught up her carriage at Vida, and, after that, took his seat alternately on his own trap or on the box of her carriage, while she read aloud to him some of Hans Andersen's poems from a book presented to her by Hans himself. At the country inn they improvised a rough dinner, which they enriched with the music of an old barrel-organ, by chance discovered on the premises. They arrived at Norrköping that night; and spent the next day in arrangements and rehearsals, while, in the evening, Jenny was serenaded by singers from Upsala.

On the 30th of September she gave her concert, singing airs from *Figaro*, *Norma*, *Roberto*, and *Niobe*. At supper that evening at General Cronhjelm's she was again serenaded, and next morning was off to Stockholm.

She returned, for another year's work, at her old salary; in the course of which, between October 4, 1843, and July 5, 1844, she made sixty-six appearances, in sixteen different characters, six of them being wholly new. She reached her sixtieth performance of "Alice"; her forty-ninth of "Lucia"; her thirty-sixth of "Agatha"; her twenty-sixth of *Norma*; her eighteenth of the *Sonnambula*. The jubilee play, *A May Day in Wärend*, ran on to within a few days of the national mourning for the King Carl Johan, whose death closed the theatre from March 4 to May 2. Among her new parts was Gluck's *Armida*, of which she wrote a characteristic note to Judge Munthe, on February 17, 1844:—

"I send you some seats for my 'benefit' on the 19th in Gluck's *Armida*. I trust that you will greatly enjoy the music. Both the music, and the piece, are so grand, that my smallness will be shown out, thereby, in its true light. But I am so thrilled by the sublime spirit of the music that I am only too ready to risk my own personality."

During the opening of this year, 1844, she was, in concert with Günther, interesting herself greatly in the fortunes of Josephson. Günther had begun to scheme on behalf of his tour abroad, during their trip together in the autumn; and had already in November written to him about a proposal to give a concert to

raise funds for this, in Stockholm. "Jenny Lind," he had then reported, "knows all; and has besides received an anonymous letter from Upsala on the matter." On the 12th of January, 1844, Josephson received, with rejoicing, a kind letter from Jenny Lind, confirming the news of the concert which she and Günther were to give for his benefit.* On the 6th of March, he spent the morning arranging with them the details; but, towards the close of April, the concert, to his great joy, was shifted from Stockholm to Upsala, and was fixed for Whit Monday. It succeeded beyond all expectations. "All have come forward in the most generous, spontaneous manner, and the result has, by God's grace, turned out for the best. My journey is now guaranteed." So he writes on the 30th of May: "If hitherto I have belonged to Art privately, I am now challenged to work more generally for the holy cause. This gift from my friends ought to bring with it a blessing on my way, for their sympathy has had the largest share in bringing it about. I am all round besieged with kindness. How remain faithful and grateful!"† So loyally and generously had she worked to fulfil the dream of another, who shared in her own profound aspiration after the highest ideal, and was beset by the same obstacles. For two long years, Josephson had been yearning for this opportunity, and now it was given him. It was a good work, which proved well rewarded.

As to the Season, it must have passed much as usual. She wrote to Hans Andersen, at the time of the national mourning:—

"Stockholm, 19th March, 1844.

"MY GOOD BROTHER,

"Mr. Bournonville mentioned in his last letter to me that you have been shedding tears because of my silence. This, naturally, I take to be nonsense, but as my conscience does reproach me in regard to you, my good brother, I hasten to recall myself to your memory, and to ask my friend and brother not to be angry with me, but rather to furnish me soon with a proof that I have not forfeited my right to his friendship and goodwill. A thousand, thousand thanks for the pretty tales! I find them divinely beautiful to such a degree as to believe them to be the grandest and loveliest that ever flowed from your pen. I hardly know to which of them I should concede the palm, but, upon

* 'Biography of J. A. Josephson,' p. 106.

† *Ib.*, p. 124.

reflection, I think *The Ugly Duckling* the prettiest.—Oh, what a glorious gift to be able to clothe in words one's most lofty thoughts; by means of a scrap of paper to make men see so clearly how the noblest often lie most hidden and covered over by wretchedness and rags, until the hour of transformation strikes and shows the figure in a divine light! Thanks, from all my heart, thanks for all this—as touching as it is instructive. I long now very much for the moment when I shall be allowed to tell my good brother by word of mouth how proud I am of this friendship, and with the help of my *Lieder* to express—if even in a trifling degree—my gratitude! only that you, my brother, are surely better fit than any one to comprehend our Swedish proverb: ‘Every bird sings according to his beak.’

“This country is now in mourning—peace to those who are gone! After all, one is happiest when once well out of the way. Our theatre is now closed for about seven or eight weeks, and this is not pleasant, but meanwhile, we are busy, studying new things. I must tell you, my good brother, that I have here quite a cosy little home; cheerful, sunny rooms, a nightingale and a greenfinch:—the latter, however, is greatly superior as an artist to his celebrated colleague, for, while the first remains on his bar grumpy and moody, the other jumps about in his cage, looking so joyous and good-natured, as if, to begin with, he was not in the least jealous, but, instead of that, supposes himself created merely for the purpose of cheering his silent friend! And then he sings a song, so high, so deep, so charming and so sonorous, that I sit down beside him and, within, lift up my voice in a mute song of praise to Him whose ‘strength is made perfect in weakness.’ Ah! it is divine to feel really good. My dear friend! I do feel so happy now. It seems to me I have come from a stormy sea into a peaceful cottage. Many struggles have calmed down, many thoughts have become clearer, many a star is gleaming forth again, and I bend my knee before the Throne of Grace and exclaim: ‘Thy will be done.’ Farewell! God bless and protect my brother is the sincere wish of his affectionate sister

“JENNY.”

This peace in the “cosy little home” is to be quickly broken up. A flight abroad is now to be taken, which will carry her further afield than Finland, or Copenhagen. It is no less a place than Berlin that has begun to take note of this wonderful singing, and is preparing to capture it for its own service and joy. Meyerbeer is there, engaged in bringing out a work, which

is to celebrate all the glories of the Prussian kingdom : and he is anxious to secure all the talent open to him. He had heard her sing, as we know, in Paris, and had felt, then, that Berlin was her proper sphere : and, now, his memory and his zeal are kindled anew by the enthusiasm of an artist of no mean ability, who arrived at Berlin from Stockholm, with a fervent admiration for what he had seen and heard there. This artist was M. Paul Taglioni, a brother of the famous *danseuse*, a descendant, on the mother's side, of the Swedish tragedian Karsten, and well known both in Paris and Berlin, not only as a graceful dancer, but, also, as a skilful composer of ballets, and a judicious and competent critic. It was to his report that Madame Goldschmidt always attributed Meyerbeer's marked anxiety to engage her at Berlin in order that she might take the principal part in the new opera—*Das Feldlager in Schlesien*—which he was composing for the opening of the new Royal Opera-House in the Prussian capital.

The records of the proposals made by Meyerbeer are lost ; but, some time in that summer, they reached sufficient definiteness to induce her to determine on a visit to Dresden in July, in order that she might work up her German to the level demanded by an appearance, on such an historic occasion, in the Opera-House at Berlin. Off to Dresden she resolutely went, as soon as her season was over, ending, as it did, on July 5, with eight performances of the *Turco in Italia*—an almost forgotten opera of Rossini's—in which she played the part of Fiorilla. Mdlle. von Stedingk tells us how she stole off to the theatre, *incognita*, owing to the Court being still in mourning, and heard her in this Opera, in which, as she says, “she made even the unpleasant part of Fiorilla graceful and womanly. But I prefer *Norma*, which is her greatest triumph.”

Her enthusiasm breaks out in the record of a tea-party which she gave “in honour of Jenny Lind, previous to her departure for Germany ; Carl and Charlotte* were the other guests. It was to me an indescribable enjoyment, when she sat down at my piano, and sang to us. From that moment, my little room became dearer to me, and more harmonious than ever.”

“The Queen Dowager was extremely kind to Jenny, at the farewell audience, presenting her with portrait medals of herself

* *I.e.* Count and Countess Carl Björnstjerna.

and the late King, and with a watch, which, she said, is ‘To remind you not to forget the time of your return to us.’”

Thus the time came for the new venture. She had thought herself escaped “into a peaceful cottage from out of a stormy sea.” So she had written to Hans Andersen in March. But a greater voyage into a wider sea is now before her. The wind is up : the sails are set : she must go. The first note that she sings in Berlin will have sealed her fate. There will be no withdrawal possible for her after that. Out into the deeper floods the strong currents will sweep her. The great European world, its peoples, its kings, its musicians, its heroes, will close in round her ;—will claim her with irresistible insistence. Her returns to Stockholm—her “beloved Stockholm”—will become rarer, and rarer : at last, she will come back only to enrich it with endowments, and to bid it “Good-bye !”

BOOK IV.

M A S T E R Y.

CHAPTER I.

IN DRESDEN.

AND now, for the second time, we find Mdlle. Lind leaving home and friends, and departing to seek new fortunes in a country utterly unknown to her.

The opportunity was a splendid one, and might well have tempted any aspiring artist—but, it needed careful preparation.

It had never been Mdlle. Lind's wont to trust to genius alone for results which, she well knew, could be attained only by the union of genius with conscientious industry. As a cultivated musician, a singer, an actress, she had nothing more to learn. She did not even need experience ; for, after forming her method in Paris, she had already had ample opportunity for testing its excellence in practical connection with the stage. But in order to ensure her success at Berlin it was necessary that she should add to these high qualifications an intimate acquaintance with the pronunciation, at least, of the German language, if not, indeed, a thorough mastery of its grammatical construction ; and, far from attempting to evade the difficulty, she adopted the best possible expedient for overcoming it. She determined to set apart a sufficient time for quiet and regular study, not in Berlin, but in Dresden ; where she would not only be able to obtain without difficulty the best possible instruction, but could also usefully supplement it by attending the performances at one of the best Opera-Houses in Germany. And here, too, Meyerbeer had arranged to meet her, for the purpose of consultation with regard to the principal part in the important work—*Das Feldlager in*

Schlesien—which he was preparing for the reopening of the Grand Opera-House in Berlin.

To Dresden, then, she repaired, accompanied by her aunt, Fröken Apollonia Lindskog—familiarly known by her relatives as Tante Lona—arriving there on the 25th of July, 1844, three weeks only after her last performance in Stockholm.

By the luckiest of chances she was welcomed at the very moment of her arrival in the Saxon capital by her trusty and valued friend, Herr Jakob Axel Josephson, who was then, through her generous assistance, prosecuting his studies in Germany, and who, while accidentally crossing the Alte Brücke, (the grand old bridge over the Elbe,) passed a crowd of carriages conveying passengers into the town from the terminus of the Leipzig Railway, and, peeping into one of these, saw Mdle. Lind with Tante Lona sitting by her side.

“I hailed the driver immediately,” he writes, in his Diary. “The carriage stopped; I paid my respects to the travellers; arranged to call on them, later in the day, at their hotel, and left them to continue their journey.” *

After paying his visit, and finding her “happy and contented,” he resumes :—

“It was, in fact, to Jenny that I was indebted for the means of coming here myself. I had therefore a great deal to say to her; but, between old friends there is no need of many words.”

The evening was pleasantly spent in a walk on the Brühl'sche Terrasse by moonlight, followed by a friendly supper at the hotel; and, after devoting the next morning to an exhaustive exploration of the town in search of private apartments for the ladies, a pianoforte for Mdle. Lind, and another for Herr Josephson, the three friends walked together, at six o'clock, to the fine old Opera-House,† to hear Wagner's *Rienzi*, which had been produced there, with great success, in 1842, and had furnished the first stepping-stone to its composer's subsequent reputation.

It will naturally be understood that, having visited Dresden for purposes of study only, Mdle. Lind lived a life of comparative seclusion. She was furnished, however, as a matter of course, with letters of introduction to the Swedish Consul, Herr Karl

* ‘*Aus dem Leben eines Schwedischen Componisten; Gedenkblätter an Jakob Axel Josephson*,’ von N. P. Ödman (Stockholm, 1886), vol. ii.

† Long since burned down, and rebuilt on a still grander scale.

Kaskel—a personal friend of Meyerbeer—and Herr Josephson's sympathetic pen has furnished us with an account of her appearance at an evening party given, during the last week in July, at the country-house of that gentleman's father.

"The evening began, as usual, with conversation," he writes, in his Diary, "for the Saxon ladies are entertaining hostesses. But, after a little time, they begged Jenny Lind to sing; and, sitting down to the piano, she began with Berg's *Fjerran i skog*. Scarcely had she ended it before a cry of satisfaction rang through the room. She repeated the song, followed it up with *Tro ei glädjen*, sang *Fjerran i skog* for the third time, and finished with the Romance from Winter's *Das unterbrochene Opferfest*. As, later on, she sang the Aria from Pacini's *Niobe* in her grand style, and adorned it with her most beautiful *fioritura*, the general delight burst forth into loud applause, and all remained throughout the rest of the evening simply enchanted; for God knows how long a time had elapsed since any one had heard anything like it.

"For us Swedes the meeting was a truly brilliant inauguration of Jenny's entrance into Germany, and an especially joyful one, though only in so small a house; and we remarked with pleasure how anxious the good Germans were to hear her in public, whether on the Stage or in the Concert-room."

Apart from the sensation she created on this occasion, Mdlle. Lind lived, in company with Fröken Apollonia, in strictest privacy, during the whole of the time she remained in Dresden. She had indeed but little time permitted to her, even for consultation with Meyerbeer or for the purpose of study; for on the 28th of August—one month and three days only after her arrival at the terminus of the Leipzig Railway—she was recalled to Stockholm, to assist, in her character of "Court Singer," at the festivities which graced the coronation of King Oscar I.

Queen Desideria's watch* had already marked the hour for the wanderer's return, though on this occasion it was to be represented by a very brief visit.

The Court was now out of mourning, and all Stockholm in festal attire to do honour to the approaching ceremony. Unfortunately, Fröken Marie von Stedingk, being in close attendance on the Queen Dowager, was prevented by the imperious demands of Court etiquette from attending the performances at the Royal Theatre, and her Diary therefore furnishes us with no account

* See page 110.

of Mdle. Lind's appearances. But we know, from the archives of the theatre, that they were ten in number—viz., three of *La Sonnambula*; three of *Norma*; one of Gluck's *Armida*; and three introducing single acts of *Der Freischütz*, *Norma*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *Anna Bolena*.

So well prepared were the Swedes to appreciate their talented countrywoman at her true value that they could not endure the idea of losing her. In the hope of preventing her from singing in Germany, Count Hamilton, the then Director of the Royal Theatre, offered her an engagement as principal singer, for eight years, at an annual salary of five thousand dollars,* which was to be continued to her after the termination of the contract as a pension for life. To this offer she felt very much inclined to agree, though her best friends tried hard to make her see that, by so doing, she would deprive the rest of Europe of all participation in the advantages derivable from her exceptional talent. For a long time her resolution remained immovable. But one day a trusted friend bethought himself of a curious method of persuasion, which could only have occurred to one who understood her nature thoroughly. After leaving her, as he feared on the point of signing the dangerous contract, he encountered in the street a certain Consul General who prided himself upon an intimate knowledge of everything connected with music. To this gentleman he narrated the circumstance, with many expressions of regret as to the turn affairs were taking. But to his great surprise the Consul General took the opposite view, maintaining that, notwithstanding her successes at home, the artist herself must have known that her powers were unequal to the attainment of a similar result in a more extended sphere. Well knowing the effect which this absurd misrepresentation of the true state of the case could not fail to produce upon Jenny's mind, her friend lost no time in making her acquainted with it; and then and there he had the satisfaction of seeing her tear up the fatal contract and thus put an end to the discussion for ever.

Retreat was now impossible, and as soon as practicable after the last performance of *Norma*, on the 9th of October 1844, she took leave of her friends and started on her trying journey, rendered all the more painful by those fears for the unknown future which her constitutional diffidence forbade her to shake off.

* About £420 sterling.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE COURT OF BERLIN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the temporary interruption of her linguistic studies at Dresden, Mdlle. Lind was far from being unprepared for her approaching trial when the appointed time drew near.

Of the severity of that trial, and the gravity of its inevitable though as yet wholly uncertain consequences, it would have been difficult to form an exaggerated idea. The successes achieved by the young artist in her own country counted as nothing when considered in connection with the ordeal that awaited her in Germany. In so far as her European reputation was concerned, she was really preparing to make, at Berlin, her true *début* in the great world of Art ; though her arrival there had been preceded by rumours which rendered it imperative that she should appear, not in the character of an unknown *débutante*, but in that of a finished artist, to be judged, not by the measure of her own merit, but by the achievements of the greatest *prime donne* who had appeared before the world since the beginning of the century. For there were critics in Berlin who were familiar with the performances of Mesdames Malibran and Pasta, and Sontag and Schröder-Devrient, and even of the famous Madame Catalani herself, to say nothing of Mesdames Grisi and Persiani and other brilliant stars in the contemporaneous operatic firmament ; and it was absolutely certain that with the performances of these bright luminaries of past and present years would the performances of Mdlle. Lind be mercilessly compared. Yet, for all that, she did not shrink from the ordeal, and when the time of trial came she was ready to meet it.

After her last performance at Stockholm, on the 9th of October, she made instant preparation for her journey, and, accompanied by Mdlle. Louise Johansson, arrived, in the third week of October, at Berlin, where she made arrangements for

residing, during the winter, in the house of Madame Reyer, sister to the Baroness von Ridderstolpe, No. 43, in the Französische Strasse.

While preparing for her first appearance on the stage, she passed her time in complete retirement from public life, but her reception by the circle of private friends to whom she was introduced was of the warmest character. Meyerbeer was, of course, unremitting in his attentions. His position towards her was, indeed, an almost painfully responsible one. He alone was answerable for her presence in the Prussian capital; and her success or failure were matters of scarcely less importance to him than to her. His taste, his experience, his artistic judgment, were staked upon her fitness to sustain the position to which he had introduced her. Through him she was privately presented to the Royal Family, the members of which, and especially Queen Elizabeth, received her with a grace and courtesy which did much to render her visit more than ordinarily agreeable. On one occasion—memorable as the first on which she was called upon to display her talent in the presence of the Court—she was invited to a reception given by the Princess of Prussia* one evening during the last week in November. Concerning this she thus wrote to her guardian, Judge Munthe:—

“Berlin, Dec. 2, 1844.

“I have sung at Court, and been so very fortunate as to please greatly. This may sound somewhat conceited, but I do not mean it so. The Countess Rossi (Sontag) was present, and my modesty prevents me from telling you what she is reported to have said. I am meeting with extraordinary success everywhere. I go out much into fashionable society, because this gives the first entrance into the world of Art; and—do you know?—I am already known by all Berlin, and people talk of me with an interest so lively, and so flattering to me, that I begin to think I must be in Stockholm!

“Forgive me! dear M. Munthe, for thus openly speaking of things as they occur. I promise not to become proud or conceited; only glad and happy when things go well.”

Among the guests present at the reception thus playfully described were the late Earl and Countess of Westmorland. Lord Westmorland was at that time the English Ambassador at

* Afterwards the Empress Augusta.

the Court of Prussia ; and, through the kindness of a member of His Excellency's family, we are able to present our readers with a vivid picture of the impression made by Mdlle. Lind's singing upon the Countess of Westmorland, who, it must be remembered, was no unenlightened or inexperienced listener ; for Lord Westmorland was himself an ardent student of music, an excellent violinist, the composer of no less than one English and six Italian operas, and the founder of the Royal Academy of Music in London. When released from his political duties he lived in an atmosphere of Art ; and Lady Westmorland's testimony is the more valuable since she was in the constant habit of hearing at home the best music of the time. The lady to whose kindness we are indebted for our information writes thus :—

“It was, I think, in 1844 that Meyerbeer brought Jenny Lind to Berlin, to come out at the new Opera-House there in the part he had written for her in his opera of *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*.

“He had told all his friends (amongst whom were my parents *) about this wonderful voice, and predicted that she would be the greatest singer-artist the century had produced. There was great curiosity about her, and Meyerbeer talked of her as ‘*un vrai diamant de génie*.’

“Before she appeared on the stage he was asked to bring her to sing at a small musical party at the Princess of Prussia's (the late Dowager Empress Augusta) arranged for the purpose. For some reasons, my father was prevented from going ; my mother went alone. She went in, full of curiosity, and saw sitting by the piano a thin, pale, plain-featured girl, looking awkward and nervous, and like a very shy country school-girl. She could not believe her eyes, and said that she and her neighbours—among whom was Countess Rossi (Henriette Sontag), whose fame as a singer and a beauty was then still recent—began to speculate whether Meyerbeer was playing a practical joke on them, and when he came up to speak to them my mother asked him if he was really serious in meaning to bring that frightened child out in his Opera. His only answer was ‘*Attendez, Miladi*.’

“When the time came for her song—I do not know what it was—my mother used to say it was the most extraordinary experience she ever remembered. The wonderful notes came ringing out, but over and above that was the wonderful TRANSFIGURATION—no other word could apply—which came over her

* His Excellency and Lady Westmorland.

entire face and figure, lighting them up with the whole fire and dignity of her genius. The effect on the whole audience was simply marvellous, and to the last day of her life my mother used to recall it vividly, and its effect upon her.

"When she reached home, my father asked her—

" 'Well, what do you think of Meyerbeer's wonder?'

She answered—

" 'She is simply an angel.'

" 'Is she so very handsome?'

" 'I saw a plain girl when I went in; but when she began to sing, her face simply and literally "shone like that of an angel." I never *saw* anything or *heard* anything the least like it.'

"This first effect did not wear off when she appeared on the stage. My mother used to say that she thought her dramatic power was quite as great as her musical genius, and that if she had had no voice she might still have been the greatest of living actresses. And there was this peculiarity about her acting—that it was entirely part of herself. It seemed not so much that she entered into the part as that she became, for the moment, that which she had to express. For this reason her acting was unequal. She could not render anything in which there was a suggestion repugnant to her own higher nature. But in a part that suited her—such as the *Sonnambula*—she expressed every varying emotion of the character perfectly because she really felt it. And, for the same reasons, she never acted the same scene twice precisely alike, just as in real life no one does the same thing twice precisely in the same way. In her gestures and tones there were little unconscious variations, which the people who acted with her and went through their own parts with mechanical precision often found disconcerting.

"In these early days she was very careless of outward appearances—her Art possessed her and left her no time to think of herself. She disliked the artificial adjuncts of rouge, &c., which are a necessity of the stage, and as a natural result was often unbecomingly dressed. My mother herself and her friend Madame Wichmann remonstrated with her about this and made her attend more to these details, and in the end she learned to dress for her parts becomingly and gracefully, though never conventionally.

"On looking back I cannot help being struck with one thing. My parents lived a great deal in musical and theatrical society of all kinds, and I recollect, from my earliest childhood, hearing musicians and actors talked of and often praised. But even quite as a little girl, in Berlin, long before I was old enough to know anything about it, or even to be taken to the Opera, I can

distinctly remember having the impression that Jenny Lind was something quite different from the ordinary people I heard discussed. And there has always been a sort of reverence in the way they spoke of her—as they would have spoken of a very beautiful and very sacred picture or poem. I suppose it was the intense purity of her nature that made her very acting religious. I cannot exactly express it, but I very distinctly recollect, as a child, associating her name with a sort of mysterious reverence. And even now the same childish feeling seems to come back to me, mixed with the remembrance of my mother's enthusiastic love for her." *

These interesting recollections prove conclusively that even before her first appearance in public Mdle. Lind had completely won the hearts of a brilliant and influential circle of private friends, many of whom remained in affectionate intercourse with her to the last day of her life. Their kind sympathy must have encouraged her to face the coming trial with the resolution and fortitude it so imperatively demanded; for, strong as was her determination when the crisis arrived, the time of anticipation was always one of terror and depression.

At this period also an event took place which exercised a marked influence on the artistic phase of her professional career, though less perhaps in connection with the Stage than with the Concert-room.

She had been invited, on the 21st of October, to a *Soirée* at the house of Professor Wichmann in the Hasenheger Strasse. At the moment of starting Meyerbeer called to pay her a visit; and having, no doubt, many important matters to discuss with her, stayed so long that she arrived at the evening party under the escort of Madame von Ridderstolpe some hours after the appointed time. However, late as it was, she did arrive there, and in a letter dated October the 22nd she thus describes the great event of the evening :—

“Last night I was invited to a very pleasant and elegantly furnished house, where I saw and spoke to Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and he was incredibly friendly and polite, and spoke of my ‘great talent.’ I was a little surprised, and asked him on what ground he spoke in this way. ‘Well!’ he said, ‘for this reason, that all who have heard you are of one opinion only, and

* From a private memorandum written by the Lady Rose Weigall, by whose kind permission it is inserted here.

that is so rare a thing that it is quite sufficient to prove to me what you are.' ”

This first meeting between the two great artists was a memorable one for both, and formed the foundation of a friendship which terminated only with the death of the beloved composer in 1847.

That Mdle. Lind stood in sorest need of all the help and consolation that friendship could afford during the period of suspense that preceded her introduction to the general public is evident from private letters, in which she expresses herself in terms of almost hopeless despondency with regard to her capacity for fulfilling the expectations that had been formed of her. Her anxiety had, in fact, become almost intolerable—so deep that it prompted her to write, in agonised insistence, to her friends in Sweden, even before she had any decisive intelligence to communicate to them, either of good or evil.

That the true nature of the intelligence she was really justified in sending has long since been anticipated by our readers we cannot reasonably doubt; but, though the coming triumph seemed assured, the path to the Stage was not exactly strewn with roses.

CHAPTER III.

THE DÉBUT AT THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE.

BEFORE narrating the events connected with Mademoiselle Lind's first appearance at the Court Theatre at Berlin, it is desirable that we should say a few words in explanation of the more than ordinary interest attached to the re-opening of that splendid Opera-House, so famous in the history of Art and so closely interwoven with that of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

One of the first acts of King Frederick the Great, after his accession to the throne of Prussia, on the 30th of May, 1740, was the foundation of an Opera-House, designed on a scale sufficiently splendid to eclipse the glories of every other theatre in Europe.

The building was completed in the winter of the year 1742, and on the 7th of December its inauguration was celebrated with extraordinary pomp by a magnificent performance of Graun's *Cesare & Cleopatra*, at which the King and all the Court were present. The fitness of the theatre for the high purpose for which it was designed was pronounced by those best able to form a judgment upon the subject to be perfect; and, fortunately for Art, the building stood almost intact for more than a hundred years. But a fate hangs over theatres which it seems impossible to evade. On the night between the 18th and 19th of August, 1843, it was burned to the ground, in the hundred and second year of its existence; and, following the example of his illustrious ancestor, King Frederick William IV. commanded its immediate reconstruction, almost exactly upon the lines of the original design.

The new theatre was completed towards the close of the year 1844, and opened in the presence of the Court on the evening of the 7th of December.

It was naturally to be expected that on an occasion so deeply

interesting to the leading members of the House of Hohenzollern care would be taken to present a piece in harmony with the spirit of the festival. To this end Meyerbeer had been commanded, as we have already seen, to compose the music for an Opera the *libretto* of which was founded upon an episode in the history of King Frederick the Great, and had arranged the meeting with Mdlle. Lind, in Dresden, for the purpose of accommodating the principal part to the style of her performance. The piece was to be called *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*,* and the *libretto*, carefully prepared by L. Rellstab, brought into prominence an incident in the history of that famous campaign in Silesia, through which the world first learned to appreciate at its just value the military genius of the redoubtable "Vater Fritz." This piece was a good one, full of highly dramatic situations, though entirely free from violence or exaggeration. Meyerbeer's music was of his best. Fired by the splendour of this opportunity, he had thrown his whole soul into the work, and it was in response to his desire that the principal *rôle* should be performed by the most finished artist who could be persuaded to undertake it that Mademoiselle Lind had been invited to Berlin.

But the intrigues of the stage are inscrutable, and cannot be foreseen even by the most experienced directors. Meyerbeer's cherished project was opposed by a local interest.

Fräulein Tuzec, who had for years sung at the theatre as *prima donna*, claimed the right of appearing in the principal part, on the re-opening of the house, on the ground that she, being a permanent member of the company, enjoyed privileges of which it would be unjust to deprive her in favour of a stranger engaged for "guest performances" only;† and for the perhaps still stronger reason that, when it had appeared doubtful whether Mademoiselle Lind, after having been recalled to Stockholm for the coronation of King Oscar, would arrive in Berlin in time to undertake the part, she herself had been requested to study it.

* The full title of the Opera was, "*Das Feldlager in Schlesien. Oper, in drei Aufzügen, in Lebensbildern aus der Zeit Friedrich des Grossen, von L. Rellstab. Musik von Meyerbeer. Tänze von Hoguet.*" "*The Camp of Silesia.* Opera, in three Acts, in Life-pictures of the time of Frederick the Great, by L. Rellstab. Music by Meyerbeer. Dances by Hoguet."

† *Gastrollen*. In the German theatres, performers not belonging to the regular company, and employed for a limited number of performances only, are called "guests" (*Gäste*), and engaged on special terms, without a formal contract in writing.

The case was not without its difficulties. On both sides there was a show of justice with respect to the conflicting claims; and, even while those claims were still in abeyance, a false account of the circumstances had already found its way into the newspapers. To correct this, Mademoiselle Lind wrote the following letter to her friend, M. Lars Hierta, at Stockholm:—

“Berlin, Nov. 25, 1844.

“Herr Königl. Secretär,

“Kindly excuse me if, for a few moments, I beg to encroach upon your valuable time.

“Having seen, in an article in the ‘Aftonblad,’ reproduced from the ‘Frankfurter Ober-Postamt-Zeitung,’ that my friends in Stockholm are incorrectly informed about my position in Berlin, I venture, Herr Königlicher Secretär, to call your attention to the following lines.

“I came to Berlin under the impression that the principal rôle in the new Opera* had been assigned to no other than myself; but I found that it was also given for study to Mademoiselle Tuczec, under the apprehension that my detention in Sweden might otherwise have rendered it necessary to delay the opening of the new Opera-House. On my arrival in Berlin, however, Meyerbeer took it for granted that I, for whom he had composed the part, should undertake to sing it at the first representation. He therefore called upon Mademoiselle Tuczec, and—perhaps with some temper—informed her that I had now arrived, that the part was mine, and that it was consequently my duty to sing it for the first time.

“Mademoiselle Tuczec, who is very nervous, was altogether beside herself, and wrote a petition to the King begging His Majesty to permit her to appear at the opening of the new theatre.

“When this came to my knowledge I was greatly surprised, for I had not heard a single word of it, and did not even know that the rôle had been given to Mademoiselle Tuczec. And as I am not fond of strife, and understand nothing whatever of intrigue, I ceded my place with pleasure—the more willingly because I considered that Mademoiselle Tuczec was right, since she had had the part for some time, and was, moreover, a great favourite with the public here, while I am quite unknown and a foreigner also.

“In addition to this there remains the question of the foreign language. It surely would be very unfavourable for me, under

* *Das Feldlager in Schlesien.*

these circumstances, to make my first appearance in connection with dialogue and melodrama !

"It is I, then, who have really arranged the whole matter, and Mademoiselle Tuzzec seems quite satisfied with me.

"I hope, Herr Königlicher Secretär, that you have been able to understand my disjointed phrases, and that you will be good enough to say a few words in my behalf in your paper in order that my friends in Stockholm may be aware of the true state of the matter—and also of this, that, though I am a poor sensitive lonely girl, in a foreign land and surrounded by cabals and intrigues, I am none the less possessed of a heart that beats high at the thought of Sweden, and am consequently not always in a cheerful mood ; and this I know, that the pleasure I have been happy enough to give my countrymen—at times, perhaps, when my mind was most oppressed—would be forgotten, beyond all doubt, if at any moment I appeared here without success, even though my talent remained undiminished. But rather than involve myself in law-suits I would renounce everything ; and as long as I have my two hands to work with I would rather earn my bread, under such circumstances, away from the stage.

"Begging you to convey my kind regards to your wife and the other members of your family, I take the liberty of signing myself,

"Your obedient servant,
"JENNY LIND."

As the reader will, no doubt, have already foreseen, Mdlle. Lind's intervention on the side of simple justice produced a marked reaction in Fräulein Tuzzec's favour ; and, to Meyerbeer's intense disappointment, the part of "Vielka," in the new Opera, was officially confided to the privileged *prima donna*.

The inauguration of the new Court Theatre was celebrated with the utmost possible splendour on the 7th of December, in presence of the Royal Family, the foreign ambassadors, and a brilliant gathering of all the rank and fashion of Berlin. The general success of the festival was, of course, assured beforehand ; but though *Das Feldlager in Schlesien* contained some of the best and most attractive music that Meyerbeer had as yet produced, it was evident that it failed to make the desired impression upon the public—for the simple reason that the principal rôle was unsuited to the style of the performer who had undertaken to interpret it. It bristled with difficulties with which but very few of the best singers of the day would have been able to contend ;

and the music, expressly written for Mademoiselle Lind, had been so exactly adapted to the quality of her voice and the style of her execution, that it would necessarily have lost its greatest charm if it had been entrusted to any other singer than herself, however highly accomplished. As it was, the new piece could scarcely have been regarded as having fallen very much short of a failure ; and Meyerbeer's chagrin at the cold reception of his long-cherished work was very bitter indeed. It was an unfortunate mistake, and the more to be regretted because it placed a really clever singer and actress—which Mademoiselle Tuczec undoubtedly was—in a cruelly false position.

In the meanwhile, since Mdlle. Lind had been prevented, by untoward circumstances, from taking an active part in the festival with which the new Opera-House was inaugurated, there clearly remained no reason why she should not make her first appearance before a German audience in one of her own favourite parts ; and she herself felt it to be eminently desirable that an Italian Opera should be selected for the occasion.

Her choice fell upon *Norma*, in which she had already achieved immense success, notwithstanding the well-known fact—or perhaps by reason of it—that her interpretation of the *rôle* differed in every one of its most striking characteristics from that adopted by every *prima donna* of note who had undertaken to impersonate the unhappy priestess from whom Bellini's master-piece takes its now familiar name. And, though Mdlle. Lind chose it for her *début*, without a thought of constructive rivalry, she really, by that bold and, as it turned out, most happy choice, unconsciously staked her reputation against that of every *prima donna* who had charmed the public, from Madame Pasta, for whom the part was written, in 1832, to Madame Grisi, who was nightly playing it in London and in Paris in the self-same year 1844.

The *début* was fixed for Sunday the 15th of December, and its success exceeded the warmest expectations of all concerned. The public was in raptures—the critics were disarmed. The heroines of the past and present were forgotten. The new reading of the part commended itself to all. Madame Pasta had rendered it with a noble energy, a fiery power, worthy of high admiration, though, it must be confessed, more remarkable for its vigour than its womanly tenderness. Madame Grisi, inheriting the *rôle* directly from her great predecessor, in company with whom she

had, in the original cast, played the secondary part of *Adalgisa*—Madame Grisi, with even less of tenderness and more exaggerated energy, delineated a Pythoness, with whom a Gallic barbarian might very possibly have fallen in love. But *Pollio* was not “a Gallic barbarian.” He was a true Roman, voluptuous, inconstant, ready to sink weakly into the arms of a new mistress without a thought of remorse, when his passion for his first *inamorata* began to cool, but incapable of yielding to the violence of a *Mænad*. He might perhaps have fallen in love with Madame Pasta’s *Norma*, but not with Madame Grisi’s.

Upon these two primary interpretations of the part all later ones were based, until, for the first time in its history, Mdle. Lind presented the impassioned Druidess before the world in the character of a true woman. The critics of Berlin, familiar with every tradition of the Stage, accepted the new ideal as the highest impersonation of the character of *Norma* that had as yet been presented to the public. One of them,* writing in the leading journal of the day, gives us the following account of the impression it made upon him, both from a musical and a dramatic point of view. After some preliminary remarks of no general interest, he begins his critique proper with a description of the artist herself :—

“Her voice,” he says, “not without fulness, but more pleasing than powerful, moves with charming lightness and certainty; though the middle register is sometimes shaded by a soft veil which serves to bring out the upper notes in clearest and most silvery contrast. This beautiful natural gift is supplemented by a groundwork of most diligent study. Her pronunciation—though the German language is not familiar to her—is pleasing, clear, and distinct. She possesses that sustaining-power of tone which in the best Italian school lends so peculiarly tender a colour to Recitative. But the high cultivation of her style most strikingly manifests itself in the clearness and pearly evenness of her passages. We have heard such passages sung with greater rapidity, but never with greater perfection.

“So much for the Singer.

“And the Actress—especially in the elasticity of her motions—is of fully equal excellence.

“All her movements have a womanly charm, which gives a

* Herr Ludwig Rellstab, critic and poet, the author of the *libretto* of *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*.

beautiful expression to her voice, while, at the same time, it shows no lack of character, or energy, or majesty.

“One might not unnaturally suppose, from these general features in the portrait of our artist, that *Norma*, at least, ruled by demons of darkness, would give her some trouble. But it is exactly here that her conception reconciles us with this fearful character. She bases it throughout upon the element of love, that one day changes this proud priestess into a humble slave. Pasta presents a “*Norma*” *before* whom, our artist a “*Norma*” *with* whom, we tremble. The art of the one is broader, more astonishing; that of the other more sweet and enthralling. Upon these essential peculiarities the part depends for its culminating point of interest.

“Until now no singer has ever sung the Cavatina, *Casta Diva*, as we think it ought to be sung. She clothes the melody in that pale romantic moonlight under the influence of which it was conceived, and she knows so well how to sustain this colouring throughout the difficulties of the mechanical passages—that the highest triumph of her thrilling delivery is achieved in the clear execution of the chromatic runs. The singer here obtained a mark of recognition which has never before been witnessed within the experience of any of us—the air was encored, and the artist called forward in the middle of the act!

“The summons of the singer before the curtain after the first act and at the close of the performance is a theatrical accessory which speaks for itself. Among the public there was not one single dissentient voice: its verdict truly represented the expression of its thanks for the gift received.”

Warm as is this eulogium, those who are fortunate enough to remember Mdle. Lind's impersonation of the part of “*Norma*” will confess that it is in no degree exaggerated. “*Norma*” was certainly one of her most perfect creations, comparable only to her interpretation of the rôles of “*Alice*” in *Robert le Diable* and “*Amina*” in *La Sonnambula*. Even in the master-pieces of Mozart, her vocal powers were scarcely displayed to greater advantage, and as an actress she could not have won higher and purer praise, even in a classical tragedy.

From the moment of this first performance, the reputation she had already attained, in Stockholm, was more than confirmed, and her position in Berlin assured. She appeared in *Norma* for the second and third times with equal success. Then followed a few days of retirement from the turmoil of actual publicity, concerning

the employment of which we are furnished with an interesting account from a sympathetic pen.

On the 23rd of December her young friend, Herr Josephson, arrived in Berlin on an invitation to spend Christmas with her. After meeting her at Madame Reyer's he writes in his Diary :—

“ I have spent a merry Swedish Christmas Eve with Jenny and the Reyers. The Baroness Ridderstolpe was there, and some Swedish ladies who were here on a visit had been assisting our hostess to arrange everything in true Swedish fashion. Amidst joyful friendly faces, cheering and beautiful gifts, and a profusion of lights, a harmonious tone pervaded the whole, despite a few passing clouds over the sky of the Swedes when thinking of the dear ones left behind. If we were to be so far away from home we could not wish for anything better or happier ! ”

The homely little Swedish festival recalls a similar one which took place in Paris in 1841, at the house of Mdle. du Puget.

But how different the circumstances. Then Mdle. Lind was labouring to acquire the technical knowledge and power of execution, with which she hoped one day to accomplish something worthy of the high mission which in her heart of hearts she felt certain had been committed to her. Now she had accomplished it. There was hard work before her, it is true ; and it was not her wont to neglect anything that she believed to be her duty. Still, it was familiar work, and there could be no reasonable doubt as to its results.

CHAPTER IV.

‘DAS FELDLAGER IN SCHLESIEEN.’

MIDDLE. LIND’S triumph was but a few days old when she began to devote herself to the exercise of that boundless charity in which, throughout the whole of her life, she took infinitely greater interest than that which she bestowed upon her own advancement in the world.

On Sunday, the 29th of December, Herr Josephson—who had been reading one of Pastor Lindgren’s sermons to her early in the morning at Madame Reyer’s—accompanied her, later in the day, to the house of Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, a lady under whose superintendence she had resumed her study of the German language so inopportunately interrupted in Dresden.

“She had just returned,” says Herr Josephson in his Diary, “from the Intendant of the Theatre, Herr von Küstner, who had offered her an engagement for six months, with an honorarium of six thousand thalers and a benefit.* She had, of course, not yet given her answer; but she felt grateful and happy that such a sum should have been offered to her without any suggestion whatever from herself.

“‘I feel bound,’” she said, “‘in one way or another, to prove in a practical way my thankfulness to God, who has given me so much prosperity. You remember—do you not?—something that I once spoke to you about when we were at Dresden? I myself have good reason to remember it, for now you will be able to go to Italy whenever you like.’†

“We had only a short distance to walk. There was no time for long explanation. I only replied, therefore, that I thought it was too soon to think of this, and that, moreover, in accepting

* Six thousand thalers is equal to about £900 in English money.

† A sojourn in Italy, for purposes of study, had been the dream of Herr Josephson’s life; and it is evident that he must have spoken to her about it in Dresden during the previous summer.

her proposal, I should always consider myself her debtor, as even I might hope for more success in the future.

“Every day reveals to me some new trait in her character ; and I know not which is greatest, my gratitude to, or my admiration for, her. I stand daily on a more and more intimate and brotherly footing with her, and am therefore able to accept gladly and thankfully from her that which from many others I could not take without a certain reservation of feeling. I can only pray that, in her restless life, peace may one day obtain the victory.”

Of the result of this conversation we shall have to speak more fully hereafter. For the moment we must follow Mdle. Lind in the fulfilment of her own career.

She was already accepted as the greatest singer and actress then living. Meyerbeer was in raptures with her, and his desire that the principal *rôle* in his new Opera should be assigned to her grew stronger and stronger every day. Though he had, *bon gré mal gré*, suffered Fräulein Tuzec to appear in it on the opening night, he had never relinquished his long-cherished project. He had written the part of “Vielka” expressly for Mdle. Lind, and was quite determined that the task of interpreting it in accordance with his own idea should be confided to her. It was due to his artistic position that Fräulein Tuzec should resign into more masterly hands the duty she had so imprudently undertaken to fulfil, and fulfilled so imperfectly that the success of the Opera was more than endangered by the unfitness of the *rôle* for her. To this compromise Mdle. Lind was quite willing to assent, but some little time and a great deal of very hard study were needed in order to secure a perfect interpretation of the *rôle*. For, after the manner of the time-honoured German *Schauspiel*, the new Opera contained, in place of classical recitative, long passages of spoken dialogue, and it was chiefly for the sake of attaining a more perfect accent in the delivery of these that she had resumed her studies in German under the direction of Madame Birch-Pfeiffer.

She could scarcely have made a better or a more fortunate choice ; for the lady—of whom we shall have to speak again more particularly hereafter—had herself been well known as a clever and intelligent actress, and under her maiden name—Charlotte Pfeiffer—had appeared on the stage with success in Munich, Vienna, Berlin, and many other important German capitals.

Under the superintendence of this lady, Mdle. Lind made such rapid progress in the German language that within less than a fortnight after her third performance of *Norma* she was ready to appear in the new part.

The gifted composer was delighted with her interpretation of his music, which, as was his wont, he altered, re-wrote, improved, and not unfrequently injured, with microscopic attention to every minutest detail till the very last moment. Herr Josephson was present at two of the last rehearsals, on the 3rd and 4th of January, which he thus describes in his Diary :—

“January 3, 1845, Meyerbeer was altogether enchanted with Jenny’s singing, and embraced her at the end of the rehearsal. Before producing the Opera he called upon her, to the best of my belief, at least a hundred times, to consult about this, that, or the other. He alters incessantly, curtails here, dovetails there, and thus, by his eagerness and anxiety, prevents the spontaneous growth of the work, and imparts a fragmentary character to its beauty.”

In this fastidious desire to secure the most perfect finish in every insignificant detail Meyerbeer was only following out his own invariable custom—and, after all, his crowd of after-thoughts was not greater than that which haunted Beethoven until his works were actually in print. However, he was satisfied at last ; *Das Feldlager in Schlesien* was duly performed, with Mdle. Lind in the principal part ; and its effect upon the audience was even more striking than that produced by the great performance of *Norma* exactly three weeks previously.

The most influential journal of the period gave an account of the performance no less generously enthusiastic than that which had appeared after the first representation of *Norma*.

“Through her second rôle—‘Vielka,’ in the *Feldlager*—Mdle. Lind has proved,” says the critic, “that her talent fulfils the highest conditions not only in one direction, but in many.

“Our task would never come to an end were we to notice every striking detail, every truthful charm, with which throughout the entire rôle she illustrated her delineations. Her outward expression rendered every inward feeling with the veracity of a mirrored picture. Fear, love, hope, joy, all imprinted themselves with equal ease and truthfulness to nature upon every gesture and every significant movement. She set before us earnest, tragic,

joyful, lively surprises, in endless variety. We remember, for instance, the manner in which she rendered the little phrase, 'He is saved ! He is hidden !' in the finale to the first act ; how, in the third act, she dragged Conrad to the writing-table ; and—more beautiful than all—how she sang the little added recitative at the close as she retired backwards from the royal cabinet.

"But are we to busy ourselves, then, only with the acting ? Have we nothing to say concerning the singer ?

"Yes, indeed ! to repeat everything that we said after her first appearance. The singer is here exactly what she was then. The mild *timbre* of the voice, the clearness of the finished passages, the colouring of the tones through their ever-changing expression, are here, as everywhere, apparent. In a host of piquant cadences introduced by the composer, no less than in the duet with the two flutes in the third act,* the art of the singer asserts itself in its most powerful form. And thus a picture is presented that, through the romantic conception of the whole no less than through the charm of its multifarious details, imprints itself indelibly upon the soul."

It was in all probability this highly-favourable critique which Mademoiselle Lind sent to her friend, Fru Lindblad, in a letter dated January 8, 1845, from which we reproduce the following extract :—

"Everything seems to go well in hand. It would be impossible to imagine a greater success than I have made here in Berlin. Sontag herself had not so brilliant a triumph. Last Sunday, the 5th, I appeared in Meyerbeer's new Opera, and I herewith enclose a critique.

"I do feel so happy about Meyerbeer's exceeding satisfaction. And I feel easier in my mind for having been able to put his Opera into better relief ; for through Mdle. Tuczec's unequal rendering of my part it very nearly came to grief. I almost think I achieved a greater triumph than in *Norma*.

"Last night Josephson and I were at Frau Bettina Arnim's, and I cannot conceive how the time passed so quickly. We did not return till after twelve ! The old lady is divinely child-like sometimes. When she is in her right element, and creeps up in her chair, with all those sweet girls dispersed around her on the floor, one can only envy their light-heartedness and independence of the narrow judgment of the world.

* This famous piece, in which the voice is accompanied by two flutes (*obbligati*), was afterwards transferred, by Meyerbeer, to *L'Etoile du Nord*.

“Nowadays the world is influencing me very considerably, and just now I cannot say that creeping is my principal pleasure. It looks, however, as if I might become independent some day ; for I am now invited to go to London, and it will be curious to see where all this will land me. This evening I am invited to Tieck’s.’

Continued on the 9th of January, 1845 :—

“Last evening was one rich in enjoyment. The talented old man,* with that frail body of his, was a touching sight. I had the honour of taking turns with him ; for, when he had recited a poem, I had to sing a song. And in this way the evening flew by very quickly indeed.”

Though she speaks thus modestly of the possibility that she may some day “become independent,” it was evident that her future was now assured. The demonstration that accompanied her first appearance in *Das Feldlager in Schlesien* proved to be no evanescent burst of enthusiasm. Every one of her performances was a veritable triumph, and so strong was the popular feeling that, after the fourth performance of *Das Feldlager in Schlesien* on the 21st of January, she was publicly greeted with a serenade, which is thus described in the journal from which we have already quoted :—

“After the Opera, in which, as always, Mdlle. Lind had achieved the most brilliant success, a number of singers and young musicians greeted the artist at her residence with a vocal serenade. Four poems, by Messieurs Förster, Kopisch, Schnackenburg, and Rellstab, had been set to music for the occasion by Messieurs Rungenhagen, Commer, Lührs, and Wichmann. The artist received this expression of homage to her talent in the modest manner which so greatly enhances the value of her artistic gifts, and seemed deeply moved by this acknowledgment of them. The poems were brought to her printed upon a white satin fillet, and presented, with a laurel crown, upon a satin cushion.”

The white satin fillet was preserved by Madame Goldschmidt, and is still treasured by her family as a precious heirloom.

* The poet, Tieck.

CHAPTER V.

THE BUNN CONTRACT.

WE called attention in our opening chapter to the fact that, notwithstanding a very wide-spread belief to that effect, Mdlle. Lind's artistic reputation was neither confined to nor even made in the country of her final adoption—England.

Nor was it the special property of Germany—though, for the world in general, it certainly originated there.

Before she had appeared five times on the stage in Berlin, it had spread so far that an attempt was made to induce her to visit London.

She alludes to this, as we have seen, in her letter to Fru Lindblad, written two days after her first appearance in the part of "Vielka."

The matter was brought about in this wise.

Mr. Alfred Bunn, the then lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, went to Berlin in the hope of securing Mdlle. Lind for his approaching season of English Opera. He was an experienced manager, and had attained, by long experience, the power of predicting, with absolute certainty, whether or not an artist was likely to find lasting favour with the public. His visit to Berlin was well-timed. He was fortunate enough to hear Mdlle. Lind, and to be thus enabled to judge for himself how far the rumours he had heard were well-founded. To a man of his long experience, one hearing was more than enough to decide the question. He saw at a glance that, if he could only succeed in attaching her to his company at Drury Lane Theatre, his fortune would be made. And, being a man of prompt action, he lost no time in making an offer which, to a young singer, seemed not illiberal. But how could she form a fair judgment upon it?—she who was utterly ignorant of everything connected with the stage except in so far as its artistic aspect was concerned? He pressed for an immediate answer. Naturally enough, she hesitated. He was urgent. It was manifestly to his interest to allow her the least

possible time for reflection, and still less for taking advice ; for the intervention of a thoroughly disinterested and business-like friend might ruin everything—for him. Not a word could be said against his position from a business point of view. He was perfectly justified in endeavouring to secure the services of the most splendid dramatic artist he had ever met with on the lowest possible terms. But it was hard upon the artist, who was probably less able to form a true estimate of her own value in the theatrical market than any one in Berlin. She knew what she was worth to Art ; but the manager alone knew what she was worth to him. And, as a man of business, he was certainly not bound to enlighten her on a subject in which her interests were diametrically opposed to his own. The danger was that some one else might enlighten her at any moment. And to prevent this he pressed his offer upon her with the utmost possible urgency. It would be unfair to blame him for it. Any other manager would quite certainly have done the same. Yet our readers must surely feel with us that it was very hard upon her.

On the 10th of January the matter came to a crisis.

On that evening Mdlle. Lind was to play the part of "Vielka" for the second time, and so great was the excitement with which the announcement of the coming event was received, that Herr von Küstner, the Intendant of the Opera-House, finding it impossible to supply the demand for places, determined to raise the prices of admission. As the season advanced, the demand for tickets increased to such an "extraordinary and unaccustomed extent," that the number of applications frequently amounted to twice, and even thrice, the number of places at the disposal of the Royal Intendantur, who found it necessary to issue elaborate instructions as to the form in which preliminary application for tickets was to be made. Even with these safeguards the number of final disappointments, when the season came to a close, was enormous ; and, so great was the pressure, that no less than four clerks were kept constantly employed in answering the letters of application in the order of their arrival.

In the midst of this excitement Mr. Bunn was fortunate enough to obtain a seat in the box of the British Ambassador. We have already had occasion, in a previous chapter, to speak of Lord Westmorland's deep interest in everything connected with the Art, of which, during the whole of his long and useful life, he

was so generous and munificent a patron. He was no less enthusiastic in his admiration for Mdlle. Lind's talent than Lady Westmorland, whose opinion on the subject we have already learned ; and his personal regard for her was sincere and lasting—so lasting that he remained her friend until the end of his life. He had been informed that an engagement for London had been proposed ; and, for the credit of his country's taste, he was anxious that so great an artist should be heard and duly appreciated there. It is more than probable that she had, before this, asked his advice upon the subject ; but what could he say ? He was as ignorant of managerial business and managerial terms as she was, and was an absolute stranger to the manifold intrigues which seem to be inseparable from the destiny of a "Child of the Drama." To him the proposal seemed an advantageous one, and there seems no doubt that he said as much to her.

Our information concerning the events of this memorable evening is very far from complete. In after life Madame Goldschmidt could rarely be induced to speak of the occasion, the disastrous results of which she could never recall without pain.

In presence of this element of doubt it seems not unnatural to believe that His Excellency may well have expressed his opinion on the matter without resorting to actual persuasion ; and we now know with absolute certainty that he was at first inclined to regard the proposal in a favourable light, but afterwards entirely changed his mind, and rejoiced greatly that it was never put into execution.

Passing from the discussion of the incidental circumstances here related, we proceed to put our readers in possession of a literal translation of the now famous "Bunn contract," the text of which was originally drawn up in French to the following purport :—

"Mr. Bunn director of Drury Lane Theatre London makes the following offers to Mdlle. Jenny Lind and engages to execute them entirely at his own risks and perils if Mdlle. Lind accepts them :

"(1) Mr. Bunn engages Mdlle. Lind to sing twenty times at Drury Lane Theatre either from 15th June to 31st July 1845 or from 30th September to 15th November 1845. It depends upon Mdlle. Lind to decide which of these two different epochs is most convenient to her, but she engages herself to make known

her choice to Mr. Bunn not later than the end of the month of March.

“(2) Mr. Bunn engages to pay to Mdlle. Lind the sum of fifty *Louis d'or** for each of these twenty representations and allow her also the half of a benefit (gross receipts).

“(3) Mr. Bunn engages to pay to Mdlle. Lind the stipulated price of fifty *Louis* always twenty-four hours after each representation.

“(4) Mdlle. Lind will sing three times a week and not oftener except during the last week. She will never sing on two following days and Mr. Bunn engages to leave an interval of at least one day between one representation and the next.

“(5) Mdlle. Lind will make her *début* in the part of ‘Vielka’ in the Opera *Ein Feldlager in Schlesien* by Meyerbeer and she will afterwards sing also the *rôle* of ‘Amina’ in *La Sonnambula* by Bellini if Mr. Bunn requires it. It is understood that Mdlle. Lind will only sing in two *rôles* during the whole course of her representations.

“(6) Mr. Bunn will find at his cost the costumes for the two *rôles* of Mdlle. Lind.

“(7) Mdlle. Lind accepts these conditions but as she has not time to consider sufficiently the contract which Mr. Bunn presents to her to-day and as Mr. Bunn must depart to-morrow she reserves the right of introducing additions and changes into this contract if that appears to her necessary but she must make them known to Mr. Bunn by the 1st of March at the latest. Meanwhile it is well understood that such additions and changes as Mdlle. Lind may introduce must never apply to the first or second articles which must remain fixed as they are now.

“It is agreed equally that if the changes and additions are not agreeable to Mr. Bunn he shall have the right to reject them but if this be done the treaty shall be revoked and regarded as null and of no effect.

“Executed in duplicate at Berlin the 10th January 1845.”

It was in these terms that the contract between Mdlle. Jenny Lind and Mr. Alfred Bunn was duly signed and ratified, in the presence of the British Ambassador, and in His Excellency's box at the Berlin Opera-House—and therefore, in the political sense of the term, within British territory—on the 10th of January, 1845. That is to say, “duly signed” by Mdlle. Lind; but, as we shall hereafter be able to show, the “duplicate” given to her was not signed by Mr. Bunn. She had in her possession no legal proof whatever of her own rights in the matter.

* Equal to about £40 in English money.

CHAPTER VI.

HOMAGE TO WEBER.

AFTER performing seven times in *Norma*, and five in *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*, Mdlle. Lind was announced to appear, on Tuesday, Feb. 7, in *Euryanthe*, on a more than ordinarily interesting occasion.

Carl Maria von Weber had died, in London, at the house of his friend, Sir George Smart, in Great Portland Street, on the night between the 4th and 5th of June, 1826. He had been laid to rest, on the 21st, far away from home and friends, in a vault beneath the floor of S. Mary's Chapel, Moorfields. But, in the autumn of 1844, the surviving members of his family, aided by a few devoted friends and admirers—foremost among whom were his pupil, Mr. (afterwards Sir Julius) Benedict,* and the then almost unknown Richard Wagner—made a vigorous effort to treat his memory with the homage which had been denied to him by his ungrateful fellow-citizens during his life-time; and, at their expense, his remains were exhumed, transported to Dresden, and, on the night of Dec. 14, deposited in a vault in the Cemetery of Friedrichstadt in which his son Alexander had been buried only a fortnight before. His widow and surviving children, supported by Madame Schröder-Devrient and a crowd of sympathising fellow-artists, covered his coffin with laurels and flowers, and it was proposed to erect over it a monument worthy of his fame. Great efforts were made to collect sufficient funds for the execution of this project, and a grand performance of *Euryanthe* had been promised at the Berlin Opera-House in aid of the pious purpose.

It was on this solemn occasion that, for the first time in the language in which it was originally produced, Mdlle. Lind sang the part of "Euryanthe."

* See his "Life of Weber," in 'The Great Musicians.'

A prologue, written for the occasion by Herr Rellstab, was spoken by Fräulein Charlotte von Hagen, and no pains were spared for the purpose of rendering the performance worthy of its high intent. The whole musical world took a vivid interest in the proceedings. Dresden had nobly expiated the long course of neglect which had terminated so sadly, and so fatally, eighteen years before. And now Berlin had taken up the good cause, in the name and with the full consent of the whole Fatherland.

The task assigned to her, in connection with this solemn festival, was, beyond all doubt, the most difficult one that had ever been, or was ever destined to be entrusted to her, during the whole of her artistic career. And she inherited the difficulty from Weber himself.

From first to last, *Euryanthe* had never been understood, either by the critics, or by the public. The scope and purpose of its design had escaped them all.

When the Opera was first produced at Vienna, in 1823, it soared so high above the heads of the audience, that the brainless wits of the period nicknamed it *L'Ennuyante*, and the stupid joke was accepted as a miracle of *esprit*. When Madame Schröder-Devrient afterwards undertook the interpretation of the principal rôle, she sang the music superbly, but utterly ignored the supernatural element, upon which Mdle. Lind seized as the leading motive of the whole impersonation. She penetrated Weber's meaning, though the critics did not. They could not withstand the power of her conception—it would have been impossible to have done so—but they utterly failed to comprehend its moving spirit.

The following quotation from a critique which appeared in the *Berlinische Zeitung* on Feb. 13 will explain this clearly enough :—

“In the first act, the singer presents before us all that she possesses of loveliness and grace. The duet with Eglantine*—Madame Palm-Spatzer—and the *finale*, are pearls of finished execution. But, for us, the greatest achievement in this act is the narrative of the apparition of Emma, which, in dramatic and vocal expression, fulfils the highest demands of an Art-ideal.”

This is high praise, but it does not touch the vital point. At the hundred-and-twenty-ninth bar of the Overture—which intro-

* ‘*Unter ist mein Stern gegangen.*’

duces the wonderful *Largo*—Weber directed that the curtain should rise upon a gloomy tableau, intended to prepare the spectator for the secret which forms the mainspring of the plot. The stage represents a sepulchral vault, in the centre of which lies Emma's coffin, surmounted by a medieval herse. This having been exposed to view for a few moments only, the curtain slowly descends again, and the Overture proceeds with the contrapuntal treatment of the bold subject which follows.

The audience is now fully prepared to understand the secret of Eglantine's treachery; and when, in the first act, Euryanthe narrates to her the story of the ghostly "apparition," the connection is kept up by the recurrence of the weird harmonies already heard in the *largo* of the Overture.

In modern performances, this *tableau* is almost always omitted. Whether it was exhibited or not at the Berlin Opera-House we cannot say; but however that may have been, it is certain that Mdlle. Lind penetrated the composer's idea, seized upon this salient point in his conception, and brought it out so clearly that even Herr Rellstab, though so strongly prepossessed in favour of another reading of the part, pointed to this very scene as "fulfilling the highest demands of an Art-ideal."

Euryanthe was announced for repetition on the next Opera night, but in consequence of the illness of Madame Palm-Spatzer, *Norma* was substituted for it; it was however repeated on the 11th and the 14th, after which Mdlle. Lind was announced to appear, on Tuesday the 18th, in *La Sonnambula*. In this ever-welcome Opera she created so profound a sensation that, when a repetition of the performance was announced, the price of the boxes rose to fifty, and even eighty thalers, and no places could be obtained for less than three thalers,* even in the pit—a price which was said, in the German theatrical world, to be absolutely unprecedented.

The rôle of "Amina" was always a special favourite with Mdlle. Lind. The leading journal thus speaks of one of her later appearances in the part:—

"She raises the art of singing to a glorious level. Everything that the most cultivated *virtuosa* can accomplish she scatters amongst us, in richest profusion, in lavish prodigality. The first act is the field in which these blossoms more especially

* That is to say £7 10s., £12, and 9s. in English money.

flourish. For the actress it furnishes an opportunity for displaying the most maidenly gentleness, the most charming *naïveté*, and the merriest laughter of love. Earnestness is reserved for the second act, in which dramatic and vocal expression melt inseparably into each other. In the third act, in which the sun of blessed joy alternates with the darkest clouds of grief, the effect rises to its culminating point. Here we see the artist in full command of the whole range of many-sided feeling, and the rich picture, which is thus illuminated by the dramatic completion given to the poem, leaves nothing more to be unfolded."

We have thought it desirable to insert these long quotations from Herr Rellstab's transcendental critiques, since they exactly represent the feeling produced by Mdlle. Lind's performances at the time they were written. We must remember that, however extravagant or "high-flown" their language might appear in an English critique at the present day, it was not thought "high-flown" in German critiques in 1844. Moreover, however glowing the phrases, they were but the echo of those that passed from mouth to mouth, in the theatre, at the table, in the street, in every corner of Berlin in which the discussion of artistic topics was possible. Herr Rellstab only gave utterance to the opinions that were openly expressed, on every side, by every one capable of forming an opinion upon the subject.

But the long chain of successes suffered a temporary interruption.

"After appearing twice, in the part of 'Amina,' on the days already mentioned," says the Berlin journal, "Mdlle. Lind was announced, on the 23rd February, to sing for the fourth time in that of 'Euryanthe,' but was seized with sudden indisposition at the close of the first act, and compelled to omit a considerable portion of her *rôle* as the Opera proceeded. The audience, however, showed the greatest sympathy throughout the evening with the beloved artist."

The indisposition continued for more than a week, to the unspeakable disappointment of the public. During this trying time the patient was overwhelmed with visits of condolence, but prudence forbade the admission of more than a few intimate friends, and these only at favourable moments. Meyerbeer seems to have been unfortunate in his choice of days or hours, and

expressed his disappointment, on Feb. 28, in the following letter, originally written in French :—

“Berlin, Feb. 28, 1845.

“MY DEAR MADEMOISELLE,

“Though I have called on you several times since your indisposition, I have not been so fortunate as some of your other friends in seeing you.

“It only remains, therefore, for me to express in writing my congratulations and good wishes on the anniversary of your *fête*, which Madame Reyer tells me occurs to-day, and to beg you at the same time kindly to accept these few flowers, modest and pure as yourself.

“But what remains for your friends to wish, to-day, for you whom Heaven has so richly endowed ! It has given you that great and sympathetic voice which charms and moves all hearts ; the fire of genius, which pervades your singing, and your acting ; and, in fine, those indelible graces which modesty and candour and innocence give only to their favoured ones, and which bring every enemy into subjection.

“One can, therefore, ask nothing more for you from Heaven, than relief from those doubts in the power of your talent which turn even your days of triumph into days of anxiety ; the removal of that indecision and irresolution which throw you into such continual agitation ; and, finally, the disappearance of that diffident temperament, which, rendering you distrustful of the source of the sympathies you inspire, may perhaps, in the end, deprive you of that most beautiful consolation of human life, friendship.

“But whether Heaven grants you or not this little supplement to your other precious qualities, you will always be, for me, my dear Mademoiselle, one of the most touching and noble characters that I have met with during my long artistic wanderings, and one to whom I have vowed for my whole life the most profound and sincere admiration and esteem.

“Your ever devoted,

“MEYERBEER.”

It will be seen from the closing paragraphs of this most kind and sympathetic letter that Meyerbeer, like so many others at this period, was sincerely grieved, and even pained, by the diffidence for which Mdle. Lind's character was so remarkable. We shall have more to say on this subject hereafter, but at the moment at which the above letter was written more than one cause of uneasiness was at work of which neither Meyerbeer nor any one else

in Berlin entertained the slightest suspicion—more than one element of anxiety quite serious enough to have originated the illness which the world, and probably the doctors themselves, mistook for the natural result of over-study and fatigue.

For instance, the reader will readily understand that, since the unhappy moment in which the “Bunn contract” was signed in the box of the British Ambassador, Mdle. Lind had never failed to reflect upon it, in secret, even at a time when her mind was so fully occupied with her work upon the stage.

She had, in fact, written to Mr. Bunn, informing him that, for reasons which to her appeared quite unanswerable, she found it impossible to fulfil the terms of her engagement with him; and by a coincidence which it is difficult to believe accidental, her letter is dated on Feb. 22—the day previous to that on which she was so suddenly taken ill in the middle of the fourth performance of *Euryanthe*.

For a whole week the indisposition continued, to the equal disappointment of the subscribers and the public. Mdle. Lind was, however, able to reappear in *La Sonnambula*, on March 2, with undiminished powers, and on the 11th made her last appearance for the season in *Norma*, on the occasion of her own benefit. She speaks of her reason for choosing that Opera, in preference to another which had been suggested, in a letter to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer:—

“Berlin, March 7, 1845.

“DEAR MOTHER,

“I hesitate no more. All is settled, and I adhere to *Norma* for my benefit, and sing on Sunday in *La Sonnambula*. Why? do you ask? Because I have no time for reflection, and I cannot and will not appear before the public in a state of uncertainty. So I have begged to be let off *Der Freischütz*, and to sing the part of ‘Agathe’ on my return; and all has been conceded. Only, dearest, kindest, best Frau Mutter, do not be angry with me; but—I am really delighted not to be obliged to sing, act, and talk in *Der Freischütz*, on Sunday. Greetings, a thousand times (what lovely German!), to the Aunt, and my best-beloved little sister, and two tickets for Nanni, from

“Your heartily devoted,

“JENNY.”*

* This, and all other letters written by Mdle. Lind to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, are printed by the kind permission of Frau von Hillern, Madame Birch-Pfeiffer's daughter.

The announcement of this was followed by so frantic a demand for places that, long before the performance took place, it was found necessary to issue an official notice to the effect that no more tickets could be given out ; and it was agreed on all hands that on the evening itself she surpassed herself in the part she had already made so famous.

“The artist reached, at the close of her performance,” says the Berlin journal, “the highest triumph that had been yet attained. The stage was covered with flowers and wreaths thrown from the boxes in the proscenium ; even the ladies, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, heightened the meed of applause with eyes, hearts, and hands. The wreath that they gave her was not of laurel, but of roses ; a sister’s gift for the artist, who, among the difficulties of her calling, appears as so fit a guardian of the Palladium of Womanhood and Purity. As for her thanks, the threefold summons before the curtain could win no word from the firmly closed lips ; but the eye overflowed and blotted out the shortcomings of the mouth.

“The artist appears to-night for the last time. She leaves us—but we shall see her again, and we hope in the full possession of her gifts ; yes, in fresher, richer unfolding of her spring-blossoms ! And may the mild sun of this spring be the omen of a long, long continuance !”

And with this touching *Auf Wiedersehen* the Berlin public took leave of the actress. But the singer was yet again to be heard in the Concert-room.

We have recorded, in a former chapter, the impression produced upon the Countess of Westmorland by Mdle. Lind’s singing at a reception which took place in the apartments of the Princess of Prussia, not long after her arrival in Germany.

This, however, was not the only concert in which the young singer took part during her first visit to Berlin.

On Thursday, Feb. 13, 1845, she made her first public appearance in the Concert-room at a *Soirée* given by the brothers Ganz ; and, if we may accept the verdict pronounced by the critics of the day as a fair and unbiassed one, her triumph on this occasion was not a whit less brilliant than that which she had achieved two months previously at the Opera-House.

The same high praise was awarded to the accomplished vocalist on the occasion of her next appearance, at Herr Nehrlich's concert on March 10.

Of the Court-concerts in which she took part about this time the journals gave, of course, no published account.

Apart from the private reception given by the Princess of Prussia, and already described, she sang, on Dec. 18, 1844, at a Court performance, in memory of which the King and Queen presented her with a valuable bracelet. And again, soon after the beginning of the new year, she assisted at two more Court-concerts—the last of the season. The impression made upon the Royal Family by these performances and the personal interest taken in her by Queen Elizabeth, were well known in Berlin, and it is pleasant to know that the feeling was a lasting one and not the result of a mere evanescent burst of artistic enthusiasm.

The actual farewell for the season took place on March 13, at a concert given, in the hall of the *Sing-Akademie*, in aid of the "Asylum for Blind Soldiers." The room was so crowded, that not only was the space usually devoted to the orchestra filled by the audience, but it was only with great difficulty that room could be found for the soloists and the accompanying pianoforte. It is pleasant to find Fräulein Tuczee highly praised on this occasion.

"Every artist," says the journal we have so often quoted, "contributed his part with the best possible good will, and thus deserved the liveliest thanks of the public. Before all, however, these thanks were won by the beloved and modest Singer who took leave of us in this concert. She sang the grand air, '*Robert, toi que j'aime*,' from *Robert le Diable*, with expression as intense as her execution was brilliant, and completed the cycle of her artistic achievements in our capital city by the performance of some of those simple Swedish songs, which overcame us with so irresistible a charm. The first—'*Am Aarensee rauscht der viel-grüne Wald*'—she sang in German; the two others—one a very tender one, dying away in the softest scarcely audible tones—in the original Swedish; so that her last notes seemed already vanishing in the distance.

"Amidst the loud outbreak of applause which followed, place was found for a silent sign of acknowledgment. While Mdlle. Lind was singing, a lady had deposited a wreath and a garland of

flowers upon the pianoforte. The artist now took them up, with a look of eloquent thanks, and, retreating backwards, greeted the audience repeatedly, while the shouts of applause continued until she had vanished beyond the last steps of the platform.

“Many heartfelt blessings accompany her into her retreat, where she needs must take with her the rich satisfaction that she has done so much and been so thoroughly appreciated.”

And many heartfelt blessings most certainly did accompany her, not only from the grateful public, but from dear ones with whom she had formed true, and, as later events proved, lasting bonds of friendship.

King Frederick William IV., Queen Elizabeth, and the various members of the Royal Family, behaved to her as true friends, not only then, but in after years also.

By Lord and Lady Westmorland she was never forgotten, and among the members of their family her memory is still held precious.

She has told us, in her own words, of her pleasant intercourse with the aged poet Tieck, and the innocent little family party at Frau Bettina von Arnim's. Madame Reyer and her sister, Baroness von Ridderstolpe, were kind and home-like friends; and through their acquaintance with the family of Herr von Waldenburg, a gentleman of position in Berlin, she was first introduced to the well-known sculptor, Professor Ludwig Wichmann, who, with his wife and family, received her, a little later on, into bonds of closest intimacy. Professor and Madame Wichmann had been delighted with *Norma*, and had begged Madame von Waldenburg to bring her to their house, in the Hasenheger Strasse, which was then a favourite resort for artists and persons of culture; and this first interview led to the formation of so intimate a friendship between herself and Madame Wichmann that their affection for each other never afterwards cooled for a moment. The reader will not have forgotten that it was at Professor Wichmann's house that she first met Mendelssohn on Oct. 21, 1844; and here also, in March, 1845, she met for the first time Herr Heinrich Brockhaus, the then head of the great publishing firm of that name in Leipzig, a man of high cultivation and great influence, of whom we shall have occasion to speak again.

But, notwithstanding the sympathy she met with on every side,

the great artist seems—if we may trust Herr Josephson's opinion—to have been rather dazed than rejoiced, rather bewildered than delighted, with her almost miraculous success. He speaks with evident anxiety of the sudden transitions of her moods.

“She is oscillating,” he says, “between heaven and earth, not knowing, as yet, on what terms she is with either.”

This state of mind may perhaps be partly accounted for by the home-sickness to which, as we have known from the very beginning of her wanderings, she was so constantly subject.

She herself justifies us in arriving at this conclusion in a letter written to her guardian, Judge Munthe, just before the first performance of *Euryanthe* :—

“Everybody is so kind to me,” she says, “that it is only through my unbounded love for home that, in the midst of all these splendours, my whole soul goes out, all the same, in longing for Sweden. There is an inexplicable home-sympathy in the depths of my soul, and I look upon its possession as an unspeakable happiness ; for to feel so warmly as this for one's country is a divinely elevating sentiment.”

Surely this is a sigh of longing—not of bewilderment. And surely this, added to the ceaseless worry of the Bunn-contract, may have done a good deal towards producing the “oscillation” that gave Herr Josephson so much concern, and may, possibly, furnish a key to the mysteries of changing humour which seemed to puzzle him so cruelly.

Let us bear this last sad sigh for home carefully in mind, while we take leave, for a time, of the turmoil of Berlin, and accompany her on a tour which certainly brought her nearer to her beloved Sweden.

CHAPTER VII.

AT HOME ONCE MORE.

ON Thursday, March 13, 1845, as we have already heard, Mdlle. Lind's last notes died softly away in Berlin at a concert given for the benefit of the "Hospital for Blind Soldiers."

On Wednesday, March 19, she made her first appearance at the Court Theatre at Hanover in her favourite character of "Norma."

We do not propose, during the rapid transitions from city to city upon which we are now entering, to dilate in detail upon performances which have already been sufficiently criticised at Berlin. It will suffice therefore for the present if we say that the now famous songstress was received by the public with enthusiastic plaudits, and at Court with a kindly consideration which, during the reign of the succeeding King and Queen, ripened into undisguised attachment on both sides. From first to last, her visits to the Hanoverian Court were always pleasant ones, and she always spoke of them with affectionate remembrance.

On leaving Hanover, she proceeded at once to Hamburg, where, on March 29, she made her first appearance at the Stadt Theater, in the Opera in which she had already won so many well-earned laurels for Bellini as well as for herself.

During this visit she sang in *Norma* five times, including her own benefit, on Tuesday, May 6; five times in *La Sonnambula*; twice in *Lucia di Lammermoor* (for the first time in Germany); and once (also for the first time out of Stockholm) in *Der Freischütz*.

She also assisted on April 14 at a concert in Altona, at which she sang the *aria* from Pacini's *Niobe*, in which she had created a profound sensation in Berlin, and her own favourite Swedish melodies. On April 21 she sang the same pieces at

a concert given by Herr Kapellmeister Krebs—the father of the celebrated pianiste, Fräulein Marie Krebs. On the 25th she sang at the Court Theatre of Schwerin, in *Norma*, followed by *La Sonnambula* on the 28th, after which she immediately resumed her duties in Hamburg, as above described, concluding with the “benefit” on May 6. And, after this last performance, a serenade was sung to her, in front of her hotel—the old “Stadt London”—accompanied by a torch-light procession, a display of fireworks on the Alster, and other demonstrations, which lasted until long past midnight, and converted the ovation into quite a popular festival.

And now, after the anxieties and fatigues of this most trying season—trying and fatiguing in direct proportion to its success—came the moment of its rich reward.

On the doors of the Royal Theatre at Stockholm was affixed a play-bill announcing that Mdle. Lind would reappear in her native town on May 16, in *Norma*.

It needs but little effort of the imagination to picture the joy with which the lonely exile—for lonely she had been, even amidst the glories of her most splendid triumphs; lonely, while critics, finding conventional terms too weak to express their admiration, were exhausting the hendecasyllabic licence of German idiom in the fabrication of new ones; lonely, while she stood upon the carpet of flowers in Hamburg; lonely, beyond all loneliness, even in company of the devoted friends whose affection she returned with ten-fold warmth—it needs, we say, but little effort to imagine the joy with which this lonely exile prepared to stand once more upon the boards of the theatre in which she had sung and acted as a child, to sing and act, in presence of a Swedish audience, in that same part of “*Norma*” which she had already impersonated upon those very boards no less than thirty times, and in which she had in the meantime excited the wonder and admiration of the most critically exacting nation in Europe.

Such joy as that is not to be described in words, and we must perforce leave it to the reader’s imagination to paint the pleasant picture—bearing in mind, however, that it was distinctly a double

one. The Swedes were as glad to welcome home their great national artist as she was to return to them—as proud of her as she was of her country. And not without good cause ! She had left Stockholm, the idol of Sweden ; she returned to it, the idol of northern Europe. This great fact, which might have been anticipated from very early times, was made more and more clearly apparent, as each successive capital expressed its opinion ; and, by the time of which we are now treating, there could be no reasonable doubt as to its ultimate acceptation. The Swedes did not doubt it, at any rate ; and all Stockholm went forth to greet the national heroine, with songs of joy and gladness.

“ Jenny Lind’s return to Sweden caused general delight and jubilation,” says Fröken Marie von Stedingk, “ and the first reception was a very cordial one. The steam-boat, with the celebrated artist on board—our ‘ Northern Nightingale ’—did not arrive until midnight ; but, notwithstanding this, the port and neighbouring streets were so packed that I could only with difficulty find a tiny corner for myself and maid on a ship close by.

“ A rocket gave the signal for the liveliest shouts of delight, and a boat went out to meet the steam-ship with the most beautiful music on board.

“ When the crowd began to disperse I was able to get home safely, but without having caught so much as a glimpse of Jenny Lind, who probably went straight to her home as quickly as possible. Her stay at Berlin, and her progress through Germany, had been a long succession of triumphs, and her modesty and great eminence combined had won friends for her everywhere.”

It was the old, old story. Wildest excitement on the one side—feverish yearning for retirement on the other. It was the quiet of home that the wanderer longed for—not the shouts of the admiring multitude.

During the course of this short visit to Stockholm, she sang eighteen times : twice in *Norma*, twice in *Der Freischütz*, three times in *La Sonnambula*, twice in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, once in Rossini’s *Il Turco in Italia*, and eight times in Donizetti’s *La Figlia del Reggimento*.

One circumstance connected with the last-named Opera, in which she appeared for the first time on June 9, we must not omit to notice, though its interest is entirely centred in Stockholm.

The reader will not have forgotten the "historic fanfare" mentioned in our account of the little Jenny's childhood, how delighted she had been when she heard the soldiers playing it in the street, or how cleverly she had afterwards imitated it on the little old family pianoforte. Military music had always delighted her, and the sight of a regiment of soldiers gave her scarcely less pleasure in after life than it had done in her infancy. *La Figlia del Reggimento* had therefore a special charm for her, quite apart from its claim for consideration as a work of Art, and she threw so much spirit into her interpretation of the part of the little *vivandière* that the Swedish soldiers were wild with enthusiasm about it. In a letter to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, dated "Stockholm, June 26, 1845," she describes her eighth and last performance of the part, on the previous evening, as a veritable military triumph :—

"I am free," she says, "and I mean to rest myself right well.

"Yesterday, the performance of *Die Tochter des Regiments* was given entirely for officers and soldiers. The King had invited them all, and I was never so much amused in my life. All was cheerful and good-humoured. The soldiers laughed awfully, and applauded me so furiously that I really felt quite sorry for their hands. All was enthusiasm, and it all looked splendid. The whole house was filled with uniforms. It was beautiful indeed !

"This evening I am going to sup with my beloved widowed Queen—to my unspeakable pleasure, for she is so very gracious to me."

Yes, "beautiful indeed !" The mischievous little *vivandière* was evidently as much delighted with the gallant warriors who applauded her so furiously as they were with her. What a treat the performance must have been ! and how the King must have enjoyed it !

It was a happy time, and the return to home-life and home-scenery inexpressibly refreshing. The first part of the visit was indeed too much occupied with professional engagements to deserve the character of a holiday ; but after the performances at the Opera were over she spent a few weeks in pleasant retirement at the country-home of her friends, Herr and Madame von Koch, of whom mention has already been made in previous chapters. The eventful episode was however broken in upon, for the second

time within the space of little more twelve months, by a Royal summons—this time requiring her presence at the Court of Prussia.

King Frederick William IV. was preparing to entertain Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, first at Brühl, and afterwards at Schloss Stolzenfels, the restored castle on the banks of the Rhine ; and it was his wish that Mdle. Lind should add to the interest of the festivities by singing to his Royal guests.

When the time of departure drew near she received some touching marks of affection and esteem.

“The Queen Dowager,” says Fröken Marie von Stedingk, “was exceedingly friendly to her, and gave a little *soirée* to which the Royal Family alone were invited, and at which Jenny sang some operatic airs splendidly to a pianoforte accompaniment. I prefer, however, to hear her on the stage.

“Before going to the Queen Dowager she came to tea with me, in company with the two maids of honour, Lotten Mörner and Lotten Skjöldebrand ; and we spent together an hour that seemed too short to all of us.

“After this I went to see her several times ; my last visit being paid for the purpose of taking her a bracelet sent by the Queen Dowager.”

CHAPTER VIII.

IN PRESENCE OF THE QUEEN.

THE month of August, 1845, witnessed festivities of unusual interest on the banks of the Rhine.

On Saturday evening, Aug. 9, the Queen and Prince Consort started down the river from Woolwich in the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*; and, escorted by the *Black Eagle* and the *Porcupine*, arrived at Antwerp on Sunday evening, *en route* for Brühl, in response to an invitation from King Frederick William IV. and the Queen of Prussia.

The occasion was especially interesting, as this was the first time that the Queen of England had visited the Continent since her accession to the throne, and the highest legal authorities were somewhat cruelly exercised as to the constitutional etiquette of the proceeding. In this case, however, fact overpowered theory, and on Monday evening the Royal party was received at Brühl by the King and Queen of Prussia, and entertained with a grand military concert in the brilliantly illuminated courtyard of the Palace, where seven hundred performers officiated, beginning the programme with *God save the Queen* and ending with *Rule Britannia*, supplemented by the famous Prussian "*tattoo*"—a kind of quick march, for drums and fifes, composed about the year 1720, during the reign of King Frederick the Great.

Her Majesty's visit was designedly coincident with the inauguration of the bronze statue erected in honour of Beethoven, which was to take place at Bonn on the following day. Accordingly, at one o'clock on Tuesday, Aug. 12, the monument was unveiled, amidst the firing of cannon, the flourish of trumpets, and the shouts of the multitudes gathered together from every quarter, not only of Germany, but of every other music-loving nation in Europe, and in the presence, not only of the Royal Families of England and Prussia, but of more Royal and Princely

lovers of Art than we have space to mention. And Mdlle. Lind was also invited—not to the festival, but to sing privately to King Frederick William's Royal and distinguished guests at Brühl and the restored old feudal fortress of Stolzenfels on the Rhine.

Herr Heinrich Brockhaus, of Leipzig, who, it will be remembered, had visited Berlin in the month of March, makes the following entry in his Diary for Aug. 7 :—

“(1845. Leipzig, Aug. 7.) Eduard's birthday was celebrated in quite an exceptional way ; namely, by the presence of Jenny Lind.

“She had begged us to take post-tickets for her to Frankfort on the Main, as she had been summoned by the King of Prussia to Stolzenfels, on the Rhine, where Queen Victoria is to be received with great splendour ; and I took this opportunity of inviting her to spend with us the few hours between her arrival and departure.

“I met her at the station, and she seemed pleased with my invitation. Her Swedish companion, who speaks but little German and no French, and Herr Berg, who, I believe, was her first teacher, came with her, and we spent a few hours very pleasantly together.

“She is still in every respect the dear, sensitive, modest girl whom I learned to know in the spring ; and it seems as if the usual consequences of the excitement and jubilation that she everywhere creates pass over her. Art is, to her, a veritable religion, of which she is, herself, a pure and chaste priestess. I have known but few womanly natures that have made so wholly favourable an impression upon me as that of Jenny Lind.

“We accompanied the travellers to the post-carriage, and our farewell was a very hearty one indeed.”

A touching little episode connected with the journey is told in a letter written to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer from Frankfort, and dated Aug. 10, 1845 :—

“I have not much to say ; since, as I told you, we spent most of our time in the *diligence*. But I had one sorrow.

“When we left Leipzig the conductor took with him a little dog—a Spitz—as they are always obliged to do, for the protection of the luggage. The little dog was engaging, and every time we came to a station I kissed him, but soon afterwards the poor little animal fell under the wheels, and was run over. Ah ! it made me so unhappy.”

The English correspondents of the various London journals, while giving detailed accounts of the "Beethoven Festival" at Bonn, were, of course, necessarily silent on the subject of the private performances at Court; but the late Mrs. Grote, in her unpublished 'Memoir of the Life of Jenny Lind,' from which we have already made more than one valuable quotation, gives the following account of the circumstances :—

"The Queen and Prince and their suite having arrived at the Château of Brühl—not far from Bonn—Mademoiselle Lind was invited thither, and took part in the musical entertainment offered by the Royal host to his guests.

"An English nobleman *—then Lord Steward of the Household—who attended the Queen to Brühl, and who related to me not long afterwards all that passed there, said that the expectations raised in the Royal minds by the reports current in Germany respecting Jenny Lind's singing were very high indeed. He himself—an amateur of great experience, and familiarly acquainted with the stage and its votaries all his life—was rather disposed to be prepared for a disappointment. King Leopold of Belgium, who was of the party at Brühl, and aware of My lord Liverpool's scepticism, smilingly said to him, 'I expect, that you will be satisfied, when you have heard the Lind; she is something extraordinary.'

"Whilst 'the Lind' was singing her first air, King Leopold amused himself by watching the effect produced upon his English friend; and it was not long before Lord Liverpool, turning his head round, made a gesture sufficiently expressive to satisfy the King that he surrendered.

"'It was,' said Lord Liverpool, 'a combination of style, vocal skill, and quality of voice, which absolutely took one by storm.'

"The Queen and Prince Albert were, both of them, enchanted with the treat provided for them; insomuch that the King of Prussia pressed Jenny to favour him with a farther visit, at Stolzenfels, another schloss belonging to him, near Coblenz. Again Jenny obeyed the Royal mandate, and again Lord Liverpool was captivated by her incomparable powers, as were indeed the whole courtly circle there assembled.

"The Queen of England paid her the most cordial compliments, expressing a 'hope of seeing her, one day, in England.'

"Jenny was very much pleased with the whole week's excursion; and being afterwards at liberty to follow her own bent, she accepted an engagement to perform a couple of nights in Frank-

* The late Lord Liverpool.

fort, where the utmost impatience was felt to see and judge one who was beginning to make so strong a sensation among the whole musical world."

After the departure of the Royal party from Stolzenfels, Mdle. Lind descended the Rhine again as far as Cologne, where, on Aug. 26, she was serenaded by the company of the theatre, who presented her with a poem beginning, '*Wohl beherrscht Gesang die Geister!*' beautifully printed on a white satin fillet, and addressed to her by "Die Mitglieder des Kölner Stadttheaters, Köln, den 26 August, 1845."

On the following day she bade farewell to the Rhine Provinces, and started on her journey to Frankfort, where she was announced to appear, in *Norma*, on the 29th.

It was during this visit to Frankfort that Mdle. Lind first actually met Mr. and Mrs. Grote, of whom she had frequently heard, through Madame von Koch, and Mr. Edward Lewin; and the acquaintance thus formed soon ripened into closer intimacy. Mrs. Grote offered to do all that lay in her power, when she returned to England, to induce Mr. Bunn to rescind his contract, though she did not expect to obtain this eminently desirable result without to a certain extent indemnifying the manager for his disappointment—a condition to which Mdle. Lind readily agreed, "adding," says her friend, "that she would ratify any terms which I should deem it desirable to arrange, in the way of *débit*, or 'smart-money' as the old phrase used to be."

Before leaving Frankfort, on her return to England, Mrs. Grote held another confidential communication with her, which she thus describes in the MS. sketch already quoted :—

"Among the things Jenny said to me during those two days," she writes, "one was, that her earnest desire was to have done with the Stage, and to retire into private life as speedily as was consistent with pecuniary independence.

"I manifested some surprise at hearing her speak of her profession with such dislike. She went on to say that it was the Theatre, and the sort of *entourage* it involved, that was distasteful to her: that at the Opera she was liable to be continually intruded upon by curious idlers and exposed to many indescribable *ennuis*: that the combined fatigue of acting and singing was exhausting: that the exposure to cold *coulisses*, after exertions on the stage in a heated atmosphere, was trying to the chest: the labour of

rehearsals, tiresome to a degree : and that, altogether, she longed for the time to arrive when she would be rich enough to do without the Theatre—adding, ‘My wants are few—my tastes simple—a small income would content me.’ She would sing occasionally, she said, both for charity and for her friends, as well as for the undying love she felt for the musical Art ; but not act, if she could help it.

“I mention this to prove how consistent her language was all through the subsequent phases of her artist-life. I must also say that her modesty and distrust of her own powers, at this period, showed me that she cherished a lofty standard of ideal excellence, and was far from thinking herself what every one who heard her thought her—a singer of the highest order.”

This however was certainly the opinion of the inhabitants of Frankfort, whose enthusiasm was scarcely less remarkable than that of the audience at Berlin.

The engagement at Frankfort was for nine nights, from Aug. 29 to Sept. 15, and included three performances of *Norma*, four of *La Sonnambula*, one of *Der Freischütz*, and one of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The ‘Frankfort’ correspondent of one of the leading London journals thus speaks of her reception :—

“Jenny Lind has a voice of extraordinary compass, the only defect in which is a deficiency of volume in the medium register. Her upper notes are delicious, as clear as a bell ; and she warbles with the facility of a nightingale. Her execution is of the most brilliant kind, and nothing can approach the exquisite propriety and aptness of her *cadenzas*. They always come in at the right moment : she never sacrifices sense to sound. Her simplicity of style is, indeed, most rigid ; but this charming naturalness it is which goes so home to the hearts of her hearers. Her shake is perfect—truly marvellous—proving that she must have an intuitive knowledge of her Art as well as the best culture. Her style is full of impulse ; or, as the French call it, *abandon*. In the absence of all stage-trickery or conventionalism may be distinguished the child of genius. Her opening *Cavatina*, in the presence of Amina’s friends, and her *finale*, were contrasted with the highest skill. In the first was the modest subdued expression of joy—in the last, the triumphant outbreak of rapture at being restored to Elvino. The untiring energy of this last vocal display, after two encores, electrified the band as well as the audience. Never shall we forget the amazement of the conductor, Professor Guhr, a first-rate musician. Throwing away his *bâton*, after the

exhibition of this wondrous power on the part of Jenny Lind, he clapped his hands furiously over the stage-lamps."

It was about this time that a proposal was sent from Vienna, by Herr Pokorny, the lessee of the Theater an der Wien, for some performances at that famous Opera-House during the coming winter. It was a great opportunity, but the idea was not at all pleasing to Mdlle. Lind, who thus wrote about it to her friend, Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, through whom the engagement had been offered to her :—

"Frankfurt-am-Main,
"4 Sept. 1845.

"DEAR GOOD MOTHER BIRCH,

"What do you think of me, and my obstinacy? For Heaven's sake do not be angry!—only let me tell you honestly all about it, and then you will quite certainly be—more angry than ever!

"Everything goes splendidly with me, and even better than that! and yet I have such anxiety about Vienna that I scarcely believe I shall dare to go there. They have such excellent singers in Vienna; and what can I do there? And, besides that, I gain just as much money by the journeys I am now making—though Vienna is the chief thing, on account of the renown.

"I have had the privilege of speaking to the Prince and Princess Metternich, here in Frankfort, at Baron Rothschild's, and they have both advised me to go to Vienna. And yet—only think!—what if I lose my whole reputation! If I do not please! And this anxiety grows so much upon me! And all through next winter the thought of my first appearance in Vienna will follow me like an evil spirit. Ah, yes! I am very much to be pitied!

"Tell Herr Pokorny that I am very grateful to him for the offered half-receipts and quite satisfied on the score of money; but—that he must engage some other singer; for he cannot reckon on me, as I cannot accept the engagement, and cannot believe that I should be able to carry it out in Vienna. Break it off, good mother. It is too much for me. This terrible nervousness destroys everything for me. I sing far less well than I should, if it were not for this enemy. I cannot understand how it is that everything goes so well with me. People all take me by the hand. But all this helps nothing! Herr Pokorny would not be very well pleased, for instance, if I were to sing there once only and, that once, fail. For the money he offers me he can get singers anywhere who are not so difficult to satisfy as I am,

and who, at least, wish for something, while I wish for nothing at all !

“ To-morrow (*La Sonnambula*) the Queen of England is coming to the Theatre, and the King and Queen of Bavaria, and all the royalties of Darmstadt ; that is what they believe here—but I do not ! Is not that lovely ? ” *

The picture is not a cheerful one. But we shall hear more of Vienna later on.

* See foot-note on p. 143.

CHAPTER IX.

WITH THE DANES.

THE short visit to Frankfort had been a genuine success, but a far more brilliant one was at hand.

After singing two nights at Darmstadt, at raised prices, and to crowded houses, Mdle. Lind prepared to renew her acquaintance with the kindred spirits with whom she had entered into so close an intellectual communion in the autumn of the year 1843.

With the delights of her first visit still green in their memory, the grateful and appreciative Danes went forth to meet her with demonstrations of enthusiastic welcome.

For the moment their hopes were held in abeyance, under the circumstances narrated in the following communication, addressed by Herr Schoeltz von Schröder, the Prussian Envoy at Copenhagen, to His Excellency Graf von Redern, in charge of the Hofmusik at Berlin :—

“YOUR EXCELLENCY,

“The fêted heroine of the day, Mdle. Jenny Lind, was expected here yesterday by the steam-packet said to be arriving from Hamburg. Expectant worshippers without number were assembled on the strand; there was no lack of wreaths and flowers; the poet Andersen had prepared a beautiful ‘Welcome’—but, alas! all fell through; and instead of the Singer came an apologetic letter, which destroyed all hope of seeing her here.

“&c., &c., &c.,

“SCHOELTZ VON SCHRÖDER.

“Copenhagen, September 25, 1845.”

“Destroyed all hope”—the writer should have said—“for that particular day;” for she was positively announced to appear, three days afterwards, and arrived in ample time to fulfil her engagement. Her appearances were necessarily few in

number, for her time was limited, and on one of the appointed nights the theatre was unavoidably closed, on account of her indisposition. But her stay was sufficiently prolonged to create a profound and lasting impression among all classes of society.

She sang three times in *Norma*, twice in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and also at a concert given on Oct. 10 at the Court Theatre, in the palace at Christiansborg, in aid of the Association for the Rescue of Neglected Children.

So great was the success of this charitable entertainment that, on the following day, the governors of the Association sent her the following gratifying address :—

“MADEMOISELLE,

“During the years that the under-mentioned Association has carried on its work, the object of which is the prevention of crime through the education of children in need of moral training, the aid received from private persons has never represented a richer contribution than that for which the Association begs permission to express to you its heartfelt thanks.

“By using the rare talents you possess in such abundance for the benefit of the Association, at last night’s performance at the Court Theatre, you have procured for it an income which will render possible a considerable development of its means of doing good.

“On leaving Denmark you will take with you the pleasant consciousness of having rescued, from dens of vice, many a child, who now, through your active charity, will be brought up to a useful and virtuous life, the blessings of which will follow you wherever you go.”

(*Here follows a long list of signatures.*)

“Association for the Rescue of Neglected Children,

“October 11, 1845.

“*To Fröken Jenny Lind.*”

Truly, this was a worthy beginning of the work which afterwards reached so noble a consummation at Brompton, at Norwich, and Manchester, and now evokes a blessing from the lips of every loyal and patriotic Swede in Stockholm itself.

Mdlle. Lind—though she caught a serious cold—was delighted, not only with her reception by the Danish public, but by the hearty and able co-operation of the artists with whom she was

associated in her arduous duties. Writing to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, on Oct. 14, she says :—

“ Ah ! people are here more than ordinarily kind to me. The ladies of the chorus have decorated my room so beautifully ; and the whole orchestra and chorus have been so friendly. On my birthday they brought me a *Vivat* ! and a serenade. Ah, yes ! I am quite at home here !

“ But the weather has been frightfully bad ; so stormy that, up to this time, I have not dared to venture upon a voyage by sea, for several ships have been lost. However, as I am giving concerts here to four thousand people—for they have so large a room—I have stayed on a few days longer. But—alas !—I have caught a horrible cold ; had to put off the performance the day before yesterday ; and feel myself so much knocked up that I can only sing in my farewell concert, and dare not risk any more singing this month, if I wish to preserve my voice ; and, as I shall have to use that voice for another year, I have been obliged to write to Hanover, Bremen, Cassel, and Leipzig, to say that I cannot come—to my very great regret, for nothing in the world grieves me so much as not being able to keep my promise.

“ It was particularly unfortunate with regard to Hanover, as the King had evidently looked forward to it. I have promised to go there as soon as my engagement in Berlin expires, and my *répertoire* will then be more extensive. But it would really not have been right of me to sing any more now, as I must so soon be in Berlin ; for, as you know, Mother, I need all my strength there.”

But, the remembrance of the artistic tone which had made her visit to Copenhagen so thoroughly enjoyable, remained long after the cold, and the loss of voice, and the stormy weather, had been forgotten. Many years afterwards she wrote to Madame Bournonville :—

“ I shall never forget the joy with which I sang at Copenhagen ; for never since have I found more cultivated artists anywhere.”

It was a happy time, in spite of the threatened loss of voice ; but it owed its brightest charm far less to the applause of a genuinely appreciative public than to the atmosphere of poetry and high intellectual culture with which the young priestess of Art found herself surrounded on every side. Thorwaldsen,

whom she had known on her first visit to Copenhagen, had died in the previous year; but her "brother," Hans Christian Andersen—as she delighted to call him, in obedience to the homely Scandinavian custom—was there to greet her with the 'Welcome' mentioned in the letter of Herr Schoeltz von Schröder. Ehlenschläger wrote a poem also, and Geheimrath Jonas Collin. Music was represented by Niels W. Gade, the friend of Mendelssohn and Schumann, and the composer of *Comala*, *Im Hochlande*, and many other works of undoubted merit.

The two visits to Copenhagen seem to have made a deep impression upon the mind of Hans Christian Andersen, for not only did he celebrate them in verse, but in the autobiographical sketch entitled '*Das Märchen meines Lebens*,' he speaks of them at considerable length and in a very enthusiastic tone indeed.

"The youthfully-fresh voice," he says, "forced itself into every heart. Here reigned Truth and Nature. Everything was full of meaning and intelligence.

"'Yes, yes,' said she, 'I will exert myself; I will endeavour; I will be better qualified, when I come to Copenhagen again, than I now am.'

"'There will not be born, in a whole century, another being so gifted as she,' said Mendelssohn, in speaking to me of Jenny Lind; and his words expressed my own full conviction.

"There is nothing which can dwarf the impression made by Jenny Lind's greatness on the stage except her own personal character at home. An intelligent and childlike disposition here exercises its astonishing power. She is happy—belonging, as it were, no longer to the world. A peaceful quiet home is the object of her thoughts; yet she loves Art with her whole soul, and feels her vocation in it. A noble, pious disposition like hers cannot be spoiled by homage. On one occasion only did I hear her express her joy in her talent and in her sense of power. It was during her last visit to Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared, either in Opera or at concerts. Every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society the object of which was to assist unfortunate children and to take them out of the hands of their parents by whom they were ill-treated, and compelled either to beg or steal, and to place them in other and better conditions. Benevolent people subscribed annually a small sum each for their support; nevertheless, the means for this excellent purpose were small.

“‘But have I not still a disengaged evening?’ said she. ‘Let me give a performance for the benefit of these poor children, and we will have doubled prices.’”

“The performance was given, and its proceeds were large. When she was told of this, and that by this means a large number of poor children would be benefited for several years, her countenance beamed and her eyes were filled with tears.

“‘Is it not beautiful,’ she said, ‘that I can sing so?’”

“I feel towards her as a brother, and I think myself happy that I can know, and understand, such a spirit. God give to her that peace, that quiet and happiness, that she desires for herself.

“Through Jenny Lind I first became sensible of the holiness of Art. Through her I learned that one must forget one’s self in the service of the Supreme. No books, no men, have had a more ennobling influence upon me as a poet than Jenny Lind; and therefore have I spoken of her so fully and warmly.”*

“She is happy,” says the Danish poet, “belonging, as it were, no longer to the world.” Yet even then the world intruded itself into the happiness of the moment, however little the “sensitive young girl” belonged to it. The nest of the “Swedish Nightingale” was overshadowed—or, at least, seemed to her to be so—by a “sable cloud,” which obstinately refused to “turn forth its silver lining on the night.”

Not even her intercourse with the master-minds, in communion with whom she spent so many pleasant hours during her second visit to Copenhagen, could free Mdle. Lind from the nightmare of her dreadful London engagement. The remembrance of it haunted her everywhere, and in the midst of her brightest triumphs, oppressed her sensitive and unsophisticated nature with a quite unreasonable terror, which, as time wore on, sensibly undermined her health, and caused her a world of unhappiness.

On Oct. 14 she wrote to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, in a letter which has already been partly quoted in an earlier chapter:—

“What do you say to Mr. Bunn, who has lately announced that I must make my *début* at Drury Lane on the 19th of October!! otherwise I shall have shamefully broken my contract? Ah! ah! mother! More foul weather is in store! But he can do me no harm, for I shall never in my life go to London.

* ‘Das Märchen meines Lebens,’ von H. C. Andersen (Leipzig, 1880).

And—is it true?—have I dreamed it?—or was not the contract signed with my name only, and his name not appended to it? Was it not so? I do not know where that horrid thing (the contract) is. Is it with you? or is it in Sweden? In either case, give me comfort! Dear mother, give me comfort, and write to me once more before I return to Berlin, as I shall stay a few days in Altona with Madame Arnemann.”

Strange as it may seem, this suspicion as to the omission of Mr. Bunn’s signature was found to be perfectly justified. Why the manager did not append his own name to a document so important it is difficult to understand; but he certainly did not append it—at least to the copy left in Mdle. Lind’s possession—as we learn from another letter written by her to the same lady, from Nienstädten, on Oct. 28, 1845:—

“I have, only to-day, found the English contract: and I was quite right—the name of Mr. Bunn is wanting, and therefore, I am told, the contract is not valid. Altogether, since I received the letter from my good mother, I have been much easier; and I am easier still now, in every way, than I was. And for that I have to thank my firm determination to leave the stage. *Mon Dieu!* This happiness will be too much for me.”

While Mdle. Lind’s mind was thus agitated by mingled hope and fear, Mrs. Grote was doing her best to remove the difficulty, by persuading Mr. Bunn to cancel the unhappy “contract,” upon payment of £500, as forfeit money. But, in the meantime, the most unfounded rumours were spread on every side. It is doubtful whether Mr. Bunn, even now, gave up all hope of securing his prize. One section of the English public, at any rate, did not give up all hope of hearing the coveted *prima donna* at Drury Lane, while another felt equally certain of enjoying that pleasure at Her Majesty’s Theatre. For the idea that Mdle. Lind contemplated the acceptance of an engagement at the last-named house—which, at that period, she most certainly did not—was mentioned everywhere—and, of course, after the manner of reports in general, and utterly unfounded ones in particular, it was mentioned with the assurance that it was absolutely and most incontrovertibly true. Each repetition was based on “certain private intelligence” which no one but the narrator possessed; and in process of time the story

was told so well that no one dreamed of questioning its veracity. In all probability it first found utterance in the mysterious *on dit* of some imaginative journalist. But it is quite possible that it may have obtained increased consistency from the fact that, in the hope of doing the best she could for her friend, Mrs. Grote asked advice on the subject from Mr. Lumley—who was her great friend also. If—as is more than probable—Mr. Bunn discovered this, the step between giving advice concerning one engagement and proposing another one in its place would have seemed to him so microscopically small that, although Mr. Lumley did not really propose an engagement for Her Majesty's Theatre until long after this, it would have been difficult to convince the manager of Drury Lane that no sort of intrigue had ever been introduced into the business. For intrigue is the natural atmosphere of the Theatre, in England, as on the Continent; and in this case Mdlle. Lind, who was ignorant of its simplest rudiments, was accused of being its instigator when she was in reality its victim. It was her ignorance of the machinations to which the Stage is chronically subject that caused her so much needless anxiety. She did not know that Mr. Bunn's threats were absolutely nugatory; that damages could no more be claimed from her in Berlin than they could be claimed, at this present moment, in Paris, from a French composer against whom they had been awarded in England: that she was as safe in Prussia as if the contract had never been signed.

She was as inexperienced in all such matters as a child. Had she been less so she would never have written an unfortunate letter—dated, "Copenhagen, Oct. 18, 1845"—in which she entreated Mr. Bunn, "as a favour," not to consider her signature "as a contract," but, "to be generous enough to disengage" her "from an unconsidered promise." But she had a reason for this which, at the time, seemed to her imperative. She never spoke of it to Mrs. Grote; but, in a subsequent conversation with Mr. Grote, she said that she did not at that time possess £500 in the world. Mr. Bunn taunted her with the "enormous salary" she had "accepted at Berlin," yet she assured Mr. Grote that, up to the moment of her engagement at Frankfort, her earnings had been entirely absorbed by her expenses—including, be it fully understood, the maintenance of her parents, and her munificent gifts

to Herr Josephson and others—and that consequently she was “in absolute want of pecuniary means to fulfil the conditions proposed.” *

This, then, was the state of affairs when, in the last week of October, 1845, she took leave of her friends at Copenhagen, and returned to Berlin to fulfil her renewed engagement at the famous Opera-House.

* From Mrs. Grote's MS. Memoir.

CHAPTER X.

THE RETURN TO BERLIN.

THE entries in an album kept by Mdle. Lind at Copenhagen extend to Oct. 22, 1845. On the 23rd, or 24th, she quitted Denmark and went to stay with her friend Consul Arnemann, and his wife and family, at Nienstädten, near Altona; and on the 28th she wrote from thence to Madame Wichmann, the wife of the sculptor, at whose house—No. 1, in the Hasenheger (now the Feilner) Strasse—she had been invited to spend the coming winter at Berlin.

The letter, written in French, and the first of a long and interesting series from which we shall have frequent occasion to quote, ran thus:—

“Nienstädten bei Altona, 28 Oct. 1845.

“DEAR AND AMIABLE MADAME WICHMANN,

“I am very grateful for the kind letter which I had the honour to receive from you, and more enchanted still to find that you retain for me the kindly feeling which makes me so pleased and happy.

“I have been unwell for some time. I caught cold at Copenhagen, and was therefore unable to go either to Hanover or to Bremen or anywhere else. It is because of this indisposition that I am now staying with a very good friend, Madame Arnemann, near the town of Altona, where I am getting quite well, and resting myself.

“But in the meantime it is necessary that I should start for Berlin, and it is for this reason, dear Madame, that I take the liberty of informing you that I leave this place to-morrow morning—or on the 30th; and I expect to be in Berlin on the 31st.

“I go from here to Zelle, and from thence I hope to reach Berlin, by railway, in a day. To-day is Monday, and on Friday I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again.

“It will be very nice to have my maid there. I only feared, Madame, on your account, that it would not be agreeable to you

to have so many strange faces about you. I hope to find you in good health, and your family also ; and, until then, good-bye, dear, good, and kind Madame Wichmann." *

The approaching winter season promised to be a brilliant one. Mdle. Lind took part in it for five months, from Nov. 9, 1845, to April 2, 1846, during which period she sang twenty-eight times, including her own benefit. As her second engagement was, like the first, for *Gastrollen* only, there exists among the archives of the Opera-House no written contract from which we might ascertain the amount of the *honorarium* she received. All we know is that on Saturday, Nov. 1, 1845, the play-bills, after announcing the first performance of Mendelssohn's *Œdipus in Colonus* in the theatre attached to the New Palace at Potsdam, added, in a footnote, that application for tickets for Mdle. Lind's first two operatic performances would be received on Monday, Nov. 3. On Nov. 4 the advertisement was repeated, and on the 5th appeared a notice to the effect that no more tickets for the first two performances remained unsold, though—as during so great a part of the former season—the prices were raised, to all parts of the house.

The series of *Gastrollen* began on Nov. 9 with *Norma*, which was repeated on the 13th ; and the journals of the day criticised these revivals with no less enthusiasm and no less minuteness in detail than they had imported into their notices of the original performances in 1844. The Berlin journal laid great stress on the fact that the artist had “learned nothing and forgotten nothing.” That she had passed through the fiery trial of a long succession of triumphs without once yielding to the temptations with which it is invariably associated, and had returned to Berlin bringing back her own lofty ideal in all its original purity. We will not, however, follow the critics in their prolonged analysis of works already fully discussed, but pass on, at once, to the *rôles* produced this season for the first time.

The first of these was Mozart's *Il Don Giovanni*—the greatest by far of his dramatic works—in which she appeared, for the first time in Berlin, in the character of “Donna Anna,” on Nov. 19, repeating the part on the 21st and 25th.

* This, and all other letters written by Mdle. Lind to Frau Professor Amalia Wichmann, are printed by the kind permission of one of Madame Wichmann's sons.

On the first occasion on which she undertook the part the performance derived an additional interest from the fact that it took place on the "name-day" of the Queen, in honour of which the Opera was mounted with new scenery of unusual splendour. All the artists engaged did good service to the general effect; and the "Zerlina" of Fräulein Tuczec received high praise at the hands of the critics. The performance, indeed, was an exceptionally fine one in every respect; and the Opera was given five times during the season with ever-increasing interest and raised prices of admission.

The next new Opera was Weber's *Der Freischütz*.

To give entire satisfaction to a German audience in this first and most famous of Romantic Operas is no easy matter. The work is so thoroughly German, so well known, so deservedly popular, and affords so many precious opportunities for the display of vocal and histrionic talent, that it is not to be wondered at that singers of other than German nationality approach it, on the national stage, with a certain amount of diffidence; nor can we feel surprised that, since the part of "Agathe" has been so often performed by native singers of the highest excellence, a German audience usually listens to its impersonation in a frame of mind severely critical and not inclined to be easily satisfied.

The Opera was first produced at the then newly-opened *Schauspielhaus* in Berlin, on June 18, 1821—the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo—which Weber looked upon as a lucky day. The first performance took place under unheard-of difficulties. Spontini, who then held the post of General Musical Director to King Frederick William III., was strongly prejudiced against it. None of Weber's previous Operas had really succeeded; and his friends trembled for the fate of this. At the last rehearsal, everything went wrong. Yet the work was received by the public with an enthusiasm which bordered upon frenzy, and ever since that eventful night it has kept its place on the German Lyric stage with undiminished success, and year after year it is received in every German Opera-House with a welcome as warm as that which greeted its first presentation years ago. The Germans seem, indeed, incapable of tiring of it; and at the Royal Opera-House in Berlin it is

more frequently performed than any other Opera, *Don Juan* alone excepted.

Mdlle. Lind first impersonated the part of "Agathe" at Berlin on Nov. 30, 1845; and on Dec. 2 the *Berlinische Zeitung* contained the following remarks on her performance :—

"It gives us more than ordinary pleasure to record that, through the performance of Jenny Lind, *Der Freischütz* has received a new impulse and a new birth. The whole organism of the work is enlivened with the beat of a stronger pulse. The singer began her performance in a modest tone. In the duet with 'Aennchen' she set before us the gentle homely element alone. In the grand *Aria*, later on, the most heart-felt love and the tenderest breath of maidenhood were blended together and hallowed, both of them, with sincerest piety. The singer was not contented with continuing her prayer so long only as it was indicated in the music : she retained it in her soul, that it might ring forth as a thank-offering even in the ecstasy of love that occupied her to the last moment. No singer has ever before adhered so closely, or with such warmth and clearness, to the religious tone with which Weber has coloured this entire scene. That it produced an outburst of stormiest applause, which was only with difficulty calmed down after it had long delayed the progress of the drama, was no more than the natural effect of so beautiful a performance.

"In the third act the performance was still happier. In some passages in the *Prayer* her voice seemed to float upwards, like a cloud of incense—a musical glamour with which no other singer has ever so enchanted us in this composition.

"We need scarcely say that at the close shouts and a call before the curtain resounded on every side, though after having been so deeply moved by truest Art such a conclusion to the performance is rarely pleasant."

If ever critic struck the right note in his analysis, Herr Rellstab struck it here. "So dear to her heart was the masterpiece *as a whole*," he says—and he says well. We know, from her own words, how dear it was to her. He found it out, from the manner of her performance. He did not know, as we do, the story of that memorable March 7, in 1838, when she made the famous discovery recorded in one of our earlier chapters—the discovery that she had within her the power of striking out an original conception, of forming an ideal of her own untinged

by the colouring of other artists, of identifying herself with a being of her own creation, of thinking its thoughts, of speaking its words, feeling its pains, its agonies of anxiety, its pangs of cruel torture, its suspense, its hopes, its consolations, its bursts of rapturous joy. He did not know that she had discovered this—but he saw the results of the discovery, and with the instinct of a true critic he traced them to their veritable source—saw that it was not for its two great songs, but *as a whole*, that the masterpiece was so dear to her—that she had created a real character to illustrate the composer's meaning in its entirety, and that in this character she thought, and wept, and smiled, and lived, and had her being. How could it have been otherwise? How could she, who loved all Nature with so true a love; she to whom forest, and tree, and stream, and mountain spoke with a voice so clear and sweetly intelligible that she had never once in her whole life misunderstood it; she to whom the voice of the birds was as familiar as her own; how could she have failed to identify herself with “Agathe,” the Forest Child? If she had actually lived in the hunting-lodge, instead of imagining that she lived there, would not every bird and beast and butterfly, every wild creature that haunted the surrounding forest, have made her its friend? She was herself a Forest Child; as true a Child of Nature as ever lived. And *Der Freischütz* was so dear to her, *as a whole*, because it is essentially the Opera of Nature. Strange as it may seem to say so, it is precisely through its marvellous truth to Nature that it reaches the supernatural. And all this ghastly conflict between the supernatural and the natural is—or ought to be, if rightly understood—inseparable from the part of “Agathe.” It forms the key-stone of the entire conception; and it is only when it is fully and frankly asserted that Weber's delightful heroine can appear upon the stage clothed in the ideal beauty with which he has surrounded her character.

And now, after having analysed in detail Mdlle. Lind's ideal interpretation of some of the greatest masterpieces of dramatic and musical Art, we may be allowed to withdraw our attention

for a moment from the Stage, with its turmoil and its enchantment ; the glamour of its poetry on the one side and the disappointment of its cold illusions on the other, its thunders of applause in front of the curtain and its heart-burning cabals and conflicts of bitter jealousy and mercenary self-interest behind it. We may leave, for awhile, this strange scene of mingled reality and deception, while we turn temporarily aside for the purpose of refreshing ourselves with some pictures of a different kind.

We have seen many instances of the calmness with which Mdle. Lind accepted the enthusiastic applause which was so freely lavished upon her. But it would be a great mistake to infer from this that she was insensible to, or ungrateful for, the admiration she excited. The secret of her outward calmness was that she accepted it, not for herself, but, in the name of the Art of which she herself was the most fervid worshipper in the crowd.

Her own state of feeling with regard to her position in Berlin at this particular period may be satisfactorily gathered from a letter written by her to Madame M. Ch. Erikson, an eminent Swedish actress, with whom she had long been on terms of intimacy, and who died, at the age of sixty-eight, in 1862.

“ Berlin, Nov. 24, 1845.

“ MY DEAR MADAME ERIKSON,

“ It was with the wildest pleasure and rejoicing that I had the honour of receiving your kind letter, and I cannot thank you enough for it.

“ I use no empty words when I say that my rejoicing was intense, for I had not forgotten that it was you who first guided my sensitive young mind towards higher aims, or that it was you who saw beneath the surface and fancied that you had discovered something, overlooked by others, behind those small grey insignificant eyes of mine.

“ How changed is everything now ! What a position I have now attained ! All the musical talent of Europe is, so to speak, at my feet. What great things has the Almighty vouchsafed to me ! It gives me real pain to lose the inexpressible satisfaction of submitting the progress I have made to the judgment of one who so well understood me before there was any one else who would even believe in my capacity to do anything at all—and that one so rare and gifted an artist as yourself !

"What a pity it is that we Swedes cannot get on in our own country ! No fame ! nothing ! nothing !

"What a celebrity you yourself ought to have become, with that grace of yours—that charm displayed in every movement when you are before the curtain ! What a sensation ought not that, in itself, to have produced ! for grace is scarce upon this earth.

"In seven months only I have succeeded in making my reputation here : and, after seven years at home, not a creature knew anything at all about me. At this present moment all the first engagements in the world are offered to me ! After seven months ! Is it not strange ?

"I have lately appeared in 'Donna Anna' ; and have every reason to be more than satisfied with the reception that was accorded to me. The Berlin public is terribly critical. But, this I like ; for, if I take pains, I am at least properly appreciated. They want to analyse my every gesture—every shade of expression. Indeed, one has to be careful : but this certainly tends to mental cultivation.

"I am going to sing in *Der Freischütz* and the *Die Vestalin* ; for Operas such as these win the greatest and most solid fame ; though such rôles are not to be lightly approached. And, moreover, I have to sustain no trifling comparisons ; for the moment I step forward I am measured with the Sontag-measure, or that of the greatest artists that Germany has produced.

"Perhaps you think that I have grown vain ? No. God shield me from that ! I know what I can do. I should be very stupid if I did not. But I know, equally well, what I cannot do.

"I have not yet quite made up my mind whether I go to Vienna in the spring or not. In the meantime, I wonder whether I may venture to tell you that, next autumn, I mean to return home quite quietly, and to settle down, caring nothing for the world. You will call this a crime. But please to reflect, just a little, how difficult it is to stand all this racing about—alone !—alone ! with the certainty of having to rely on my own judgment in everything, and yet so absorbed at the same in my rôles. Oh ! it is not easy. However, we will not talk of this just yet. Enough to say that connection with the Stage has no attraction for me—that my soul is yearning for rest from all these persistent compliments and this persistent adulation.

"And here I will finish ; assuring you of my sincere affection,

"And remain,

"Your grateful pupil,

"JENNY LIND."

It must be confessed that these remarks addressed to Madame Erikson accord very well with the expressions used by Mdlle. Lind when addressing Mrs. Grote on the same subject some two months before the foregoing letter was written.

But in any case, whether she then seriously contemplated an almost immediate retirement from the Stage, or only thought of it as a desirable and extremely probable contingency, she made the noblest use of the pecuniary advantages she derived from it.

CHAPTER XI.

AT THE GEWANDHAUS.

WE have spoken of Mdlle. Lind's offer to assist Herr Josephson in his project of carrying on his studies in Italy.

In the month of June, 1845, he wrote, at Vienna, in his Diary :—

“Through the care of Munthe, Jenny Lind's *homme d'affaires*, I have received a letter containing a cheque which guarantees my going to Italy. And now I am looking hopefully towards the south. May it prove of real use !”

Mdlle. Lind did not, however, write to him herself until the beginning of December, when she sent him the following letter :—

“You poor boy ! so far away in a strange country and for so dreadfully long a time, without having heard a word, directly, from your friend who is now writing to you, and who wishes you so well and has so faithfully retained her friendship for you !

“Dear good Jacob ! I cannot understand how it is possible that I have left you so long without a word. But I have been travelling again nearly the whole summer, and have really not been able to write.

“I have received your letters in due course, and hasten to answer the last. My money matters are not just now in my own hands, and as you need money only at the time of the new year, I write this to-day before sending it. But it is coming soon.

“And now I suppose I must tell you everything about myself. In the first place, I am splendidly well. I am enjoying myself very much. I am very glad and very grateful for the kind treatment we—that is, Louise and I—are receiving at Professor Wichmann's, and we find it very enjoyable there. Furthermore, my voice has grown twice as strong as it was—the middle register quite clear. My acting is something quite different,

with much more vivacity and passion; stout and broad-shouldered, and quite first-rate! If my success was great last year, it is now quite furious. I have appeared here as ‘Donna Anna,’ and succeeded well. Yesterday also I appeared, for the first time in Berlin, in *Der Freischütz*—and that also went well. Now guess what my next part will be? *Die Vestalin*. After that, ‘Alice’ and ‘Valentine.’ Tithatschek will probably be here at the new year. Meyerbeer is still in Paris, but is expected here soon. But, Jacob, Mendelssohn is here! I see him almost every day at the Wichmanns’. And he is quite an exceptional man. Dear! we are going, the day after to-morrow, to Leipzig. Now, at least, I shall sing at a Gewandhaus Concert under his direction!

“It is possible that I may go to Vienna next spring. True, I feel restrained by nervousness, but the engagement is a good one.

“Well! I am quite ready to believe that Italy must be beautiful. It would please me well to go there next spring, but I must first earn some money.”

It is touching to see the great Artist longing for the beauties of Italy, yet deferring the enjoyment of them until she could “earn some money,” while she was really enabling the young student to whom she wrote to prosecute his studies there with money she had previously earned.

It is touching, too, to see how her Artist-nature expands at the thought of a closer acquaintance with Mendelssohn—the composer whose genius was in closer sympathy with her own than that of any other musician then living,—and to mark how she revelled in the thought of singing to the accompaniment of the orchestra he conducted, well knowing beforehand the delight she would feel in being so perfectly and so effectually accompanied. None but a really great singer can fully understand the delight of singing to such an accompaniment, whether played by the orchestra or on the pianoforte, and in this case the vocalist was certainly not disappointed.

In a letter addressed to her guardian, Judge Munthe, on Jan. 12, 1846, Mdle. Lind writes:—

“Felix Mendelssohn comes sometimes to Berlin, and I have often been in his company. He is a *man*, and at the same time he has the most supreme talent. Thus should it be.”

The words are few, but weighty enough in their relation to the social history of Art; for, taken into consideration in connection with the expressions quoted in the preceding chapter from her letter to Herr Josephson, they give us direct indication of a friendship which, ripening with time, continued, with ever-increasing loyalty and warmth, until the moment at which the composer of *Elijah* entered into his rest, on Nov. 4, 1847; a friendship the full value of which can be understood by those only who enjoyed the inestimable privilege of friendly intercourse, though in ever so humble a degree, with that truly remarkable "*man*;" a friendship in which the world of Art itself was interested. For it is absolutely certain that these two artistic spirits exercised a notable influence over each other in all that concerned the Art they worshipped; insomuch that the *Elijah* itself owed something to Mendelssohn's familiarity with her ideal treatment of the voice, while her interpretation of his loveliest melodies was undoubtedly penetrated with the spirit he infused into the harmonies with which he accompanied her on the pianoforte.

Though residing at this time in Leipzig, Mendelssohn came occasionally to Berlin, and had evidently taken such opportunities as he could of renewing the acquaintance first formed on Oct. 21, 1844, at the house of Professor Wichmann. He was engaged, that winter, in conducting the famous Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, which were then universally acknowledged to be the finest in Europe. Under his all-powerful *bâton* they had met with unexampled success, and he eagerly seized this opportunity of persuading his friend to assist him in his noble work. The Intendant of the Opera-House seems to have granted the necessary leave of absence without difficulty, and on Dec. 3—the day following the second performance of *Der Freischütz*—the two great Artists proceeded together to Leipzig.

Though the dimensions of this quaint old town were greatly inferior, in 1845, to those of which it now boasts, it exercised a greater and far more healthy influence upon the development of Music than either Berlin or Vienna. The audience, at the Gewandhaus, though severely critical, was prone to bursts of genuine enthusiasm; and when the good burghers who dominated the society of the town heard of the treat that was in store for them, their excitement knew no bounds. Though the prices of admission were instantly raised from two-thirds of a thaler to one

thaler and a third—*i.e.* from two shillings to four—the tickets were all sold off at once, and their lucky possessors were able to command any price they liked to ask for them at second-hand. The “free list” was stopped, of course, and even the students of the Conservatorium,* who enjoyed prescriptive right of admission, were politely told that their prescriptive right would not be recognised on the evening of the eighth concert.

This arbitrary resumption of vested privileges provoked an “indignation meeting” at the rooms of one of the offended brotherhood, at which it was resolved that a firm but respectful protest should be addressed to the most active of the Directors—a gentleman of severe aspect, but not, it was hoped, of absolutely stony heart. The difficulty was, to find a mouse to bell the cat. A victim was, however, selected and sacrificed, and in the course of the day he reappeared before the adjourned conclave with a face which distinctly showed that he had been received with the gentle courtesy usually accorded by College dons to students too keenly alive to encroachments upon their privileges.†

The rush for tickets was, in fact, so great that, had the Saal des Gewandhauses been four times as large as it really was, it could have been filled over and over again. Through the kindness of Herr Julius Kistner, the well-known music publisher, the writer, maddened with the excitement of the moment, was fortunate enough to obtain a seat in the front row, close to the orchestra, between the places occupied by the heroic presenter of the protest and the late Mr. Joseph Ascher, another member of the “Indignation Committee.” The room was crowded to suffocation and the audience breathless with suspense.

Herr Heinrich Brockhaus, in his Diary, describes the events of the evening in terms which exactly correspond with our own recollection of them :—

“1845. Leipzig, Dec. 4. Jenny Lind has fulfilled the promise she made, in the summer, to sing at one of the subscription-concerts, to my great enjoyment and truly heartfelt pleasure.

“Luise ‡ wrote to Fräulein Lind to offer her our hospitality,

* Founded by Mendelssohn in 1843, and then flourishing exceedingly under his energetic personal superintendence.

† The “victim” was Herr Otto Goldschmidt.

‡ Frau Friedrich Brockhaus, *née* Wagner; a sister of Richard Wagner.

so I am actually living under the same roof with our charming visitor.

“The expectations of the Leipzigers—who pride themselves somewhat on their musical taste and are sometimes a little hypercritical—were raised very high indeed ; but the first air, from *Norma*, at once won everything for the Singer, and the enthusiasm rose higher and higher through a duet with Miss Dolby from *Romeo and Juliet*, through a recitative and air from *Don Juan*, and, finally, through some songs by Mendelssohn and some Swedish national airs, to a quite extraordinary pitch.

“And with good reason.

“She is a most extraordinary singer : a musical nature through and through ; in full command of the most beautiful means ; and, besides that, so penetrated and spiritualised with the singing of everything which she renders, that a song sung by her goes straight to the heart.

“Soul and expression, so intimately associated with so beautiful a voice and so perfect a method, will never be met with again ; the appearance of Fräulein Lind is, therefore, truly unique.

“And with all that, what noble and beautiful simplicity pervades her whole being ! free from all fictitious coquetry, though, all the same, she takes delight in the effect she produces. One can only wonder, and love her. And this affectionate appreciation of her is universal—the same with young and old, with men and with women. And again, there is something so thorough and consistent ; a noble and beautiful nature ; a manifestation of the genius of the noblest womanhood and the highest art.

“Who can sing either German or Italian music as she does ? Who is so great a mistress of National Song as she ? In the case of other singers people are often influenced by a critique, and astuteness prides itself upon the discovery of some weak point. With Fräulein Lind one rejoices one’s self at her success, and feels with her until the applause bursts forth.” *

Instead of following up her success by giving a “benefit” on her own account, and filling the room to suffocation, as she might easily have done at any prices she liked to demand, she announced her intention of singing, the next night, at the concert which she determined to give in aid of the *Orchester-Wittwen-Fond*—an institution for the maintenance of the widows of deceased members of the Gewandhaus Orchestra.

* From the *Tagebücher von Heinrich Brockhaus*. (Leipzig, 1884.) Privately printed, for friends only.

Herr Heinrich Brockhaus has included a minute description of this Concert also in his published Diary ; but the account given in the unpublished note-book of his youthful son, Edouard, is so charmingly unaffected and natural, that we insert it in preference to the more mature remarks of the elder gentleman.

“On Friday, Dec. 5, the Lind was to sing at a concert for the *Orchester-Wittwen-Fond*. Every one was delighted, but I most of all, as I hoped that I also might get a chance of hearing her ; and, luckily, at dinner-time, mother gave me a ticket, which I kept in my hand all the afternoon, for fear of losing it. Tickets were very rare just then, and, though they only cost 1 Rthl., 10 Ngr., I know that some were sold for 3 Rthl., and even 5 Rthl. The concert was to begin at half-past six o'clock, and I was at the Gewandhaus by half-past five ; it took me, however a good quarter of an hour to get up the few steps leading to the hall. For the steps were crammed with people, including many ladies, and there was scarcely room to stand, much less to turn round. So we moved slowly forwards, and thought ourselves lucky when we mounted a single step. The hall was soon so full that not another creature could be squeezed in, and many had to stand the whole evening in the little room where the *buffet* is ; but, luckily, I got a seat in the third row in the gallery, where I could see and hear everything.

“The Lind first sang the scena and air from *Figaro*, and I can really find no adequate expression to apply to her singing. The power of the voice, even in the highest notes, the feeling, when she sang *pianissimo*, and, above all, the perfection of her execution, cannot be described in words. The shake, and all the finer *nuances*, sounded so perfectly natural, and she sang with such life and expression, that she had to hold back continually, to keep herself from acting. And the people seemed as if they would never leave off applauding.

“In the second part she sang the well-known scene and air from *Der Freischütz*, and here again, from every gesture, one could see that it was as much as ever she could do to hold herself in check so as not to act it. And the expression she gave to every word, and the swelling of the tones and the feeling and the execution, were really unsurpassable.

“After Mendelssohn had played a beautiful solo on the pianoforte, in the most masterly style, the Lind sang, last of all, three songs. The first was Mendelssohn's ‘Frühlingslied,’ and the two others extremely original Swedish *Folkslieder*. Mendels-

sohn accompanied them on the pianoforte, and with them the Concert came, all too soon, to an end.

“The Lind had promised to spend the evening with us, and when we got home we found everything made ready for her reception. As she had begged that no company might be invited, mother had only asked Tante Luise, with the rest of the family, and the Mendelssohns.

“About nine o’clock our court-yard was suddenly filled with a crowd of people, mostly students, who had come, with torches, to serenade the Lind. When a circle had been formed, by torch-light, Weber’s *Jubilee Overture* was first played; then a song was sung; and afterwards they sang and played alternately. The Lind was quite taken by surprise, and kept on asking father what she should do and how she should thank the people.

“While she was peeping out of the window there came a pause, and a lot of Concert directors, with Concertmeister David and Dr. Haertel at their head, came into the room, and, in the name of the musicians, presented her with a beautiful silver salver, on which were engraved the words:—

“‘To Fräulein Jenny Lind, from the grateful musicians.’

“On the salver was placed a beautiful wreath of laurel and camellias. It was given to her by the musicians as a mark of thankfulness, because she had sung for the institution for the benefit of the widows of members of the orchestra. David accompanied the gift with a few words, and the Lind was so surprised that she could only look at him while he was speaking, and thank him with a silent gesture.

“During all this time I got the champagne ready, and many healths were drunk—naturally, hers first of all. Father then filled a great tankard and brought it to her, that she might first taste it herself, and then send it round to the gentlemen; but she would not do this—why, I cannot imagine. She passed it on, however, to David, saying, ‘Drink to your own health!’

“During the music she stood, for the most part, at the east window, in the corner, and listened to it eagerly; but one could see that the crowd of people was painful to her. When the students had left off singing—there were two hundred singers, besides a multitude of others—Mendelssohn led the Lind into the court-yard. I followed her, with Tante Luise; and Mendelssohn said that the honourable task of conveying to them Fräulein Lind’s thanks for this had fallen to his lot, and that he fulfilled it with pleasure; but that, in addition, and in his

own person as 'Leipziger Musikdirector,' he wished long life to Fräulein Lind.*

"All joined, naturally, in shouting 'Long life to Fräulein Lind!' And we then tried to get back into the house, but found it very difficult to do so, so closely did the crowd press round, on every side, to catch a glimpse of the Lind.

"In going away, they sang the beautiful 'Waldlied.' The gentlemen who had presented the silver *plateau* then took their leave after the Lind had duly thanked them, and the Mendelssohns did not stay very much longer.

"No sooner were the doors closed behind them than she embraced mother and Marie, and all who were standing near her, and jumped up like a child. The presence of so many people had worried her, and it was not until they were gone that her joy broke forth.

"We now sat round a table and enjoyed ourselves very much. The Lind showed us, among other things, her bracelets, two of which were particularly beautiful. One, in the form of a serpent, was given to her by the late King of Sweden, and the other, which was very splendid, by the present King of Prussia. At the top of this last was a cover, with three real pearls as large as peas; and under this cover, which was made to lift up, was a little cylinder-watch, the size of a four-groschen piece. She looked with great pleasure at our pictures and engravings, while I held the lights for her, and at about eleven o'clock she went down to her apartments."

The graphic and life-like picture, thus charmingly painted by the bright youth of sixteen, forms a fitting conclusion to our narrative of Mdlle. Lind's memorable visit to Leipzig.

She might well have retired to her rooms, tired out with fatigue and excitement, at eleven o'clock; for on the next day—Saturday, Dec. 6—she was to return to Berlin, where she was announced to reappear, for the fourth time, in *Don Juan* on the following Tuesday.

* Mendelssohn's exact words—spoken, of course, in German—were:—

"GENTLEMEN!

"You think that the Kapellmeister Mendelssohn is speaking to you, but in that you are mistaken. Fräulein Jenny Lind speaks to you, and thanks you for the beautiful surprise that you have prepared for her. But now I change myself back again into the Leipzig Kapellmeister, and call upon you to wish long life to Fräulein Jenny Lind. Long life to her! and again, long life to her! and, for the third time, long life!"

CHAPTER XII.

‘DIE VESTALIN’ AND ‘DIE HUGENOTTEN.’

ON Dec. 30—that is to say, a little more than three weeks after her return from Leipzig—Mdlle. Lind appeared, for the first time at Berlin, in a new and very arduous and important rôle—that of “Julia,” in Spontini’s Opera, *Die Vestalin*—which she had previously impersonated six times only, at Stockholm, during the whole of her long career—probably because it was found unsuited to the Swedish popular taste.

Die Vestalin had long been a very favourite Opera, in Berlin, where it had been placed upon the stage with extraordinary magnificence, and entirely under the composer’s own personal direction, when he was invited to the Prussian capital, in the character of General Music Director, by King Friedrich Wilhelm III., in the year 1820. The part of “Julia” had then been sustained by Madame Milder-Hauptmann, and since then most of the great German *prime donne* had interpreted it in their turn. It was therefore no easy task to satisfy a Prussian audience with a new conception of the work, and as Mdlle. Lind had intimated in her letter to Madame Erikson, her reading of the leading part was quite sure to be judged by the measure of all the greatest singers who had previously appeared in it.

The impression the performance produced upon the German critics generally may be gathered from the notice which appeared in the *Berlinische Zeitung* three days after the first performance :—

“A joy,” says Herr Rellstab, “and more than a joy—a true elevation of the spirit has fallen to the share of the writer at the close of his year of critical activity, in that he is able to record an artistic achievement, among the most memorable that he himself has ever witnessed, and one which has deeply moved, not himself alone, but also a large and varied section of the public.

“Jenny Lind in the part of ‘Julia.’”

"Grand memories, rich in Art, revived themselves within us in connection with the work and with past interpreters of the *rôle* who have attained the sublimest heights ; but this time we will occupy ourselves less with passing judgment than with giving a history of the impressions produced upon us by the performance.

"The first act was over. From first to last the singer had, through her womanly and noble bearing, excited the closest sympathy. Her acting and singing were everywhere noble, but not with the victorious effect we expected from her. We therefore awaited the second act with an almost sorrowful depression of spirit.

"Sometimes, however—if we may be permitted to use the language of metaphor—a battle which, whether by accident or design, may seem to have begun unfavourably, recovers itself, to be crowned with the most glorious and signal victory. And so it was in this case. From the very beginning of the act certain passages breathed forth, as it were, forecasts of the most fervid, the deepest, the grandest feelings that could agitate a loving womanly breast.

"The strife between greatness of soul and holiest faith in the might of Love on the one side, and on the other the overpowering recoil of Nature from the fear of death in a form so terrible that it might well have crushed the shrinking nerves of the boldest man ; this strife, we say, is set before us in such sort that the soul scarcely dares to believe what the eye sees. It paints the last extremity of horror, and yet the limit of the beautiful is never overpassed even by a hair's-breadth.

"Yet we stand here on the threshold only of the realm of wonder over which our Artist exercises her sway. It seemed to us impossible that such an achievement could have been surpassed. And yet the third act supplies to our Artist a point of union with still higher dramatic impressions.

"Half hidden beneath the black veil, with difficulty supported by two veiled sisters, Julia glides, like a spirit, across the stage ; advancing, with faltering step, in the funeral-procession of the Vestals, like a shadow from the depths below. It is but a memory of life that moves in the procession there ; the horror of death holds her already in its freezing thrall. The sound of her voice trembles in ghostly whispers upon her lips. Over her pallid face flits, from time to time, a faint smile of love, like a dying sunbeam—a dream of the long-since vanished past. How can one hope to paint, in words, a picture embodying so profound a depth of tragic expression ?"

We cannot but regard this elegant panegyric as the most just as

well as the most important expression of critical opinion that we have as yet had occasion to transcribe from the journals of this eventful epoch in Mdlle. Lind's artistic career. Those who were familiar with her ideal conceptions of the great operatic rôles she interpreted, when at the zenith of her fame, will find no difficulty in understanding Herr Rellstab's disappointment at the effect she produced in the first act. It was her invariable custom to reserve her great effects, with true artistic self-abnegation, for certain points which the unerring instinct of her genius indicated as the fittest for the introduction of a logical climax, and to the power and perfection of such a climax she unhesitatingly sacrificed an indefinite number of those minor effects upon which too many artists gifted with less creative power are only too ready to seize for the purpose of securing a passing triumph at the expense of the logical whole. She kept her dramatic power in reserve, with a reticence which none but the greatest artists are ever known to exercise, for the predetermined situations in which she felt that it could be successfully exhibited with logical consistency and deepest reverence for dramatic truth. And Herr Rellstab's conversion only proves how just was his judgment on this point with regard to Spontini's masterpiece.

And now, the long course of hard work was relieved by a little holiday—all too brief.

We have more than once had occasion to speak of Mdlle. Lind's intimacy with Hans Christian Andersen, whom, in accordance with the old-world Scandinavian usage, she was accustomed to address as her "brother."

Andersen spent the closing weeks of the year 1845 and the beginning of 1846 at Berlin; and, in his well-known autobiography, the talented Dane tells an amusing little story connected with Mdlle. Lind's performances at the Opera at this period.

"One morning," he says, "as I looked out of my window, Unter den Linden, I saw, half hidden under the trees, a man, very poorly clad, who took a comb from his pocket, arranged his hair, smoothed his neck-tie, and dusted his coat with his hand. (I well know the shrinking poverty that feels oppressed by its shabby clothes.) A moment afterwards there was a knock at my door, and the man entered. It was the Nature-Poet, B * * * *, who, though only a poor tailor, has the true poetical inspiration. Rellstab and others in Berlin have mentioned him with honour.

There is something healthy in his poems, among which some breathe a true religious spirit. He had heard that I was in Berlin and had come to visit me. We sat side by side on the sofa, and his conversation betokened a contentedness so amiable, a spirit so pure and unsullied, that it truly grieved me that I was not rich enough to do something for him. I was ashamed to offer the little that lay in my power ; but, in any case, I was anxious to put it in an acceptable form. I asked him, therefore, whether I might venture to invite him to hear Jenny Lind. 'I have already heard her,' he said, smiling. 'I could not afford to buy a ticket ; so I went to the man who provides the "supers" and asked him if I could not go on as a "super" one evening in *Norma*. To this he agreed. So I was dressed up as a Roman soldier, with a long sword at my side, and in that guise appeared upon the stage ; and I heard her better than any one else, for I stood close beside her. Ah ! how she sang ! and how she acted ! I could not stand it : it made me weep. But they were furious at that. The manager forbade it, and would never permit me to set foot upon the stage again—for one must not weep upon the stage.'"

Soon after this, Andersen took leave of his friends in Berlin and proceeded to Weimar on a visit to the Hereditary Grand Duke, with whom he was on terms of the most affectionate intimacy. And here, again, he spent some happy days in the company of Mdle. Lind, who had also been invited to Weimar, and sang there on five evenings, three of which were occupied by Court Concerts and two by performances of *Norma* and *La Sonnambula* at the Court Theatre. Here, as in Berlin, her performances produced the most profound sensation. The Grand Duke and the various members of his Royal Highness's family received her with demonstrations of the warmest welcome. In company with Andersen and his friends, the Chancellor Müller, the Court Chamberlain Beaulieu, and the Court Secretary Schöll, she visited some of the most interesting places in the neighbourhood, and more especially those consecrated by memories of Goethe and Schiller.

On Jan. 27—two days after her last performance at Court—the Chancellor Müller escorted her, in company with Andersen, to the Fürstengruft—the burial-vault in the Neue Kirch-hof, beyond the Frauenthor, in which, for many generations past, the remains of the departed Grand Dukes of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach and their families have been laid to rest—and there showed to the little

party of friends the coffins in which Goethe and Schiller now sleep their last long sleep. The dimly-lighted burial-place, and the solemn associations connected with it, made a deep impression upon the friends ; and amidst its ghostly shadows the Austrian poet, Hermann Röllet, who accidentally met the little party in the vault, wrote a poem, which Andersen has printed in his autobiography, and the original MS. of which was carefully preserved by Mdlle. Lind among her mementos of the past.

The visit to the funeral-vault affected Mdlle. Lind very deeply ; and she was evidently glad to relieve the sad impression by more cheerful thoughts. In a letter to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, she wrote :—

“ Weimar, Jan. 27, 1846.

“ I have just come out of the vault in which Goethe and Schiller lie entombed, and my whole heart is impressed and excited.

“ On Friday afternoon I am going to Leipzig, where I have been most kindly invited to the Mendelssohns, for the evening, and on Saturday I return to Berlin.”

The memory of this pleasant holiday—for it really was a holiday, though not a time of idleness—was very dear to her. Soon after her return to Berlin she wrote thus to her friend Hans C. Andersen :—

“ Berlin, Feb. 19, 1846.

“ MY DEAR GOOD BROTHER !

“ Thanks for our last meeting. I did so enjoy it ! Do you agree with me that we have scarcely ever before spent a more charming pleasant time together ?

“ I thank you, ever so much, for your beautiful letter. I had a good cry over reading it.

“ Yes, yes ! Germany is a glorious country. I certainly do not long for any other except the very best—the last one.

“ Oh ! how I have wept over your story about the Grand Duchess and her little sweep ! How lovely it is !

“ In the meantime I am perfectly enchanted with her—and with the young Grand Duke and his wife also. Dear Andersen, when you write to our high-born friend, tell him—if you mention me—that, as long as I live, I shall remember those few days I spent in Weimar. I can conscientiously say that I have nowhere else, as yet, found such peace of mind and true joy ; and yet I have been treated everywhere in the most friendly way. I

love these high-born personages ; and, just as you say, Brother, not for the stars and the diamonds they wear, but for their true and loyal hearts. I get quite enthusiastic when I think of these two people. May God preserve them and theirs !

"My friends, the Arnemanns, from Altona, have been here. They left yesterday. I wonder when we two shall meet again ?

"I have now quite decided upon going to Vienna. Are you not going there, Andersen ? I suppose you go on to Italy direct ?

"Do you know, Andersen, I appreciate your friend Beaulieu very highly indeed. I have really begun to feel a great friendship for him. Give him my kindest regards when you write.

"And now, *adieu* ! I must start for the theatre presently, to sing in *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*. God be with you ! Do not forget your sister. I shall remain here until the end of March. After that, letters will find me at Vienna, from the middle of April until the middle of May. Write, either *Poste restante*, or care of Herr Pokorny—the manager of the theatre.

"May the blessing of God go with you ! then you will have enough !

"I remain,

"Your true sister,

"JENNY."

She was by this time once more hard at work in the dizzy whirl of the Berlin winter season. She had reappeared, after her return from Weimar, on Feb. 3, in several of her most popular parts ; but in the meantime her promised appearance in a new and very important rôle was anxiously awaited by the art-loving public—that of "Valentine," in Meyerbeer's Opera, *Les Huguenots*—or, as it was called in German, *Die Hugenotten*.

To the uninitiated, it may seem strange that, taking into consideration Meyerbeer's all-powerful position and great popularity in Berlin at this period, *Das Feldlager in Schlesien* should have been the only one of his Operas put upon the Stage. But the position will not be thought at all strange by those who know how severely punctilious Meyerbeer was, not only with regard to the principal parts, but with all that concerned the perfection of every minutest detail of his works. It was not enough for him that the *prima donna* should be an artist of unapproachable excellence. If all the other parts, great and small, were not represented to his entire satisfaction he would not allow the piece to be put upon the Stage at all.

Now, the demands upon the *personnel* of the staff in *Les Huguenots* are very heavy. The part of "Queen Marguerite of Navarre" is not written for a *seconda donna*, but a second *prima donna*—a *Soprano leggiero*, as opposed to the *Soprano drammatico* of "Valentine." That of "Urbain," the page, needs a Mezzo-soprano of high capability. The Tenor—"Raoul de Nangis," and the Basso and Baritono—"Marcel" and "Saint Bris"—need representatives of the highest rank. And in face of these demands we can scarcely wonder that a man so hard to satisfy as Meyerbeer was not too ready to place his second great masterpiece upon the Stage.

It must be supposed, however, that he was satisfied at last, for on Feb. 26, *Die Hugenotten* was announced for representation, with Mdlle. Lind, as we have said, in the part of "Valentine"; and the performance was thus criticised in the journal from which we have so frequently and so freely quoted :—

"Our great Artist-visitor, Jenny Lind, has evolved from the character of 'Valentine,' in *Die Hugenotten*—a part as rich in dramatic and musical expression—a dramatic creation which, in noble individuality, occupies quite as high a position in the domain of Lyric Tragedy—as the earlier *rôles* in which the artist enchained us with such irresistible power.

"Before the time of Jenny Lind, the grandest reading of the part was decidedly that of Wilhelmina Schröder-Devrient. She threw more brilliant lights upon it and invested certain passages with a more satisfactory colouring; as, for instance, at the well-known words, '*Ich bin ein Mädchen das ihn liebt*,' &c. And yet the shrinking breath with which our artist lightly veiled this expression cast a more delicate fragrance over the deep inward glow, and imparted to it a charm wholly its own.

"But, as was only to be expected of an artist so rich in creative power, Jenny Lind also struck out for herself an altogether original conception of the impersonation, impressed it in the most marked manner upon the character, and filled us with astonishment at the rich variety of her resources. Her third act was a touching prayer to her bitter fate; her fourth, a mighty battle waged against it; her fifth, a splendid victory over it. She sang the last scene under truest inspiration of faith.

"We have always found that the artist penetrates more and more deeply into the heart of her task at every repetition, and fulfils it with greater ease; we may therefore in this, as in other cases, look forward to even increased perfection. Yet we may

almost ask, 'What need of more?' in presence of this noblest wealth of treasures."

To sober-minded English readers the style of Herr Rellstab's critiques may seem exaggerated. It must be admitted that their tone differs materially from that adopted in England at the present day; but they are of great value to us, as records of a form of criticism now—in this country, at least—quite obsolete. Moreover, in so far as our present purpose is concerned, they distinctly reflect the feeling with which Mdlle. Lind's performances were listened to, at the time they were written, by the crowded audiences who flocked, night after night, to the Royal Opera-House to hear her. The performer concerning whom it was simply possible to write in a strain so exalted can have belonged to no common order in the Hierarchy of Art. And enough is known of the character of Herr Rellstab, and of his position in Berlin, to establish the certainty that he honestly meant every word he wrote.

CHAPTER XIII.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN !

THE first performance of *Les Huguenots* took place on Thursday, Feb. 26, the second on Sunday, March 1. A third, announced for Friday, March 6, was prevented by a most unfortunate accident; Mdlle. Lind sprained her foot on the Thursday so seriously that for three weeks she was confined to the sofa.

The kindest sympathy was shown to the sufferer after this painful misadventure; and Mendelssohn, who had been informed of the accident, endeavoured, on March 18, to cheer her loneliness with a long and delightful letter, half grave, half gay, in which the serious and the playful were intermingled with an easy grace in which few adepts in the art of letter-writing have ever been able to rival him.

We print this hitherto unpublished letter, in the belief that it cannot fail to prove generally interesting to the reader.

“Leipzig, March 18, 1846.

“MY DEAR FRÄULEIN,

“The account that Taubert brought of the state of your health was not so encouraging as I could have wished;* but as I used to like, on days such as these, to sit down to the piano, and play to you, so now—since, unhappily, I cannot come to you in person—I come, at least in writing, and fancy to myself that I ask, in the entrance hall, whether I can speak with you, and am told—‘yes’; and Mademoiselle Louise opens the door for me, and I see in your hand one of the ten thousand pictures and engravings with which you are now surrounded, and then I sit down beside you and begin like this:—

“Shall I tell you about Marie?†

“She talks to me, all day long, about Fräulein Lind, and how she was so kind to her; and when I went to the children,

* Herr Taubert had come to Leipzig, a few days before this, for the purpose of playing at one of the Gewandhaus Concerts.

† Mendelssohn’s eldest daughter.

yesterday, in the nursery, and found little fat Paul* practising his writing on a sheet of paper, I saw that he had written 'dear Fräulein Lind' over the whole page at least ten times. To-day he has finished a whole letter, and he made me promise that I would send it to you—I was absolutely obliged to promise it. Marie wanted to send her letter first, but I explained that one letter would be enough, and she was satisfied with signing it. Karl said he could not sign it as it was not his own letter.

"A funny thing happened to us this evening. Cécile† said: 'It is a long time since we have had any Swedish bread; what a pity it is!' I said, 'I will write to-day, and ask for some in your name.' Marie said, 'But Paul has already written to Fräulein Lind to-day.' I asked to see the letter—the beautiful scrawl I enclose—and, as Paul came in at one door, with his letter, the servant brought in your present of Swedish bread at the other.

"The children think of you daily and hourly, and their parents also. We long very much indeed to hear soon that you are better, and once more free from all the weariness that such a long imprisonment brings with it. May you soon send us, please God! an account of your complete cure.

"To-day we had a very pleasant rehearsal. Taubert conducted his symphony and made friends of the whole orchestra. To us, who are artists, must certainly be conceded one very delightful prerogative, in return for which we are willing to give up all other prerogatives whatever: viz. that in one short half-hour a host of strangers can be transformed into a host of good friends. That is a capital state of things, and many would like it, though it is given but to few. To my great joy, it was given very decidedly indeed to Taubert to-day; and when he adds to this his playing of the Beethoven Concerto to-morrow, he may build upon the Leipzig Musicians on both sides.

"That which is called 'the Public' is exactly the same here as elsewhere and everywhere; the simple 'Public,' assembled together for an instant, so fluctuating, so full of curiosity, so devoid of taste, so dependent upon the judgment of the musician—the so-called connoisseur. But against this we must set the great 'Public,' assembling together year after year, wiser and more just than connoisseur and musician, and judging so truly! and feeling so delicately!

"A grand new vocal composition by Gade was also rehearsed, with full chorus, for performance next week. I hope it will turn out both poetical and beautiful. The text is from Ossian; and

* Mendelssohn's second son.

† Madame Mendelssohn.

Fingal, with his warriors, and harps, and horns, and spirits, plays an important part in it. But Taubert will tell you all this much better by word of mouth.

"We also sang to-day, 'Come cow, come calf,'* in such sort that it was worthy to have been described as a noble work of Art! Taubert sings better than I; but I pronounce Swedish better than he!

"You ask how things go with me.

"On the days when I was so quiet in my room, writing music without interruption, and only going out from time to time for a walk in the fresh air, they went very well indeed with me—or, at least, I thought so. But, since the day before yesterday, when I had more to do with the concert affairs and all sorts of correspondence connected with them, and things of that kind, to which I could only give half my attention because my own work lay so much nearer to my heart—since then I have been a prey to such fatal excitement, and felt so miserably out of spirits, that, while every one says, 'How well you look,' *you* would rather say, 'What is the matter with you?'

"Happily, however, this is the last week, for this year, during which I shall be concerned with these things; and then I mean to work very hard, and after that I shall rejoice in the Rhine and the spring-time.

"Yes; I rejoice in the thought of the Rhine and the Musical Festival, and the real true spring—for, for many days past, I have been fearing that the winter would come back again, and that the spring would break off altogether, as in my old song in your book. And farther on, I, like yourself, rejoice very much indeed in thinking of the time when I shall be able to put aside the duty of conducting music and promoting Institutions, and quit this so-called 'sphere of activity,' and have no other 'sphere of activity' to think of than a quire of blank music-paper, and no need to conduct anything that I do not care for, and when I shall be altogether independent and free. It will, indeed, be a few years before this can take place, but I hope *not more than that*; and in this we are very much alike. I believe, in good truth, that this is because we both have the love of Art so deeply implanted in our souls.

"But, I am fancying that I have been sitting by your side quite long enough, and must now take my leave; or else that it is *Norma* to-night, and that it has already chimed half-past three—in short, I must say good-bye.

"I hope I may soon hear that you are able to walk, run, stand, jump, dance, play at billiards, sing at Ries's Concert, and

* A Scandinavian Volkslied, afterwards known as *The Echo Song*.

play the parts of 'Proserpina' and 'Valentine,' and that you have become free of all farther enquiries.

"Your friend,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY." *

Cheered by pleasant correspondence such as this, and still more pleasant intercourse with the choice circle of sympathetic friends who enjoyed the privilege of *entrée* to the charmed *salon* in the Hasenheger Strasse, the three long weeks of dreary imprisonment passed more lightly than would otherwise have been expected. And they were enlivened too, from time to time, by another source of interest no less welcome and agreeable. Professor Wichmann seized upon this excellent opportunity for securing the "sittings" necessary for the modelling of a beautiful medallion-portrait of her in profile, designed upon a circular plaque fourteen inches in diameter, and eventually executed in white marble. It is a charming work of Art, regarded, by all who have seen it, as a valuable historical memorial.

When modelling this beautiful profile the Professor did not know that his guest was herself preparing a welcome surprise for the family in anticipation of his idea.

Wishing to present her host and hostess with a grateful memorial of the happy time she had spent beneath their roof, she had commissioned Professor Magnus to paint her portrait, on a large scale, in order that she might present it to them before leaving Berlin. Professor Magnus had accepted the commission, and made some progress with the work, when the "sittings" were interrupted by the accidental sprain, which for a time rendered the needful visits to his studio impossible. As soon as these could be resumed, he proceeded with his work, and in process of time produced a portrait not only valuable as a striking likeness of the sitter, but precious also as a work of Art which may be fairly accepted as a happy example of the best school of portrait-painting then existing in Germany. That Professor Magnus himself regarded it in that light is proved by the fact that, after it had been presented to Madame Wichmann, and treasured for fifteen years as a precious family possession, he consented, at the request of Mr. Goldschmidt, to execute

* This, and other letters published in this work, addressed by Mendelssohn to Mdle. Lind, are translated from the originals, in the possession of Mr. Goldschmidt.

an exact *replica*, forming so perfect a reproduction of the picture, that the Professor himself found it necessary to attach a certain mark to it, in order that he might be able to distinguish the copy from the original. By his desire, and that of the Prussian Government, this *replica* was exhibited, in 1862, in the Prussian Court of the Universal Exhibition at South Kensington, as the acknowledged representative of this artist's style at his best period—and it fulfilled this intention perfectly and to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The original picture remained in the Wichmann family until the year 1877, when the Professor's eldest son, Herr Herrmann Wichmann, to whom it had passed by inheritance after his mother's death in the previous year, consented to its removal, at the price of twelve thousand thalers, to the Berlin National Gallery, where, having now become national property, it is treasured as a valuable artistic and historical monument. The sprain was healed, however, before the picture was finished.

The public were perhaps more impatient at the duration of the imprisonment than the prisoner herself. But it came to an end at last ; and, after a term of enforced captivity lasting for twenty-four days, Mdle. Lind reappeared on March 29 in *Norma*, before an audience who welcomed her return to the Stage with every demonstration of uncontrollable enthusiasm—an index of public opinion which might indeed, by this time, have been expected as a matter of course every time she appeared.

After this performance—the twenty-sixth in which she had taken part during the then current season—she appeared once more in *Das Feldlager in Schlesien* on March 31 ; and on Thursday, April 2—her own “benefit-night”—took leave of Berlin for the season.

The house, we need scarcely say, was crowded to the roof, and the performance in the highest degree satisfactory. Herr Rellstab thus feelingly describes the moment of the final parting :—

“The call before the curtain, which had already been anticipated at the end of the preceding acts, was renewed at the close of the performance, and with such increasing warmth as we have never before witnessed in our lives. The entire mass of the audience took part in the offering of applause : the profusion of flowers seemed inexhaustible.

“A burning wish seemed to inspire the multitude—that for one farewell word. Mdle. Lind who, from a sense of shyness, combined with the unaccustomed tones of the language, had always hitherto expressed her thanks by dumb yet telling motions, yielded at last to this well-understood though unspoken wish—for how could it be spoken amidst such a storm of applause!), and uttered, with deepest inward emotion, the simple and almost inarticulate words, *‘Ich danke Ihnen—ich werde das in meinem ganzen Leben nicht vergessen!’*”*

“And again the call was shouted by thousands of voices, and yet once again she had no choice to respond to it; and then, at last, the audience was satisfied.”

And thus was the second winter season at Berlin brought to an end, with mutual regret and warmest good wishes on either side.

* “I thank you—never, in my whole life, shall I forget this!”

BOOK V.

PROGRESS.

CHAPTER I.

THE DÉBUT AT VIENNA.

THE engagement at Vienna, vaguely alluded to in the letter to Madame Erikson, and more decidedly in that to Herr Josephson, was now finally arranged, and on the eve of fulfilment. The terms of this contract—five hundred gulden * each, for five performances, with an extra benefit night—had been carefully discussed, and gladly accepted, by Herr Franz Pokorny, the then manager of the Theater an der Wien, during the latter part of Mdlle. Lind's stay at Berlin; and, as soon as she could conveniently do so, after the exciting scene at the Royal Opera-House on the evening of her benefit, she took leave of her kind host and hostess, and started, with her companion, Mdlle. Louise Johansson, for Vienna, *via* Leipzig, in which last-named town she had been invited to spend a few days, as the guest of Herr Heinrich Brockhaus, and had also decided upon giving a concert, at the Gewandhaus, on her own account.

On April 8, 1846, Herr Brockhaus wrote in his Diary :—

“At home, I found all well, and in high good humour with an amiable visitor—Fräulein Lind—who, early this morning, fulfilled a long-standing promise to stay with us.

“I was heartily pleased to see, once more, the amiable and unaffected girl, whose natural simplicity is so beautifully united to the greatness of the Artist. She was sociable and cheerful throughout the evening, which was still farther enlivened by the presence of Mendelssohn.”

In a farther entry, on April 9, Herr Brockhaus continues :—

. * Equal to about fifty pounds, in English money.

"Unhappily, Fräulein Lind can stay no longer with us, as she has met with her friend from Hamburg, with whom she had made an appointment.

"We lunched with her, at Mendelssohn's, where I also met Dr. Emanuel Geibel, whom I had previously seen in Berlin. One must like the girl from the very bottom of one's heart. She has such a noble and beautiful nature. And yet, she does not feel happy. I am convinced that she would gladly exchange all her triumphs for simple homely happiness. She sees that, in Mendelssohn's house, where the wife and children make his happiness complete."

The "friend from Hamburg," by whose arrival Herr Brockhaus's arrangements were thus unfortunately interrupted, was Madame Arnemann. Mdlle. Lind had stayed in this lady's house at Nienstädten, near Altona, in the autumn of 1845; and had promised to travel with her as far as Carlsbad, on her way to Vienna. She had now come to Leipzig, for the purpose of putting her long-cherished design into execution; and the visit to the Brockhaus family was necessarily shortened, in conformity with the earlier arrangement.

But this change of plan did not prevent the welcome visitor from thoroughly enjoying her brief stay in Leipzig, or from happy intercourse with her most valued friends there. Among other incidents connected with this memorable visit, the domestic happiness of Mendelssohn, whose devotion to his wife and family were no less remarkable than his artistic talent, made a deep impression upon her. She had been equally impressed, at Berlin, by the charming pictures of home life daily presented to her in the family circle at Professor Wichmann's. Of such a life her own early experience had taught her nothing. As a child, at home, she had never been truly understood; and, in consequence of this, had suffered cruelly from want of sympathy and domestic happiness. Who can wonder, then, at the emotion she felt, when witnessing, in other families, the peaceful effect of social relations to which her own childhood had been an utter stranger? She alludes to this, in touching terms, in a letter, written about this time, to Madame Wichmann:—

"Leipzig, April (8?), 1846.

"DEARLY BELOVED AMALIA,

"God bless you all, and give you, some day, tenfold the good that you have given me! For, Amalia, I have felt, for the

first time in my life, as if I had tasted the blessedness of home. My heart now clings to you so that nothing else can satisfy me.

"I am staying with the Brockhauses, and they are all so kind and friendly."

In the meanwhile, the necessary arrangements for the forthcoming concert had been satisfactorily completed, under the superintendence of Mendelssohn himself. The performance was fixed for Sunday, April 12; and, as there was to be no orchestra, Mendelssohn had undertaken to "preside at the piano-forte," as well as to play at least one solo. His friend, Herr Ferdinand David, had also promised to contribute a solo on the violin; and, when these details had been finally decided upon, the complete programme was issued to the public.

No sooner did the announcement make its appearance in the *Leipziger Tageblatt*, than the usual rush for tickets began, with a vigorous onslaught which exhausted the supply in the course of a few hours. The most ardent music-lovers in the town lost not a moment in their endeavours to secure the best places. It soon became evident that, had the room been even much larger than it really was, it could easily have been filled, over and over again. And it cannot be said that the excitement was extravagant or unnatural; for it would be difficult to recall to memory a concert, within the experience of the oldest musical critic now living, in which three such artists united their forces for the production of so attractive a programme—an entertainment in which there was not one single weak point, one single piece falling short of the highest level that Art, in the department of "chamber music," could reach.

Madame Clara Schumann (*née* Wieck), who was then residing in Dresden, came to Leipzig in the course of the afternoon, with the intention of taking a seat among the audience. On arriving at the railway-station, after her four hours' journey, she drove at once to Mendelssohn's house, for the purpose of paying him a visit. She found him a little anxious about his share in the duties of the evening, which was exceedingly onerous, since, beside his own solos, he had accepted the responsibility of accompanying every piece in the programme. Thus circumstanced, he begged Madame Schumann to add to the interest of the performance by taking part in it herself. She was tired with her journey; quite unprepared to play, and not even provided with a suitable toilette

for the evening; but she unhesitatingly consented; and Mendelssohn well knew that she would prove more than equal to the occasion, when the moment for the fulfilment of her promise arrived.

Long before the appointed time, the room was crowded, to its remotest corner. The *bénéficiaire* sang—as she always did, when supported by Mendelssohn's matchless accompaniment—her very best. Mendelssohn played Beethoven's 'Sonata in C \sharp minor,' as no one but he could play it; and, when the point in the programme was reached, at which he was expected to play some of his own '*Lieder ohne Worte*,' he came down to the place in which Madame Schumann was seated among the audience, and led her, in her travelling dress, to the piano. She was received with an ovation; and played two of the '*Lieder ohne Worte*'—Nos. I. and IV. in the Sixth Book—and a "scherzo" of her own, with an effect which could scarcely have been surpassed. The performance concluded, in accordance with the previous announcement, with a selection of songs, by Mdlle. Lind, accompanied by Mendelssohn, in his own inimitable manner; and the crowd departed in raptures.

The audience little thought that the concert which had given it such unclouded pleasure was fated to be the last but one at which Mendelssohn would play, in public, at the Gewandhaus; or that the concluding symphony of Mdlle. Lind's last song would represent (with one exception) his last touch upon the pianoforte, in the concert-room which, through his influence, had become so justly celebrated.*

But we must not anticipate the day of sadness. No one foresaw it, then; and, though the audience at the Gewandhaus was so soon to bid its last farewell to the beloved composer who had so long represented its heart and soul, Mdlle. Lind enjoyed the privilege of his friendship for a full year and a half after this eventful evening.†

On the 13th of April—the day after the Concert—Mdlle. Lind left Leipzig, in accordance with the arrangement previously made with Madame Arnemann, and proceeded, first, to Carlsbad,

* Mendelssohn's *last* performance in the Gewandhaus took place on July 19, 1846, when he played the pianoforte part of Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" (Op. 47) with Ferdinand David.

† Mendelssohn died on Nov. 4, 1847. The circumstances above related, and still remembered by many, are corroborated by entries made in the writer's diary, at the time.

where she remained until the 16th. She then took leave of her friend, and, accompanied by Mdle. Louise Johansson, continued her journey to Prague; remained there for one night; and started, the next morning, for Vienna, where she arrived on Saturday, April 18.

In the meantime, accommodation had been prepared for her, at the house of Dr. Vivanot, a physician of some repute, who occupied a conveniently-situated residence in one of the principal streets of Vienna—Am Graben.

The place was a convenient one, in every respect; and here she remained *en pension*, until the termination of her engagement for the season, perfectly satisfied with the arrangements made for her personal comfort; but she knew no one in Vienna, and, except for the *prestige* of her artistic reputation, had no claim whatever upon the good-will of the people among whom she had come to reside. Her friends in the North of Germany felt this strongly; and did their best to overcome the difficulty. Madame Birch-Pfeiffer wrote a letter to a friend in Vienna, which gives so true a delineation of her young friend's character that we need no apology for introducing it *in extenso* :—

“On Sunday,” she says, “our Angel fled from us: and to-day only have I brought myself to introduce her to you by this letter.

“Jenny Lind, indeed, needs no introduction to a lady so truly artistic as yourself; and I only venture to give you a few slight indications of her northern proclivities, which your own fine tact would easily have discovered without them.

“She is reserved, and self-contained; pure, through and through, and sensitive to the last degree; so strangely tender, that she is easily wounded, and thereupon becomes silent, and serious, when no reason for it is apparent—and I have long studied this marvellous character, and penetrated its profoundest depths.

“A word will often quickly shut her up in herself; and I tell you this, in order that you may see how you stand with her. When she suddenly becomes dumb to you, you may be certain that something has wounded her delicate sensibility. She is a true *Mimosa*, that closes itself at the lightest touch. Do not think, from this, that she is intolerable. She is, by nature, a truly lovable creature. True, in everything that she does. Do not suffer yourself to be misled, by her persistent silence, into thinking that she is *sans esprit*. She speaks little, and thinks deeply. She is full of perception, and the finest tact—a mixture

of devotion, and energy, such as you have probably never before met with.

“Free, herself, from the slightest trace of coquetry, she regards all coquetry with horror. In short, she stands alone, of her kind, from head to foot.

“I adjure you, tell all your *coterie* that Jenny must be brilliantly received; otherwise, she will never forgive me for having persuaded her to perform in so large a theatre, for she fears that her voice will not fill it. She stands alone in modesty, as in everything else.

“If you invite her to your house, and she does not sing, when first you ask her, let it pass. Do not suffer any one to press her; otherwise, it is possible that she may not come again. This has often happened with her, here. She is passionately fond of dancing; and cares but very little for the table. Nothing is more hateful to her than sitting long at dinner.

“Here you have a little confidential description of her person. It is well that you should be forewarned; for, every genius has its own peculiarities.”

“If you wish to make her really happy, invite her companion, Louise Johansson, to accompany her to your parties. She is an excellent girl, and Jenny looks upon her as a sister.

“Since she has left me, I have felt as if in my grave. I can listen to no singing now. You will soon understand why.”

No one who really knew Mdle. Lind will fail to recognise the fidelity of this charming portrait; so conscientiously describing, in every well-weighed word, the minutest traits of a character which needed so liberal a share of philosophical discernment for its successful analysis. That it helped to prepare the way for the cordial reception that awaited Mdle. Lind in Vienna we cannot doubt; and, in order that nothing might be left undone which could conduce to that most desirable end, Mendelssohn, on his part, foreseeing that she might possibly need the assistance of an experienced adviser, should any unfortunate misunderstanding occur in her dealings with the strangers by whom she was surrounded, endeavoured to meet the difficulty by providing her, when she left Leipzig, with the following letter to his friend, Herr Franz Hauser : *—

* Herr Franz Hauser was born on the 12th of February, 1794; and was first known in Germany as a bass singer of exceptional talent. After having taught singing, in Vienna, for many years, with great success, he was appointed Director of the Conservatorium in Munich, and held this post from the year 1846 to 1864.

“Leipzig, April 12, 1846.

“DEAR FRIEND,

“These lines will reach you, through my friend, Jenny Lind; and I beg you, as soon as you receive them, to call upon her, and to be as friendly and as useful to her as you possibly can during the time of her residence in Vienna. For, I take it for granted that it will be with you, as with me; and that you will never be able to look upon her as a stranger, but as one of ourselves—a member of that invisible Church,* concerning which you write to me sometimes. She pulls at the same rope with all of us who are really in earnest about that; thinks about it; strives for it; and, if all goes well with her in the world, it is as pleasant to me as if it went well with me; for it helps me, and all of us, so well on our road. And to you, as a singer, it must be especially delightful to meet, at last, with the union of such splendid talents, with such profound study, and such heartfelt enthusiasm. But I will say no more. I only ask you to be friendly, and helpful to her, whenever and wherever you can; and to let her depend upon you; and, when she sings for the first time, write to me, on the same day, and tell me how it all went off; for it is from you that I particularly wish to hear about it.

“For ever and ever yours,

“FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.” †

By a strange fatality Herr Hauser's kind offices were needed before Mdlle. Lind had even made her first appearance on the stage.

The Theater an der Wien, at which she was engaged to sing for Herr Franz Pokorny, at the time of which we are now treating, was the largest and handsomest Opera-House in Vienna. So large did it seem to the timid *débutante*—still timid, and distrustful as ever of her own powers, in spite of her triumphs at Berlin—that, when she entered it for the first time, in order to take her part in the rehearsal of *Norma*, she was appalled at the sight of its vast circumference; felt convinced that her voice would prove insufficient to fill it; and, under the influence of an utterly causeless terror, refused even to make the attempt.

* It must be remembered that Mendelssohn looked upon the conscientious cultivation of Art as a religious duty; and endeavoured to impress that view upon all who were in familiar intercourse with him.

† Translated, by the kind permission of Herr Joseph Hauser, from the original letter in his collection.

Herr Pokorny was in despair. He could not understand the lady's fears; nor could she comprehend his remonstrances. Fortunately, he remembered having seen her in company with Herr Hauser, to whom he sent a hurried message, entreating him to come to the rescue, without the loss of a moment. By great good fortune, the messenger found Herr Hauser at home. He instantly responded to the appeal; and reached the theatre while Mdle. Lind was still standing on the stage, in an agony of nervousness and indecision. As it was impossible to discuss the question, in presence of the assembled artists, he led her to the "green-room," where he set the case so clearly before her, made her so plainly see that her fears would be misunderstood, and her position as an artist ruined, that the Viennese would treat the matter as a joke, and hold Herr Pokorny responsible for having befooled them—spoke, in short, so sensibly and so earnestly, that, with a great effort, she overcame her terror, returned to the stage, where Herr Pokorny was anxiously awaiting her decision, and at once took her part in the rehearsal, with every prospect of a successful *début* on the following evening.

How right Herr Hauser was in his judgment she never forgot; nor did Herr Pokorny ever forget the kindness of his intervention. During the whole remaining portion of the season, he reserved a box for Herr Hauser at every performance, even when the prices were at their highest, and applicants sent away, in crowds, for want of room. And this was no small thing; for never, within the memory of the Viennese, had such crowds assembled at the theatre, or such prices been demanded for admission.

The paralysing fear with regard to the size of the house proved, we need scarcely say, entirely illusory. Mdle. Lind's voice was sonorous enough to have filled the largest theatre in Europe; and the "Theater an der Wien," spacious as it was, was far from being that. The scene, on the evening of the *début*—Wednesday, April 22, 1846—was simply a *replica* of that which had taken place, in Berlin, on Nov. 9 in the previous year. The same Opera—*Norma*—was wisely chosen as the work best calculated to produce a favourable effect upon the general public; and the result proved all that could possibly be desired, notwithstanding the patent fact that a very unfair share of responsibility was thrown upon the *débutante*. For, except by Herr Staudigl, the representative of Oroveso, who was a host in himself, and Demoiselle

Henriette Treffz, who sang the part of "Adalgisa" very charmingly, she was by no means worthily supported. Concerning the tenor, who took the part of "Pollio"—called "Sever," in the German version—the *Wiener Musik-Zeitung* could find nothing better to say, than that "he sang no worse than usual." The chorus sang, not only without expression, but incorrectly; and the orchestra fulfilled its functions very inefficiently indeed. At any other time, such faults as these would have been very heavily visited indeed upon the management of an Opera-House of such high repute as the Theater an der Wien; but, in presence of Mdlle. Lind, all collateral shortcomings were not only forgiven, but forgotten—if even noticed at all; and the success of the performance could scarcely have been exceeded. Herr August Schmidt, the editor of the *Wiener Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*—a journal by no means enthusiastically devoted to Mdlle. Lind's interests—after saying, in one part of his paper—

"For the initiated in music—those who listen, not with the ear only, but with the soul, and the spirit—the appearance of Jenny Lind is an event altogether exceptional; such as has never before been witnessed, and will probably never be repeated,"

sums up his critique of *Norma*, with the words:—

"The appearance of Fräulein Lind is of the deepest significance, in all its aspects; and her achievements in Art deserve, in the highest degree, the universal acknowledgment that they have received. She is the perfect picture of noblest womanhood; and has, through her artistic aims, and the high perfection of her artistic cultivation, united to her great and many-sided talents, already won the sympathy of the entire public, on her first appearance, in a way in which few other singers have won it before her. I count the moments that passed at her *début* among the most enjoyable artistic pleasures that I have ever yet experienced; and eagerly look forward to her forthcoming performances."

For her second appearance, on Friday, April 24, Mdlle. Lind again selected *Norma*, the reception of which was, if possible, still more enthusiastic than that with which it had been greeted

on the evening of the *début*. The Viennese were delighted with the new reading of the part, so full of passion and true womanly feeling, and so powerfully dramatic in all its varied shades of expression. Even the recollections of former triumphs—such as those of Mesdames Pasta, and Fodor, and Malibran—were cited by old and experienced critics as telling rather in her favour than otherwise.

It is true, there was a strong party against her. Three rival *prime donne*—Mesdames Stœckel-Heinefetter, and Hasselt-Barth, and Fräulein Anna Zerr—though bitterly jealous of each other's triumphs at the "Kärntnerthor Theater," united their forces, in opposition to the rising star, and formed what a certain section of the Press called a Kärntner clique, for the purpose of preventing her from singing in Vienna.

But Mdlle. Lind triumphed over everything. In spite of these influences, she created a profound impression, on Wednesday, April 29, in Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, by her inimitable union of the purest vocal method, with acting so touching, that the coldest heart could not witness it unmoved. It was this alone that could explain the secret charm to which none who heard her in the part of "Amina" ever failed to yield. The Viennese understood it at once; and sympathised with it, as unreservedly as they had sympathised with, and thoroughly comprehended, the new reading of "Norma." No sooner had they heard and seen, than they rose, one and all, to a pitch of enthusiasm in no degree inferior to that which had been manifested, night after night, at the Royal Opera-House in Berlin. She herself was more than satisfied with the reception she met with; and, on the day after her first appearance in *Norma*, wrote the following account of it to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer:—

"Wien, 23 April, 1846.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"It is over, at last—THANK GOD! and I hasten, good Mother, to describe it to you, though I know that the kind-hearted Director, Pokorny, has written all about it to you to-day.

"Well, then! Yesterday was the all-important day on which I appeared here in *Norma*; and the good God did not desert me, though I deserved it, for my unreasonable nervousness.

"Do not be angry with me, I beg you! I can do nothing

with regard to that, and I myself suffer enough for it. The three days beforehand were dreadful. The idea of turning back was ever in my mind ; and I should have done it, if it would not have given offence to so many people.

“ But now, we shall be jolly here, for a little while, and sing nine times ; and then we can go on still farther !

“ But, this Public ! At the close, I was called back sixteen times, and twelve or fourteen before that. Just count that up ! And this reception ! I was quite astounded !

“ The *salle* is considerably smaller than that in Berlin—Ah ! but I shall always love my Berlin theatre, and my Berliners, immensely ; they have grown into my heart ! Neither the Viennese, nor any others, can weaken this impression.

“ How are you all ? A raging headache prevents me from writing more. I have not yet been calmed down since yesterday.—Your truly loving

“ JENNY.”

It is evident that this description of the excitement of the Viennese, and the countless calls before the curtain, is not written in sportive exaggeration ; for, on the same day, Mdle. Lind wrote a similar account of the circumstances to Mendelssohn, from whom, a few days later, she received the following reply :—

“ Leipzig, May 7, 1846.

“ MY DEAR FRÄULEIN,

“ You are indeed a good, and excellent, and very kind Fräulein Lind. That is what I wanted to say to you (and I have said it often enough, in thought) after receiving your first letter from Vienna, written so soon after your opening performance.

“ That you wrote to me on the very next day ; that you knew there was no one to whom it would give greater pleasure than to myself ; and, that you found time for it, and let nothing hinder you, or hold you back—all this was too good and kind of you !

“ Your description of the first evening, and of the twenty-five times you were called before the curtain, &c., &c., reminded me of an old letter written to me by my sister, when I was in London, a long time ago : and I looked for the old letter until I found it.

“ It was the first time that I had left the shelter of the parental roof, or had produced anything in public ; and it had gone well, and a stone had been lifted from my heart ; and I had written

an account of it all to her. And, thereupon, she answered me thus :—

“There was nothing new to her, she said, in all that, for she had known it all, quite certainly, beforehand ; she could not, therefore, very clearly explain to herself why, in spite of this, it had been so very pleasant to her to hear it all confirmed—but it was very pleasant, nevertheless.

“It was precisely so with me, when I received your letter. And then, you write so well ! In fact, when I get a letter like that from you, it is just exactly as if I saw you, or heard you speak. I can see the expression of your face, at every word that stands written before me ; and I understand all that took place on the first *Norma* evening at Vienna, almost as well as if I had been there.

“There came also a very pretty description from Hauser ; a happier letter than I ever before received from him. And in this way you give me so much, and such great pleasure, even in a secondary form, through the soul of my friends.

“But, tell me, now ; how comes it that half the Berlin Opera is so suddenly in Vienna, the Kapellmeister included ? Hauser wrote to tell me that your Viennese associates in *Norma* were by no means excellent ; so, Bötticher and the others could, after all, give the Viennese something worth hearing—if only Taubert beat time to it !

“I really feel, however, more pleasure in the enthusiasm of the Viennese, and the twenty-five calls before the curtain, than these few lines will perhaps express to you. It is great fun for me, too—not because of what people call triumph, or success, or anything of that kind, but, because of the succession of pleasant days and evenings that it expresses, and the numbers of delighted and friendly faces with which you are surrounded. You must tell me all about this, very particularly ; or rather, I must worm it out of you.

“You are, undoubtedly, quite right in what you say about Vienna, in your second letter. Where, then, is there more than a little nucleus that feels anything sincerely, or honestly rejoices about *anything at all* ?

“How pleased I am that you like Hauser ! He is one who has crept very much into my heart ; and for whom I could, at no time, or for any reason, feel diminished affection. And, how much good has he not done to me !

“And now, let me send you a thousand thanks for what you have written to me about *Antigone*. Yes ; I should like to do that over again. But, out of this, I must weave the material for a new letter, and a consultation with Madame Birch-Pfeiffer—not,

indeed, about *Antigone* itself, but about something else of the same kind.

“But, my paper has come to an end. We are all well, here, and think of you every day. I shall write once more, before long, to Vienna; and then, please God, we shall see each other again, on the Rhine, and make a little music together, and talk to each other a little, and I think I shall enjoy myself a little over it! *Au revoir*.”

“Your friend,

“FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.”*

The allusion to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, in the above letter, is connected with an episode of some importance in Mendelssohn's Art-life, concerning the details of which the public has never been very fully informed.

It will be remembered that it was under the superintendence of this lady that Mdlle. Lind resumed those studies in the German language which had been interrupted, at Dresden, by her recall to Stockholm, for the Coronation of King Oscar I. While prosecuting this course of study, she had met with frequent opportunities of observing, and appreciating at their true value, Madame Birch-Pfeiffer's literary talent and thorough acquaintance with what is known, in dramatic circles, as “the business of the stage.” And this experience led to negotiations, which, though they afterwards broke down completely, seemed, at the time, to promise very important results indeed.

During their conversations, Mdlle. Lind and Mendelssohn had frequently discussed the possibility of a union of forces, which, had it not been interrupted by his early death, would probably have exerted a marked effect upon the future of the Musical Drama. The scheme was, the production of a serious Opera, for which he should compose the music, with special reference to the character and scope of Mdlle. Lind's vocal and dramatic talent. The one great difficulty with which the project was threatened, was that of procuring a really good *libretto* suitable for the purpose. On this point, Mendelssohn was well known to be severely *exigeant*. But both he and Mdlle. Lind thought that they had found, in Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, a colleague on whom they could thoroughly depend; and, as we shall see, from the following letter—written a week later than that just quoted—Mendelssohn was already in

* See footnote on p. 195.

active correspondence with the lady upon this engrossing topic ; and, while his friend was gathering new laurels in Vienna, was endeavouring to open a still wider field for the exercise of her talents in the future.

“Leipzig, May 15, 1846.

“MY DEAR FRÄULEIN,

“If I am not mistaken, my last letter to you must have seemed very stupid—with absolutely nothing in it. Moreover, I fear it will not be very different with the present one ; and that the two together will mean no more than just a hearty greeting.

“You must have been suffering severely from home-sickness ! I can see that, plainly enough, from your last letter ; and Hauser also wrote something to me about it. But, I hope this has long since passed away ; and, that you are again fresh and cheerful, and make music, and gladden the hearts of the people by means of the many noble gifts with which God has endowed you, and which you yourself have now made your own.

“Will you not, then, sing ‘Donna Anna’ at Vienna ? I have long been looking for news of it ; but it has never come.

“How happy you have again made my dear good Hauser ! Such a delightful letter came from him, after you had been to his house for the second time. And, about this, I am always thinking—what if, of all the true joy that you shed around you, the brightest rays could fall back upon yourself, and could as thoroughly warm and quicken you as you warm and quicken others ! But this is not to be. And, when we meet again, I will show you a passage from Goethe, in which it stands written why it is not to be. Yet, how I wish it could be !

“You must know, my dear Fräulein, that I have now again good hope of coming to a satisfactory arrangement with Madame Birch-Pfeiffer. We have lately exchanged several letters ; and, as it seems to me, she has had a very lucky find, and, out of it, will work up a subject that speaks to me strongly, and unites in itself a great deal of that which you like so much in *Antigone*. And yet it is not archaic. However, I will not write to you about it, but describe it, *virâ voce*, when we meet again. We have quite given up the subject of the *Peasant War* ; and I have no other wish than, (1) that the whole idea may please you ; (2) that Madame Birch-Pfeiffer may put it together dramatically and truthfully ; and, (3) that I may write really good music for it. Apart from these little matters, all is in order.

“I write these stupid letters, because, for the last fortnight, I have been kept at home by a very bad cold ; and, still more, because I have been working very hard, and without intermission.

To-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, the first part of my Oratorio * will be quite finished ; and many pieces out of the second part are already finished also. This has given me immense pleasure during these last weeks. Sometimes, in my room, I have jumped up to the ceiling, when it seemed to promise so very well. (Indeed, I shall be but too glad if it turns out only half as good as it now appears to me.) But I am getting a little confused, through writing down, during the last few weeks, the immense number of notes that I previously had in my head, and working them backwards and forwards upon the paper into a piece, though not quite in the proper order, one after another. Would that the Opera were already as far advanced as this ! I would then play some of it to you. But, what if it should not please you at all !—Sometimes it seems to me as if it were an imperative duty to compose an Opera for you, and to try how much I could accomplish in it—and it is, in fact, a duty. However, it does not altogether depend upon me, and it will certainly not be my fault, if only the thing be possible. If it were but possible ! *Au revoir.*

“ Ever your friend,

“ FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.” †

It is evident, from passages in this letter, that the difficulties in the way of obtaining a satisfactory *libretto* for the projected Opera were very grave indeed. In fact, it is impossible to read the correspondence which passed, at this time, between Mendelssohn and Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, without arriving at the conclusion that the case was all but hopeless. Mendelssohn's ideal was too high to be easily satisfied. Moreover, the search for a suitable subject was wearying in the extreme, both to the composer and the librettist ; and, though it is clear that Madame Birch-Pfeiffer worked at it as hard and as enthusiastically as Mendelssohn himself, the results were far from satisfactory. She seems to have been strongly in favour of the story of *Genoëva*, as told by Tieck, and, in a different form, by Hebbel ; and of this, on May 19, 1846, she furnished Mendelssohn with a complete *scenario*, filled with situations of powerful dramatic character, and elaborated with infinite care, guided by the experience of a practised dramatic authoress. This was, beyond all doubt, the subject which, in his letters of May 7 and 15,

* *Elijah.*

† See footnote on p. 195

1846, Mendelssohn compared with *Antigone*, though, unlike that, it was “not archaic.” But it was so far from satisfying him, that even while these negotiations were pending, he resumed the previously rejected story of the *Bauernkrieg*—the “Peasant War” of history—in consultation with his friend Edward Devrient, and the legend of *Loreley*, in conjunction with that gentleman and Dr. Geibel.

All this worried Mdlle. Lind, no less than Mendelssohn. It was evident that she was far less happy in Vienna than she had been at Berlin ; though she could not close her eyes to the fact that her visit to the Kaiserstadt had been successful, beyond the wildest expectations of her most sanguine admirers.

The following passage, from a letter written to Madame Wichmann nine days after her arrival in Vienna, describes her then frame of mind with epigrammatic force :—

“Hitherto, all has gone here splendidly. I have appeared twice in *Norma* ; and was called so many times before the curtain that I was quite exhausted. Bah ! I do not like it. Everything should be done in moderation ; otherwise it is not pleasing.”

And again, yet nine days later, she writes :—

“Vienna, May 6, 1846.

“ÄLSKADE,

“I think of you, daily, and hourly ; and it goes badly with me, since I parted from you, my beloved friends.

“I have been so home-sick, that I scarcely knew whether I should live or die ; and so frightfully melancholy, and sad, that it is a long long time since I have felt anything like it. Do you understand me ? I never felt this anguish while I was with you.

“But, I am better, now ; and the day before yesterday, Taubert came. Ah ! This joyful surprise !—this reminiscence of the past existence !—all now comes so brightly before me !

“And, now, I must tell you a little about the theatre, and things of that sort.

“Dearest, dearest lady !

“Do you know, I have been placed in the very worst, and the most unfavourable circumstances ; and yet, I never had a greater triumph ! Just think of this !

“To begin with ; Herr Pokorny actually had the rashness to demand such frightful prices, that a single reserved seat cost

eight gulden, and a box forty! So that, since the time of Catalani, such a thing has never been heard of; and the public were furious about it.

“Secondly; with these high prices, Pokorny engaged, for the first ten performances, a tenor, at whom everyone laughed. Everything depended upon me; so I was made the sacrifice. And all this I had to bear, and do penance for.

“In the third place; the whole Italian faction was opposed to me; and was determined to hiss, if there was the slightest thing that could be found fault with. Nevertheless, everything has gone well; and my success is only so much the greater.

“Taubert is sitting with me, now, and playing to me; and I persuade myself that I am with you, and live in quietness and peace, and am assured that you all know with what deep and true love I cling to you, and how impossible it would be for me ever to love you less.”

Though it contains no allusion to the circumstance, this letter is proved, by its date, to have been written exactly a week after the first performance of *La Sonnambula*. This was followed, on May 8, by *Der Freischütz*—an immense success; and, on the 15th, by *Die Ghibellinen in Pisa*, a German version of Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*, the music of which had been tortured into pretended association with a new and wholly incongruous *libretto*, the failure of which was a real gain to the cause of true Art. Mdlle. Lind never sang in it again, and the blame of its cold reception was certainly not visited upon her; for, on May 20—the night fixed for her benefit—she received an ovation, accompanied by circumstances, which, even among the brilliant triumphs to which she was now so well accustomed, can only be described as altogether exceptional.

On this occasion *La Sonnambula* was again chosen, as the Opera most likely to please the public, who had been delighted with it, on its first presentation, and flocked, in crowds, to hear it a second time. Every available seat in the house was filled with the *élite* of the Austrian capital. The noblest representatives of Art and Literature, the highest of the nobility, and the various members of the Imperial family, assembled, *en masse*, to do honour to the occasion. Each act of the Opera, each scene in which the *bénéficiaire* took part, was received with acclamation; and when the curtain fell, after the last *Finale*, and she was recalled

before it, to receive the grateful acknowledgments of the audience for the pleasure she had given them, while flowers were falling in showers upon the stage, the Empress-Mother dropped a wreath, with her own hand, at Mdlle. Lind's feet.

Such a favour, involving so bold a departure from the severity of Court etiquette, had never before been granted, by a member of the Imperial family, to any artist of any rank whatever, though Vienna had not been slow to acknowledge the claims of true genius, or to crown it with well-earned laurels.

As at Berlin, the audience seemed bent upon obtaining a spoken word of farewell; and, when silence had been obtained, Mdlle. Lind came forward, to the foot-lights, and said, in German: "Sie haben mich recht verstanden. Ich danke Ihnen aus meinem Herzen." * These few heartfelt words were received with a shout of sympathetic recognition; and it was only when that had subsided, that the audience, quite overcome with excitement, consented at last to disperse.

And, this was not all.

When, after the performance was over, the heroine of the evening prepared to return to her temporary home, *Am Graben*, a band of enthusiastic young men unharnessed the horses, and would have dragged the vehicle, with its occupant, through the crowded streets, to the door of Dr. Vivanot's house, had they not been prevented from doing so by a detachment of cavalry. Fortunately, the military force arrived in time to prevent a serious disturbance; but, even with this protection, the carriage was escorted to the Graben by a crowd of excited spectators, who insisted upon walking by its side; and, when Mdlle. Lind reached her hand out of the lowered window, those who were near enough rushed up, in the hope of respectfully kissing it.

Unhappily, the excitement produced a very serious accident. The man-servant, Görgel, either fell, or was accidentally dragged from his place behind the carriage, while the enthusiasm was at its highest, and so severely crushed, that he was unfit to travel for some considerable time, in consequence of which the departure from Vienna was seriously delayed, at a time when the hindrance proved of the greatest possible inconvenience.

Mdlle. Lind mentions the circumstance, in a letter addressed to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer:—

* "You have well understood me. I thank you, from my heart."

“Wien, 23 May, 1846.

“DEAR GOOD FRIEND,

“I really do not know whether I am dead, or alive—so you must just ask the Director, Pokorny, who will, no doubt, tell you all about it.

“It is four o'clock on Saturday morning. Two hours ago, I came from Herr Pokorny; and, think of my horror! my poor Görgel has been almost crushed to death! He was brought home in a frightful condition; and it does not look at all well with him. I have already postponed my journey four hours later. God grant that it may not turn out to be anything dangerous.

“Except for this, I have spent delightful days here. I have never met with such kind people as the Viennese in general. I can find no words in which to describe my stay in Vienna. Enough! Thank Heaven for helping me so much! Yet I have had much to fight against, here. Some day, I will tell you all about it.”

The style of this letter sufficiently shows the haste and excitement amidst which it was despatched; but no surrounding circumstances, however trying, could make the writer forget her affection for those whom she loved.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOWER RHINE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

HERR HAUSER had not forgotten Mendelssohn's wish to be kept *au courant* with regard to the events which took place at the *Theater an der Wien*. He had written more than one account of the various occurrences we have described ; and, on the morning after the "benefit," he wrote again, giving his friend a brief general description of the events of the evening. To the first and second of these letters Mendelssohn sent the following reply, containing much that will interest the reader :—

"Leipzig, 11th May, 1846.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I well knew how pleased you would be with Jenny Lind—I never for a moment doubted it ; and I was pleased indeed to find, from your letter, that I had not been mistaken, and that you had been so truly refreshed and encouraged by an artistic nature so splendid and so thoroughly genuine.

"Tell her that no day passes on which I do not rejoice anew that we are both living at the same epoch, and have learned to know each other, and are friends, and that her voice sounds so joyous, and that she is exactly what she is, and, with that, give her my heartiest greetings.

"And accept my best thanks for your two good letters. I should, indeed, have thanked you long ago, had not my time been so wholly absorbed by music that writing was impossible, for I sit, over both my ears, in my *Elijah*, and if it only turns out half as good as I often think it will, I shall be glad indeed ! The first part will be quite finished within the next few days, and a goodly portion of the second part also. I like nothing more than to spend the whole day in writing the notes down, and I often come so late to dinner that the children come to my room to fetch me, and drag me out by main force.

"But, really, I must come some day to Vienna. I hear so much said about it, right and left, and you all say such kind things about my music, and give me such extraordinary accounts of your

performances, that you make my mouth water. Perhaps I may bring my *Elijah*, while it is quite new, about the winter-time—for, naturally, it cannot be given at Aix-la-Chapelle, since it is barely half finished ; or, perhaps I may wait until I have found a subject for my Opera, and composed the music—if Jenny Lind is still there—and this last would be the best. But, in some way or other, I hope to see our Imperial City : and I shall not then make my first visit to the tower of S. Stephen's, or to the Sperl, but to the Bärenmühle. But perhaps you no longer live there, in which case I shall come wherever you do live.

“ But it is getting late, and I must leave off. Do you know whether Jenny Lind is going to sing the part of ‘ Donna Anna ’ in Vienna ? I should like you to hear it. If she does not sing it, ask her to sing the last or the first *aria* to you in your room ; and, when you greet her, from me, tell her that I will write to her this week, but she must forgive me if my letter is stupid, for, just now, I cannot do anything better.

“ Let me soon hear from you again. What happened at the second performance of *Antigone* ? And how are your sons, and your wife ? Greet them all many times, and continue kind to

“ Thine,

“ FELIX.” *

Herr Hauser's letter of May 21—the day after the benefit—was, in some sort, an answer to this. He renews the invitation to Vienna, though complaining that he is not living so comfortably as in his former house in the Bärenmühle. He says that he duly reported to Mdle. Lind Mendelssohn's thankfulness that they were both born in the same epoch, and he himself hopes that they will all long continue to give thanks to God for so artistic a nature—and not without grave reason, for there are some still living who thank God heartily that they were, to a certain extent, contemporary with Mendelssohn.

Mdle. Lind sang, with her usual success, at Herr Taubert's *matinée* in Streicher's Konzert-Salon on May 10, contributing to the programme two of Taubert's songs, and a northern melody ; and, on the 21st, she sang, for the last time that season, at a grand orchestral concert, given for an institution for the support of little children at the *Theater an der Wien*, under the patronage of His Imperial Highness the Archduke Franz Carl.

And thus ended the first short season in Vienna. It had been,

* From the Hauser letters.

for all concerned, a tentative one, for no one could predicate, until trial had been made, the temper in which the Viennese might feel inclined to accept it. But the experiment had proved eminently successful, and there could be no possible doubt on the mind of any one as to the result of a similar enterprise undertaken during the ensuing winter. If the Viennese critics had seemed somewhat more cautious in their expressions than those of Berlin, the public had certainly been very much less so in their actions.

And, now, the scene of the long succession of triumphs was changed.

As early as the month of January, 1846, the committee of the "Lower Rhine Musical Festival" entered into negotiations with Mdlle. Lind in the hope of obtaining her assistance at the twenty-eighth meeting of the Association, which was appointed to take place, that year, on May 31, and June 1 and 2, at Aix-la-Chapelle.

The Association was, and still is, one of the most important in Europe, and one of the oldest also. First suggested in 1811, and regularly organised in 1818, it had, since that year, given an annual festival at Whitsuntide, either at Cologne, Düsseldorf, or Aix-la-Chapelle, each town taking upon itself the responsibility of arrangement, in its regular turn. Up to the year 1833 two concerts had been given annually, on Whitsunday and Whitmonday; but Mendelssohn, who that year had been for the first time appointed conductor, proposed an additional concert on the Tuesday morning; and, as the programme was on that day miscellaneous, it was called "The Artists' Concert," under which title it has ever since been annually repeated. The festival was held that year at Düsseldorf. Mendelssohn again conducted, in 1835, at Cologne; and in 1836 he produced his *Saint Paul*, at the eighteenth festival at Düsseldorf. Since then he had conducted three times; and now he was engaged again for 1846.

Many hindrances had arisen, and many changes been made with regard to the arrangements, chiefly in consequence of the difficulty of engaging an efficient company of artists to support

Mdlle. Lind ; for, unlike Herr Pokorny, the committee had determined that she should not be asked to sing with vocalists of inferior merit. But all was satisfactorily arranged before she left Berlin in April, and the programmes for the two first days finally decided upon.

The first grand rehearsal was fixed for Wednesday, May 27, and it had been arranged that Mdlle. Lind should leave Vienna on the 23rd, meet Mendelssohn at Frankfort on the evening of the 6th, and proceed with him down the Rhine to Aix-la-Chapelle on the 27th. But when the hour fixed for the departure from Vienna arrived, it was found that the injured man-servant was quite unfit to travel.

Always thinking of others, before caring for herself, Mdlle. Lind consulted with the doctors, and found that they demanded twelve hours longer in order that the sufferer might be comfortably bandaged and prepared, in so far as was possible under such circumstances, for the fatigues of the journey. To this delay she consented, in preference to leaving him friendless in Vienna. It was a great risk, and involved a terrible increase of fatigue for her at a time when she needed all her physical powers, as well as those of the mind, in preparation for the responsibilities devolving upon her at the festival. But she did not hesitate ; though, in consequence of the lateness of the hour at which she was obliged to start, it was nearly midnight on Tuesday, May 26, before she arrived at Frankfort, where Mendelssohn had been awaiting her all the afternoon at the well-known hotel *Der Weisse Schwan*, in an agony of anxiety and suspense.

It was, indeed, a desperate venture. If, through any accidental hindrance, either of them had failed to appear at the rehearsal on Thursday the 28th, the success of the entire festival would have been endangered. But all fear of that was now at an end ; and, leaving Görgel the wounded man-servant under careful medical attendance in Frankfort, the two friends, accompanied by Mdlle. Louise Johansson, started down the Rhine, on Wednesday the 27th, by the steamboat, and in due time reached Aix-la-Chapelle, where Mdlle. Lind, in accordance with the previous arrangement, became the guest of the Marquis and Marquise de Sassenay, and Mendelssohn occupied an apartment provided for him by the committee at the principal hotel—the *Grand Monarque*.

The festival was declared by all present to have been the best that had taken place within the memory of the public. The two principal songs in Haydn's oratorio, *On Mighty Pens* and *With Verdure Clad*, and the solo and chorus, *The Marvellous Work*, were calculated to display Mdle. Lind's powers, whether of voice, method, or poetical conception, to the greatest possible advantage—indeed, they became great favourites everywhere in later years. And yet it was undoubtedly in the third part of the oratorio that her ideal conception of the work reached its culminating point, for she threw the whole poetry of her womanly nature into the part of Eve, and emphasised its importance in a way which attracted the attention of every deep thinker among the audience. There can be no doubt that her interpretation of it coincided with Haydn's, in every particular. Both saw that the whole interest of the work must of necessity concentrate itself upon the point at which the purpose of the Almighty Creator is consummated—the creation of man. And it was in closest sympathy with this conception that Haydn composed, and his careful interpreter sang, the music assigned to “the mother of us all.” Can we believe that their joint ideal was a false one?

Mdle. Lind's part in *Alexander's Feast* was also a very important one, demanding the combined powers of *virtuosa* and poetess. But her greatest success, perhaps, was achieved on the Tuesday morning, at the “Artists' Concert,” in Mendelssohn's *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges* and *Frühlingslied*, in which, say the critics of the period, “she produced an effect wholly unparalleled, insomuch that the meeting of 1846 was afterwards known as the “*Jenny-Lind-Fest*.”

Many dear friends, both of the conductor and the singer, assembled that year at Aix-la-Chapelle to do honour to the occasion; and it was altogether a very happy time, as some letters, fortunately preserved, sufficiently prove.

It will interest the reader to glance at three descriptions of the same pleasant Whitsuntide holiday, drawn from three different points of view—like P. de Champaigne's threefold portrait of the great Cardinal de Richelieu in the National Gallery—less gorgeously toned, indeed, and by no means so grandly modelled; but certainly not less true to nature, though only in playful miniature.

Among the sympathetic friends who flocked to Aix-la-Chapelle, and certainly not among the least welcome of these, were Professor Geijer of Upsala and his wife, who had not breathed a word to any one of their intention to come. Their presence in the town was a surprise indeed; and Madame Geijer thus describes the meeting, in a letter forwarded to us by her son-in-law Count Hamilton, the Lord-Lieutenant of the province of Upland.

“Aachen, Whitsunday, 1846.

“Geijer was informed that ‘Fräulein’ Lind and Dr. Mendelssohn were at home, so he went to Madame la Marquise de Sassenay’s, where Jenny Lind was staying during her visit to Aachen.

“Jenny, however, was at rehearsal, so he went to the theatre and enquired for her there.

“Soon afterwards Jenny came out, and could hardly believe her eyes. She did not know whether she was dreaming, whether she was in Germany or Sweden!

“She put her hands to her forehead, and was ready to cry. Later on, she followed Geijer to the hotel at which we were staying. She was joyous, excited, and exceedingly interesting and animated. She asked with warmth and emotion after friends and acquaintances at home, and more particularly after the Lindblads. Geijer told her that Lindblad was engaged on an Opera. ‘Well,’ she cried, ‘and who is to sing it?’ Geijer answered, ‘You had better say who.’ ‘Yes,’ she said, ‘I may help him to bring out an Opera, both at home, and here in Germany; there is no doubt about that.’

“She spoke of the great success she had had in Vienna, and told him how, after her last appearance, an attempt had been made to draw her carriage, in consequence of which her manservant had been severely injured, so much so that she had been obliged to leave him behind.

“Jenny promised to get tickets for us for the concert, adding ‘I shall tell them that I will not sing, if they do not give me tickets for you.’ She also promised that she would arrange for Mendelssohn to play to us; and, since the world now turns round according to her wishes and commands, one may feel quite safe when she has pronounced her *fiat* in one’s favour.

“In the evening we were present at the rehearsal of the *Creation*, and we then heard the good news that Mendelssohn had declared his willingness to play to us, and that he would have a piano sent to our rooms for that purpose.

“So, in the evening, Jenny and Mendelssohn came to us. Jenny sang some *Lieder*, and I need neither describe nor praise them. Geijer was quite beside himself with delight and pleasure.

“Mendelssohn thought Agnes and Jenny so like each other that they might be taken for sisters.”

Five days after his departure from Aix-la-Chapelle Mendelssohn, who was then in Düsseldorf, sent the following account of the Festival to his friend Franz Hauser, at Vienna :—

“Düsseldorf, June 8, 1848.

“You wish me to tell you about the musical festival at Aachen. Well, it was very good, very splendid, towering above all the others, and chiefly owing to Jenny Lind ; for, as to the orchestra, I have heard it perhaps better on some other occasions, and the chorus, though splendid, has been equally so at previous festivals. But they were all so uplifted, so animated, so artistically moved by Lind’s singing and manner, that the whole thing became a delight, a general success, and worked together as it never did before.

“I had the clearest evidence of this at the last rehearsal, when I had begged of her, for once, not to be the first and most punctual in attendance, but to take some rest and come in towards the end of the rehearsal. To this she agreed, and it was quite a misery to notice how feebly things went—so devoid of swing that even I became listless, like all the others, until, thank God ! Jenny Lind appeared, when the needful interest and good humour came back to us, and things moved on again.

“There were, of course, wreaths, and poems, and fanfares, again and again, and the audience was seized with that excitement which manifests itself wherever she goes. The manner of its manifestation is of no consequence.

“After the festival, we went together a little way on the Rhine ; spent a very pleasant day at Cologne, Bonn, up the Drachenfels, at Königswinter, and back (to Cologne), and on the following day she left for Hanover, and I for this place, where I took part yesterday in a concert which also would have been a fine one if Jenny Lind had been there.

“To-morrow I leave for Liège, in order to hear the *Lauda Sion*, which I have composed for the festival of *Corpus Christi* there.”

Finally, Mdlle. Lind recorded her own impressions of this Whitsuntide holiday—for earnest work in the cause of Art is really a holiday to earnest artists, however hard it may be—in

the following letter to Herr Rudolph Wichmann, the Professor's second son :—

“ Aachen, June 2, 1846.

“ MY DEAR RUDOLPH,

“ My pleasure in Aachen will soon come to an end, for all will be over to-day, and early to-morrow we leave. But I believe Mendelssohn means to accompany us a little way, and we hope to see the view from the Drachenfels, which will be very nice.

“ How well everything went with me in Vienna ! only my manservant was very nearly crushed to death, owing to the enthusiasm, so that I had to leave him behind in Frankfort, and he has only just now rejoined me.

“ Farewell, my dear boy. Greetings from

“ THY SISTER.”

It had been a happy time for all ; but for Mendelssohn, with *Elijah* not yet finished, though on the eve of production, and some hard days' work still waiting for accomplishment in Düsseldorf, Cologne, and Liège, the fatigue was dangerously heavy, and the amount of excitement with which it was accompanied more disproportioned still to the then condition of his mental and physical powers, which sorely needed the rest he was nevermore able to accord to them.

But when did Prudence ever come to the front, to calm the suicidal eagerness of Genius ?

CHAPTER III.

THE CONTRACT WITH MR. LUMLEY.

THE view from the Drachenfels answered all the bright expectations that had been formed of it ; and, after supplementing it with an afternoon at Königswinter, and a pleasant day at Cologne, Mdle. Lind proceeded to Hanover, where she was engaged for four performances at the Court Theatre, and a concert. The success, on each occasion, was that to which all concerned had so long been accustomed, that it was now looked for as a matter of course. But, of far greater importance than any amount of local enthusiasm was the fact, that, during this visit to Hanover, Mdle. Lind was brought into immediate relations with the then Crown Prince and Princess—afterwards King George V. and Queen Marie—who, amidst the heavy trials destined afterwards to fall upon them, never forgot the friendship with which they then learned to regard her ; a friendship which remained undiminished until the day of her death, and which, even since then, has been most touchingly alluded to by Her Majesty, Queen Marie.

After fulfilling this engagement, and singing once at a concert at Bremen, Mdle. Lind proceeded to Hamburg, where she was engaged for a series of twelve “Guest-performances” at the Stadt Theatre, supplemented by a benefit in aid of the “Theatrical Orchestra Pension Fund,” another for herself, and a concert for the poor.

During this visit, she did not reside in Hamburg itself, having accepted an invitation to the house of her friend, Consul Arnemann, at Nienstädten, near the neighbouring township of Altona. Here she spent many pleasant weeks with her host and hostess and their family, who had invited another friend—Mdle. Mina Fundin—to keep her company, and had also sent a pressing invitation to Mendelssohn, in the hope that he would be able to take Nienstädten on his way to England, whither he was

bound, in August, for the purpose of producing his *Elijah* at the Birmingham Festival. This project, however, failed entirely. Though Mendelssohn would have been pleased indeed to have availed himself of so pleasant an opportunity for refreshing himself with a brief rest, before his heavy work began, it was quite impossible for him to do so. He was working beyond his strength, as he himself well knew; and let the consequences be what they might, there was no help for it.

During her second season at Hamburg, Mdle. Lind's performances were received with even greater enthusiasm than those of the previous year. Indeed, if a local journal of the period may be trusted, her horses were again unharnessed, after the concert on Aug. 1, and her carriage drawn home, as at Vienna, by the admiring crowd. She prolonged her visit at Nienstädten—with interruptions—for some considerable time, after the termination of her engagement at the theatre. Like Mendelssohn, she had, for some time past, been working far beyond her strength, and the fatigue was now beginning to tell upon her with serious effect. She herself saw this very plainly; and her project for retiring from the stage was forced into greater prominence, just at this time, by the inroads that excessive fatigue was making upon her health and strength. Indeed, one can only look on in wonder at the amount of work she was able to accomplish, without actually breaking down. But it had to be continued, for the present at least, whatever the sacrifice might be.

In the meantime, the correspondence with Mendelssohn was not allowed to languish. Towards the end of July, he wrote thus :—

“Leipzig, July 23, 1846.

“MY DEAR FRÄULEIN,

“As usual, I come to you, to-day, asking a favour. I mean, that I am anxious to know how matters stand, with regard to your travelling arrangements, both now, and in the future—and I hope you will explain them to me. In your last letter, you told me that you were going to Switzerland, with the Wichmanns, on Aug. 1. Does this plan still hold good? And, is it true, or not, that you will be at Frankfort in September? Also, are you going straight from Hamburg to Berlin, to fetch the Wichmanns? All this I want to know. And it is because I want to know this, that I ask you to tell me of your plans, both before and after your journey to Switzerland and Vienna; and whether you still adhere both to the one and the other intention. The reason is, that, since

my return from the Rhine, I have lived the life of a marmot. I was rather frightened, when, on coming back, I saw the amount of work that lay unfinished, and compared it with the time that remained to me. Then, I made up my mind not to write to you until my Oratorio was quite complete ; * but, for the last few days I have not been well (you will find it out, sooner or later), so now I shall not be ready till August, and I dare not delay my letter so long as that, or it will be brought to you while on the back of some mule or other, to some cow-herd's hut.

"Madame Arnemann has written me a very friendly letter, and invited me to Nienstädt. As yet, I have not been able even to thank her for it ; and yet, how gladly would I have accepted the invitation ! But I cannot get away from here before the middle of August ; and, even then, I must make haste, in order to reach England in time. To-day, however, I really will write to Madame Arnemann, or she will be vexed—and with good cause.

"Is it true that you have been singing the '*Regimentsstochter*' in German ? If so, I should have liked to have been one of the audience. And, do you know that the Geijers have lately been here ? and, that they invited me to go to Sweden, to feast on a roasted reindeer ? (I can get rice-milk at your house !) And, that Fräulein Geijer sang '*Vorwärts so heisst des Schicksals Gebot*' to me again ? and the song, by Lindblad, in C major.

"But, I will leave off, for to-day. My letter is tiresome, and stupid, and will continue so to the end. Only, grant my requests. And tell me all about yourself, and how you are getting on, and whether you are having much music, and whether you are in good spirits, and in first-rate voice ?

"We are all well, at home, and often remember you.

"Your friend,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

Mendelssohn's letters were always welcome ; and we have felt it necessary to present them to our readers without any abbreviation ; but the events which took place between this period and the beginning of September need no detailed record. It was a time of rest, much needed, and hardly earned. We shall, therefore, resume our history, with the return to a more active Art-life, in the autumn.

Soon after the middle of September, Mdlle. Lind, accompanied

* *Elijah*, which was to be produced at the Birmingham Festival, in the following August.

by Mdle. Louise Johansson, arrived at Frankfort, where the business of the season began.

She had by this time acquired a thoroughly methodical and business-like way of keeping records, and one of her first acts, on arriving at Frankfort, was the purchase of a thick and sturdy memorandum-book, a square bulky volume, of quarto size, labelled, "Annotation-Book of Jenny Lind,"* and filled with ruled "sermon-paper," in which she entered every one of her engagements, from that time forward, up to the moment of her marriage, in America, in the year 1852.

The value of this document to her biographers may be imagined. Henceforward we shall no more have to send to Berlin, or to Vienna, for official lists of the various performances with which we are concerned. It is true that, up to this date, such lists have been furnished to us through the intervention of Mr. Goldschmidt, with never-failing courtesy, by the officers in whose charge the archives of the different theatres are placed. The information for which we have asked, whether at Berlin, Vienna, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Hamburg, or elsewhere, has never once been refused to us, and as much care has been bestowed upon the verification of a date as if the welfare of the theatre itself had depended upon its correctness. For this we tender our best and most sincere thanks; but henceforth every date, in whatever country, will be given on the authority of Mdle. Lind's own hand-writing, and the advantage of this is manifest.

The first entries in the book are :—

"Frankfort a/M.		1846.
<i>Sonnambula</i>		Sept. 25
<i>Norma</i>		" 28
<i>Figlia</i>		" 30
<i>Figlia</i>		Oct. 2
<i>Sonnambula</i>		" 5
<i>Vestale</i> (50 Louis d'or for the members of the chorus) ×		" 7
<i>Figlia</i> (benefit for the orchestra pension-fund) ×		" 10

We subjoin a fac-simile of the first page. The little cross means that the performance was given wholly, or in part, for charitable or benevolent purposes, and the number of such crosses in a single page is sometimes very remarkable. In the present

* Annotations-Bok.

Annotations. Book for

James Lane

Representations 1846

London	Spring-garden	Sept. 25.
Ed.	Woburn	- 26.
-	Regimental Doctor	- 30.
-	Regimental Doctor	Oct. 2.
-	Spring-garden	- 3.
-	Woburn. 150 pounds is this amount	- 4.
-	Regimental Doctor. (Buckles for Dr. Robert James)	* 10.
<hr/>		
Manchester	Spring-garden	- 13.
-	Woburn	- 16.
-	Regimental Doctor	- 18.
Minster	Count for Barry's paper 1841	* 19.
-	Spring-garden	- 23.
-	Woburn	- 25.
-	Freshwater	- 26.
-	(new for Robert)	* Nov. 1.
-	Regimental Doctor	- 3.
-	Spring-garden	- 5.
-	Regimental Doctor	- 8.
Stuttgart	Spring-garden	- 11.
-	Woburn	- 13.
-	Count for Rungwa of Woburn	- 14.

case fifty *Louis d'or* of the proceeds, on Oct. 7, were given to the chorus, and on the 10th the whole was devoted to the "Orchestra Pension Fund" of the Frankfort Stadt Theatre.

The performances were crowned with the usual success, and followed by the usual demonstrations of enthusiastic admiration; but this visit to Frankfort was memorable for reasons quite unconnected with its individual triumphs, for it was here that the idea of an engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, in London, first took a definite and palpable form.

Some of her London friends—including Mrs. Grote, who herself mentions the fact in the MS. "Memoir" from which we have so frequently quoted—had "urged Mr. Lumley to make efforts in this direction," and he had, in fact, "made more than one tentative to obtain the services of the celebrated songstress for Her Majesty's Theatre." Hearing of this—as no doubt he did—Mr. Bunn, looking at the circumstance from his own point of view, put the worst possible construction upon it, and took it for granted that his correspondent was cognizant of all that took place—which was not true. She did not know of it, until the period affected by Mr. Bunn's contract had long been overpassed. It was not until long after that date that Mr. Lumley made her a definite and tangible offer for Her Majesty's Theatre; and, when the offer came, she refused even to think of it. She was so terrified at the penalties, the law-suits, and the disgrace with which Mr. Bunn had threatened her, that her dearest and most trusted friends could not persuade her to entertain the idea of appearing at an English theatre under any circumstances, or upon any terms whatever.

And yet her destiny seemed to be weaving a net round about her, from which no way of escape was visible. She was brought, apart from her own will entirely, under the steadily increasing influence of English friends. Mrs. Grote was most anxious that she should come to London. Her brother, Mr. Edward Lewin—of whom more will be said in a future chapter—saw no insurmountable difficulties in the way of an engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Lumley was unceasing in his endeavours to induce her to rescind her decision; and, while she was still in Frankfort, the musical correspondent of one of the most influential art journals in England turned aside from his travels, in the hope of hearing her sing, and begged an introduction to

her, from a quarter whence he well knew that it would be favourably received.

The following letter from Mendelssohn, which arrived in Frankfort almost simultaneously with Mdlle. Lind herself, will explain the situation exactly :—

“Leipzig, Sept. 23, 1846.

“MY DEAR FRÄULEIN,

“If you will do me a real favour, and if you are not too much occupied and worried during your stay in Frankfort, let me beg of you to receive the bearer of these lines, Mr. Chorley (an acquaintance of mine of long standing, and a great lover of music), with your usual kindness, and to sing him one of my songs.*

“He is an excellent listener, and you will make him very happy if you grant my wish. I believe he is going to Frankfort solely on this account, so that I have really no choice but to come to you with this new request.

“Many thanks for your last letter, which I only received after I had left London, and at the moment of starting for Ostend.

“I have so much to say about England, and your journey thither, that I really do not know how I am to write it. In any case, everything depends upon the way in which one establishes oneself there; or, rather, upon the way in which *you* establish *yourself*, for you have the whole thing entirely in your own hands, and English lovers of music are expecting you, in a frame of mind, and speaking of you, in terms, which please me very much indeed—a thing which very seldom happens—when I hear you spoken of. So you can manage it exactly *as you will*; though, for that very reason, you alone are in a position to decide upon it.

“Till we meet again, merry, happy, unchanged,

“FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.”

Thus prepared for Mr. Chorley's visit, Mdlle. Lind received him when he called, a few days later, with the friendly courtesy which she felt it no less a pleasure than a duty to extend to the friends of those with whom she was herself on terms of intimacy. He repeated his visit more than once, heard her sing in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and afterwards in *La Sonnambula* and *Die Vestalin*, and wrote, on Oct. 4, to Mrs. Grote, describing, in the most enthusiastic terms, the pleasure he had felt in hearing her sing. “And now let me tell you,” he says, “how thoroughly, with my

* Mr. Chorley was the musical critic attached to the *Athenæum*.

whole heart, I like her as a singer, more, by twenty times, than I had expected. . . . I was really delighted to find that I am not past the old thrill, or the old beating of the heart, and that I could not go to bed till I had written a note (in horrible French) to say ‘Thank you.’”

On the same day (Oct. 4th) he also wrote to Mendelssohn, to thank him for “the very very intense pleasure” that had made him “laugh and cry like a child again,” after “a fear of disappointment” which he “hardly liked to describe,” ending his letter with the words, “She says *she will not* come to London,”*—from which it is evident, that, if he did not endeavour to persuade her to come, he had, at least, discussed the subject with her.

The next engagement was at Darmstadt, where Mdlle. Lind sang three times at the Court Theatre,—in *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, and *La Figlia del Reggimento*. The memory of the previous performances in Sept. 1845 were still green and flourishing, and the success of the second visit was greater than that of the first.

In the meantime, Mr. Lumley had not been idle. He had now abundant hope—having gained the all-powerful support of Mendelssohn—and the engagement of Mdlle. Lind was a matter of such vital importance to him that he could not afford to let the subject drop. Since the close of the previous season, the affairs of Her Majesty’s Theatre had been in the utmost possible disorder. The company, with Mesdames Grisi and Persiani at their head, had revolted, and there was no one to take their place. Mr. Lumley’s friends saw, in the proposed engagement, his only chance of escape from absolute ruin, and urged him to leave no stone unturned that might help to bring the matter to a successful issue. By their advice, he followed Mdlle. Lind from Frankfort to Darmstadt, and there again presented himself to her, armed, this time, with a letter from Mendelssohn, whom he had seen in Leipzig, and to whom he had taken a letter from herself.

Feeling sure that the missive with the delivery of which he was entrusted was a very valuable one, and not at all likely to be written in opposition to his own interests, Mr. Lumley lost no time in presenting it in person ; and thus it ran :—

* From the original letter, preserved by the Mendelssohn Family.

“Leipzig, October 12, 1846.

“MY DEAR FRÄULEIN,

“I intended to write to you on the day on which your first letter arrived ; but a few hours afterwards came your second letter, and Mr. Lumley, who brought it. All that he said to me, and all that passed through my mind in connection with it, and the different thoughts that crossed each other hither and thither, made it impossible for me to write to you until to-day ; and I told Mr. Lumley that, if he should be coming here again after his journey to Berlin, I would meanwhile think it all carefully over, and would then tell him whether I could advise you to go to London or not.

“Upon that—*i.e.*, upon my advice—he seems to set great store, and I have already told you in my former letter that the whole success of his undertaking depends upon your coming.

“In short, I can only repeat what I then wrote—I should like you, as far as is humanly possible, to arrange, *as completely as one could wish*, for your own comfort, and, when that has all been settled, I should like you to go there.

“I should have strongly urged Mr. Lumley—at least, on his return here—to speak clearly and exactly about money matters ; because that is a very serious point, in England ; and because you could, and ought, to make such terms as no one else could at this moment, since you are the *only* one upon whom alone the whole thing depends. But—do not be angry with me !—I had not the courage to do this : not even for you, though I know that you understand that kind of thing even less than I do—in other words, not at all. But it is such a very sore point with me, and I rejoice so much when I have nothing to hear or say about it, that I could not bring the words to my lips. And, at last, I thought, ‘It is not my province,’ and so, after all, I let it pass.

“Therefore I can only repeat, it must all be as is just and right to you.

“Nevertheless, you will certainly meet with such a reception there, that you will be able to think of it with pleasure throughout the whole of your future life. When the English once entertain a personal liking for anyone, I believe that no people are more friendly, more cordial, or more constant ; and such a feeling you will find there. For, as I told you before, I have noticed that they entertain this true feeling there, not only about your singing, but about your personality, and your whole being, and upon this last they even set more store than upon the singing itself. And this is as it should be.

“In my opinion, therefore, it cannot for a moment be doubted

that you will be received there as you deserve—more warmly, enthusiastically, and heartily, perhaps, than in all your former experience : and you have experienced a great deal in that way. You will therefore give your friends great pleasure if you go there ; and I, for my part, should be very glad indeed if you were to go.

“Insist upon all possible conditions that can in the least degree make things agreeable to you, and insist upon them very firmly, and strictly, and clearly. Do not forget anything that may be pleasant for you, and have nothing to say to anything that may be unpleasant. Going to London, and singing there, can, in itself, be nothing but pleasant—of that I am firmly persuaded. Everything else depends only upon the manner in which this is done, and all that you have in your own hands.

“I am selfish, too, in my advice ; for I hope that we shall there meet in the world again. While still in England, I had half promised to return there next April ; had I only known that you would be there at that time, or would be going there, you may imagine how much more willingly I should have settled it. Mr. Lumley, also, in the kindest manner, proposed that I should compose an Opera for him next May, and I could only answer, that, on the self-same day on which I succeeded in getting a good *libretto*, on a good subject, I would begin to write the music ; and that, in doing so, I should be fulfilling my greatest wish. He hopes soon to be able to procure such a *libretto*, and has already taken some decided steps with regard to it. God grant that some good results may follow. From Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, I have not heard a single word, for a long time. In the meantime, I have music-paper and finely-nibbed pens lying on the table—and wait.

“But, apart from this, I hope, as I have told you, to visit London again next spring, and what a pleasure it will be to me to witness there the most brilliant and hearty reception that can possibly fall to an artist’s lot ! For I know full well that that is what your reception will be, and it will be great fun for me that you yourself will be the fêted artist.

“For myself, I am doing well ; but, during the three weeks that have elapsed since I returned here, I have done scarcely anything but rest, so tired was I—and still am, sometimes—with the work that preceded the journey to England, and the journey itself. The performance of my *Elijah* was the best first performance that I have ever heard of any one of my compositions. There was so much go, and swing, in the way in which the people played, and sang, and listened. I wish you had been there. But I have now fallen back into the concert trouble,

and can neither get true rest, nor quietness here. So I have built myself a grand castle in the air; namely, to travel, next summer, with my whole family, in my favourite country—which, as you know, is Switzerland—and then to study uninterruptedly for two months on one of the lakes, living in the open air. If God gives us health, we will carry out this plan; and when I think of such a quiet time in the country after all the hurry and bustle, and all the brightness of a London season, and remember how dear both of them are to me, and how well they please me, I almost wish that the spring were already here, and that I was taking my seat in the travelling carriage.

“And now, to-day, I have still a request to make. Write to me, *at once*, when you have come to a decision concerning England; and tell me everything, with all the details: for you know how much it all interests me. Before all things, then, write to me, from time to time; and think kindly of me, sometimes.

“As for myself, you know that I am, and remain,

“Your friend,

“FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.”

The result of Mendelssohn's advice will be most clearly manifested by a letter which Mr. Lumley wrote to him after his interview with Mdlle. Lind—a letter which is all the more interesting, inasmuch as it treats, also, of the long hoped-for *libretto* in such sort as to show that the manager had already begun to look upon it as “a matter of business.”

“Darmstadt, Oct. 17.

“DEAR MR. MENDELSSOHN,

“I am delighted to tell you that your letter has had its effect; and that the lady has signed an engagement.*

“Your letter charmed her so much. It was a most pleasing picture—her countenance, when reading it. No sun could have infused more joy into a beautiful landscape, than your letter did on her.

“To give her peace of mind, I added clauses to the engagement, which, if known by persons not intimately acquainted with her charming character and feeling of honour, would perhaps incur for me the charge of folly. But, I know I can depend on her honour; and I am perfectly happy and contented on that head. I have prepared the engagement wholly in her favour; but I proposed to her to add anything else that you might think advisable, and I added a clause to that effect.

* The document was formally signed on Oct. 17, 1846.

“She would not enter into the question of money ; but I am quite sure you will be satisfied that I have done everything right in that way.

“I need not tell you how truly grateful I am to you. The English, as a nation, will owe you a debt of gratitude ; for I look upon the engagement of Lind as a new era in the progress of Art in England. Her success will be transcendent. Independently of her great genius, she has that purity and chastity of manner which none but a really good person can possess, and which, in England, will gain her partisans on all sides. I say ‘on all sides,’ because, even with the vile, there is that in real goodness and virtue which *commands* admiration.

“Pray remember me most kindly to Madame Mendelssohn, and to her mother, and permit me to send my love to your children, not forgetting the baby, and that beautiful boy Carl, who, though suggestive of the pictures of Raphael, and Correggio, reminds us that there is an Artist far above the greatest of human artists, and that the real is frequently more beautiful than the ideal.

“My joy on the completion of the affair is not unsullied. I am fearful that she may, for a time, at least, tease herself with fears, which, though entirely groundless, may equally torment her. I will venture to entreat you to assure her of the absolute certainty of her great success to give her encouragement.

“I shall lose no time in occupying myself, immediately, with the *libretto* for our grand affair ; and I do not despair of providing you with a *libretto* which shall give you pleasure and ensure your valuable aid.

“It is of importance that this affair of Lind should be kept private for the present. I shall lose no time in occupying myself about the ‘*affaire Bunn*.’

“I need not say that it will give me great pleasure to hear from you.

“Yours most truly,

“B. LUMLEY.”*

Without wearying our readers with a literal transcript of the “Lumley Contract,” with its endless circumlocutions and technical legal phraseology, we may briefly say that it provided :—

- (1) An *honorarium* of 120,000 francs (£4800) for the season. reckoned from April 14th to August 20th, 1847.
- (2) A furnished house, a carriage, and a pair of horses, free of charge, for the season.

* Transcribed from the original letter, preserved by the Mendelssohn Family.

- (3) A farther sum of £800 if Mdlle. Lind wished to spend a month in Italy before her *début*, for the purpose of studying the language, or for rest.
- (4) Liberty to cancel the engagement, if, after her first appearance, she felt dissatisfied at the measure of its success and wished to discontinue her performances.
- (5) Mdlle. Lind was not to sing at concerts, public or private, for her own emolument.

So, the question of appearing at Her Majesty's Theatre was decided at last ; and, when Mdlle. Lind left Darmstadt, for Munich, she had bound herself to the most important dramatic engagement, and prepared the way for the most solid artistic triumph that ever had been, or was ever destined to be, associated with her name.

BOOK VI.

WORK AND FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

SOUTH GERMANY.

ON the 1st of August, 1846, Mdlle. Lind proceeded from Darmstadt to Munich, where, between the 23rd of October, and the 8th of November, she sang six times at the Opera ; besides taking part in a Concert given for the benefit of the Orchestra.

Before leaving Frankfort, she had sent the following account of her probable movements to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer :—

“ Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Oct. 6, 1846.

“ To-day, I am twenty-six years old ! dear Mother Birch ! that is no light matter ; and therefore it is that I feel such a desire to write to you to-day, and to thank you heartily for your last letter.

“ Your letters are so motherly, and filled with such good wishes, that I thought I heard you speaking, and saw your face quite clearly, exactly as it used to be in Berlin, when we were discussing anything particular. So I thank you my good friend for this your sympathy.

“ I have never thought otherwise than to go to Vienna ; let what will happen, I shall sing in the *Feldlager*, and all the more, because it has fallen through in London. This is really my wish—only, you yourself know what is to be expected from Pokorny, and whether one has not everything to fear there from a man who understands absolutely nothing about the matter.

“ I will, and must, keep my promise with the public ; and I shall be quit of this promise if I sing in Meyerbeer's Opera. With regard to the performance, the first thing is, that a good tenor should be engaged, and that the others should be passable. As for what concerns me, I shall make my arrangements in Vienna

according to circumstances. If I am not pleased, I shall leave immediately after the *Feldlager*.

"I am longing, above all measure, to get away from the stage. I think, now, that I shall be ready in six months. I cannot do otherwise. It is stronger than I!

"Lumley, the Director of the Italian Opera in London, came here; but I have sent him to Italy, to look for a singer there. But, he still hopes to get me; and, if you should hear that I have really gone mad, I may then go to London."*

In the meantime, Mdle. Lind's visit to Munich was a great success. An introduction to the family of Professor Wilhelm von Kaulbach, the famous Bavarian painter, had resulted in an invitation to his house, where she was received, during the time of her visit, with warm hospitality; treated, by the Professor, and his wife, as a beloved daughter; and made no less happy than she had been, in Berlin, at the house of Professor Wichmann.

And so it happened, that the visit to Munich was a very happy, as well as a very successful one. But there were anxieties with regard to the Lumley Contract; and, especially, with reference to the clause which provided for an increased *honorarium*, if Mdle. Lind felt it necessary to pass a month in Italy, for the purpose of studying the language. She herself thought the plan desirable. Mendelssohn, however, did not approve of it; and stated his objection to this, and some other clauses in the "Lumley Contract," in a letter, dated "Leipzig, October 31, 1846."

"MY DEAR FRÄULEIN,

"A thousand thanks for the trust you place in me. I have many times wished that I were wise and shrewd enough to be able to respond to this trust by something better than goodwill and the best wishes; but, unfortunately, with regard to contracts, and all sorts of law-business, I am the stupidest creature that can possibly be.

"Once, I thought I would show the contract to some one or other who could give me good advice, and tell me of all sorts of clauses that might possibly be added to it. In the end, however, this did not seem to me to be wise; and I have preferred not showing your contract to any lawyers at all, and have taken no good advice at all upon it. For, I think, if you had wished for *finesse* of this kind, you would not have applied to me. And, besides this, I think that you will be greeted, in England,

* From Frau von Hillern's collection.

musically and personally, with such love, and jubilation, and rapture, as has seldom fallen even to you ; and I think that you will pass pleasant days there ; and that this is the chief purport of the contract, and the chief point of the whole business.

“ A few things, certainly, do not seem to me to be right ; but, as these are chief points in the contract, and as you have already signed, I do not see how anything can be altered.

“ Finally, it seems to me that I could have nothing to do with modifying anything in the engagement, but only with adding something that might occur to me. I should, indeed, have gladly seen that Lumley had contented himself with four months. (That he always spoke to me of four months, here, I well remember.) And that, instead of ten times in each month, you had insisted upon eight, at most. And, when I think of all this, and of your personal reputation in England at the present moment, it seems to me that something ought also to be altered on the score of money.

“ But all this must, I believe, be looked upon as settled, now and for ever, since you have signed. And, from this moment, in my opinion, none of these points—which really are, and must remain, the chief points of the contract—can in any way be brought into question.

“ Also, I am convinced that you will enjoy being in England ; and, if so, the twenty-one days in August might perhaps, in any case, have been conceded by you. And, more than that, you will sing ten times there with less exertion than eight times in Germany, where the journeys, the frequently inadequate support, and, above all, the hundred thousand shameful and shameless demands with which you are beset, tire you a great deal more than the singing itself—and all this you will, in great part, get rid of there.

“ Moreover, you will not, I think, find it very expensive there, since the two most costly items are provided for in the contract, and will not fall to your charge. But, in any case, this, as I have already said, can no longer be brought into question, since it is already decided.

“ To set against this, there is one little thing that I do not like to give in to ; namely, when it says that ‘ *Mlle. Lind ne chantera dans aucun autre Théâtre ou Concert publique ou particulier.* ’ I find, ‘ *ne chantera dans aucun Théâtre ou Concert publique,* ’ quite reasonable ; and this is, in fact, all the pleasanter for you ; but, as you very properly say in your letter, that ‘ *particulier* ’ may, in the end, be made to extend to the Queen. Above all, then, if it is to please me, great freedom and latitude must prevail with regard to that not ‘ *publique* ’ but ‘ *particulier.* ’ I should be most pleased if the two words, ‘ *ou particulier,* ’ were struck out altogether ; but

that, I fear, would create difficulty, since you yourself have sanctioned them by your signature. Still, as the sense of them satisfies me so little, I should like, if the two words cannot be struck out, to add the following, at the end :—

“ Il est bien entendu, que sous le terme, ‘ Concerts particuliers ’ (dans lesquels Mlle. Lind a renoncée de chanter), ne sont compris que les Concerts qui se donnent dans les appartements particuliers (comme cela se fait souvent à Londres), et où l’on entre en payant ; mais que pour toutes les SOIRÉES ou SOCIÉTÉS particulières où Mlle. Lind sera invitée, et où PERSONNE ne peut entrer en payant, elle doit se réserver la liberté de faire tel usage de son talent qui lui plaira.

“ Lastly, there is still something to which I object—that you should promise to spend the month during which you study the Italian language, in some Italian city. Could not this be done just as well in Vienna ? And would not the journey to Italy, and thence to England immediately afterwards, fatigue you more than a month’s rest would strengthen and refresh you ?

“ You will, no doubt, come to an understanding with Mr. Lumley on these points, by word of mouth, as he told me he would meet you again in Vienna. If, however, you agree with my interpolations in French, I beg you to send them to him. I, on my part, will do so, direct ; and I will also write to him once more about the *libretto*, and press him on the subject.

“ This brings me back to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer ; and I assure you, that, for half a year past, I have put together her suspicious remarks, of all kinds, about the headaches ; and I foresaw, long ago, that she would find a thousand and one excuses for not writing a *libretto* at all. I fear it still, to-day ; but, notwithstanding this, I think that I dare not, and must not, countermand her. On the contrary, if she were really to write and send me a good *libretto*, why should I not set it to music ? I would do so with the greatest pleasure, whether Meyerbeer busied himself about it, or not. But I shall keep my eyes open, to see whether the book is good, or the contrary ; and, if it is *not* good, I must tell her, somehow or other, that it will not do. And it is for this reason that I would rather wait and see what *she* does. Sometimes, however, I think she will do nothing ; in which case the thing will come to an end of itself ; for I cannot go on reminding and pressing her any longer, and, since the last letter, with the questions that I wrote to you about, I have heard nothing.

“ I should indeed be glad if I could soon, in accordance with my most hearty wish, write something dramatic—and especially, for you. Of what I can do in that way I will neglect nothing ; of that I assure you ; for I should at all times have gladly written

dramatic music, but now more gladly than ever. And then I have a secret foreboding, which tells me that, if I do not attain to the composition of a fairly good Opera, *now*, and *for you*, I shall never accomplish it at all. But, on that point again, I entertain a regular Turkish fatalism—that, if it never happens, it never was to happen, even though I may have done all that I could to bring it about. And that, I am doing. So I shall be content if we meet again in this life, be it with, or without an Opera.

“But enough of plans! Enough of contracts! I return the contract herewith—enough of England, Scotland, and Ireland!

“Yet, no! there is still a claim that I should like to insert into the contract, only I should like to insert it in German. I beg you, Fräulein Lind, to engage yourself with two friends whom I have in London, to visit them sometimes, to sit quite still by the lady, who is very ill and can have very little more pleasure in this world, and now and then to sing her a song. In that way you will indeed give pleasure to her, and to me also. Is that a point of the contract which you have signed? or rather, one which I may venture to add to it?

“And now, really enough of this! We are in good health, and well in all essential matters; but all sorts of little difficulties and sicknesses in the household, and other worries here and there, have prevented the last few weeks from being cheerful.

“Then, the heterogeneous mixture of half-French ways and manners that I see daily more and more gaining ground in my Fatherland makes me often so inwardly sorry, that it has long spoiled my good humour. It dives into every hole and corner; it creeps in one way into Life, in another into Art, and in yet another into Science; yet nowhere is it good. It is mimicked everywhere; everywhere it is bound to disappear, as soon as one looks it fairly in the eyes; and yet it always swaggers on again, in its borrowed mediocrity. I wish I could some day talk this over with you at length; for you know the misery just as well as I do myself, and as everyone does, who has, at this moment, anything to do with things public in Germany. But, what is the use of talking about it? and yet, ‘Out of the abundance of the heart,’ &c.

“You are now in Munich, and meet the Swedish Princes—so people tell me—and see my old Hauser in his new office. You must greet him many times from me. I was also with him, once, in Munich, and very pleasant it was. But that was a long while ago! Are you now going to Vienna? How long do you stay in Munich? And how long in Vienna, afterwards? What is Fräulein Luise doing? Were you happy in Frankfort? All these, and a thousand others, are questions to which I would

gladly have your answer, when you have again time to write to me.

"I often think, now, of your question on the Rhine steamboat, whether I should not like to leave Leipzig again? and your wish that I should not stay in Leipzig for ever, &c. &c. You were quite right, and I well know what you meant; and, in two or three years, at the utmost, I think I shall have done my duty here, after which I should scarcely stay any longer.* Perhaps I might prefer Berlin; perhaps, the Rhine; somewhere where it is very pretty, and where I could compose all day long, as much as I liked. But, really, you would have to sing to me, sometimes."

In the end, after much hesitation, the project for the Italian journey was finally abandoned. Mr. Lumley does not seem to have interfered, in any way, with the settlement of the question, or even to have taken any particular interest in it, though the expedition would have cost him £800.

But, with reference to another point, concerning which Mendelssohn had evidently written to him "direct," as he had promised to do in his letter to Mdlle. Lind, he returned an explanatory reply, showing that the bearing of the clause relating to '*Concerts particuliers*' was far more important than his correspondent supposed.

It was evident that the clause relating to this point must, for the protection of both parties to the contract, be so worded as to render misinterpretation impossible. Mr. Lumley, therefore, proposed to add the three following clauses to the original document:—

"(1). The clause referred to does not extend to any concert given by the Queen.

"(2). It does not extend to prevent Mdlle. Lind from singing gratuitously, should she think fit, in private parties of friends, or where she may be invited as one of the company, even though she should subsequently, or at the time, be presented with a *cadeau* for so doing.

"(3). Should any question arise as to the construction of the term 'private concerts' ('*Concerts particuliers*'), and in what private concerts she can or cannot sing, it is left to Mdlle. Lind to decide, Mr. Lumley having the fullest reliance on her honourable feeling, in this, as in all other instances."

* Mendelssohn died in the autumn of the next year.

This explanatory gloss was, of course, perfectly satisfactory ; and, so far as the terms of the contract were concerned, there was little, if anything, that needed farther revision.

But, the prospect was not altogether cloudless. There was still a shadow looming in the distance—a hideous shadow, that stretched across from England.

All, however, still went well, and more than well, at Munich.

Herr Hauser wrote to Mendelssohn :—

“The maiden has sung here in such sort that it has been a true and heart-felt pleasure to listen to her. Among other parts she sang that of Susanna, for the first time ; and one could not imagine anything more gracefully lovely. I wish you could have heard her sing the passage *Komm du mein Trauter, dass ich Dich kränze mit Rosen*. She looked like an angel, and nothing could possibly have been more beautiful ; for me it was the most beautiful thing that I knew of. Moreover, the Munich people did not behave badly outside the house. The orchestra was the maddest. For instance, she never came to the theatre for rehearsal without being received with shouts and fanfares ! I tell you it was a jubilee such as I find it impossible to describe. So I prefer saying no more about it.”

And as, in Madame Wichmann’s *salon* in Berlin, Mdle. Lind had enjoyed the society of so many of the leading spirits in the Prussian literary and artistic world, so here, at Professor Kaulbach’s, she was brought into contact with the leading men of genius in Bavaria. And, apart from this literary and artistic circle, she found a hearty welcome in other classes of society. Prince Maximilian of Bavaria, the father of the present Empress of Austria, was her sincere friend ; and other magnates of highest rank received her with marked respect and attention. Her stay in the Bavarian capital was, therefore, in every way an interesting and agreeable one.

Six performances at the theatre and a Concert for the Orchestra were completed by the 8th of November, and she then took leave of Munich for a time, to return again in the middle of December.

Her next engagement was at Stuttgart, where between the 11th and the 22nd of November she sang five times at the Theatre ;

once, at a Court Concert given by the King of Wurtemberg ; and at a mixed entertainment, for the benefit of the poor—for whom she earned fifteen hundred and fifty Rhenish gulden.

On the day after her first performance at Stuttgart she wrote to her friend Madame von Kaulbach :—

“ Stuttgart, Nov. 12, 1846.

“ DEAR GOOD MADAME KAULBACH,—

“ You were kind enough to wish for a few lines from me, and it gives me so much pleasure to send you these ‘ few lines ’ that I sit down at once to write them. Perhaps you may not be able to read my handwriting, for, between ourselves, it is fearfully like that of Dr. K—— ; but Gasser, who so well understands everything that is wild—mind, I do not say ‘ mild ’ but ‘ wild ’—will have the goodness to help you with it.

“ I hope and believe for certain, that you yourself know how pleasant it is for one in your house, and how happy one must find oneself there, and how everything with you is pleasant and enlivening. But I must tell you so plainly ; and must take this opportunity of telling you how truly grateful and beholden I feel towards you. I well knew, even during my stay in Munich, how much everything there pleased me, but I know it better still now.” *

It is touching to mark the warmth of grateful recognition so artlessly expressed in the still unfamiliar German, the grammatical construction of which bore traces, even here, of those idiomatic difficulties which drive so many foreigners to despair. But, in the language of the heart, peculiarities of idiom are unknown ; and it was in this language that Mdlle. Lind carried on her correspondence with her German friends.

To Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, she wrote thus :—

“ Stuttgart, Nov. 12, 1846.

“ I rank the Munich public quite certainly next to that of Vienna.

“ The house is splendid ; though the size of it caused me, at first, so much anxiety, that I positively determined not to sing in it. The orchestra is excellent.

“ The Kaulbachs behave like parents to me. *Enfin*, all is well.”

* Translated from the original letter, by the kind permission of Madame von Kaulbach.

To her guardian, Judge Munthe, she wrote, on the following day, in her own native Swedish :—

“Stuttgard, Nov. 13, 1846.

“Munich is a splendid place, and I am going there again, before I go on to Vienna.

“All my plans have been deranged by an engagement for the Italian Opera in London ; where I shall have no Grisi or other *prima donna* star to contend with, but shall be chiefly supported by Signor Lablache.

“The manager of the Opera followed me everywhere ; so I wrote, for advice, to Felix Mendelssohn, who, knowing London thoroughly, and me too, told me that I ought by all means to go there, and that it would be extremely unwise for me if I did not do so.

“Lumley, the manager, offered me, from the 1st of April, to the 21st of August, 140,000 francs, besides lodgings, and a carriage, and this does not seem very bad. No one has been offered half so much. My fate has been greatly changed indeed. But, do not mention this to any one, or people will talk about 1,400,000 millions !

“So, I shall not be much longer in Germany. I go to Vienna, most probably, next month ; and, in February, to Italy, for the sake of the language. Do you approve ? If I am successful in London, I shall be honourably entitled to go home at Christmas, and live the life that my soul is longing for, and be able to do good to those for whom I care.”

After fulfilling her engagement in Stuttgard, Mdlle. Lind proceeded to Carlsruhe ; where she sang three times.

From Carlsruhe, she proceeded to Heidelberg ; where, on the 5th of December, she gave a Concert, with such success, that, on reaching her temporary lodgings, she was greeted with a serenade, accompanied by a torchlight procession of students ; and, when she quitted the picturesque old town, on the following morning, its inhabitants expressed their thanks by presenting her with a poetical address, printed on a long narrow fillet of delicate sea-green satin, fringed, at each end, with gold.

Proceeding thence to Mannheim, she sang, on the evening of the same day (Dec. 6), in *La Figlia del Reggimento* ; and assisted, on the 7th, at a concert given by Mr. Kuhe.

From Mannheim, she travelled to Nuremberg, where she sang, on the 9th of December, in *La Sonnambula*, and, on the 11th, in *La Figlia del Reggimento* ; and, that nothing might be wanting to

render this provincial tour a remarkable one, the worthy burghers of that most quaint and beautiful of mediæval cities—the birthplace of Albert Dürer, and Peter Vischer, and the cradle of those Arts of ornamental metal-work and priceless *orfèverie*, for which Germany was so famous in the Middle Ages—the worthy burghers of Nuremberg, descendants of the Merchant-Princes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and, in less princely lineage, from the Meistersinger who flourished under the leadership of the renowned Hans Sachs, commemorated her visit, by striking a medal in her honour.

From Nuremberg to its Art-sister, Augsburg—the birthplace of the great Fugger family, and the present home of many of its honourable descendants—the distance is but eighty-nine English miles ; and in Augsburg, she gave, on the 13th of December, the last concert at which she proposed to sing before her return to Munich.

For the second visit to Munich the Operas chosen were, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, *Don Juan*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. In addition to these, there was a Concert for the Orchestra ; and a performance of the *Creation*, (also for the benefit of the Orchestra), on the 25th of December.

It was another Christmas Day spent far away from home. But, if it lacked the blessing of home-associations and the simple pleasures of Swedish national observances, it was consecrated, in a special manner, to the highest interests of Art and the warmest sentiments of humanity.

CHAPTER II.

THE RETURN TO VIENNA.

WITHIN a fortnight after her farewell performance of Haydn's *Creation*, at Munich, Mdlle. Lind was again hard at work in Vienna, where she arrived on the last day of the year 1846.

Since her first visit a sad change had taken place. To her great sorrow—for she had learned sincerely to respect her—Madame Vivanot, in whose house she had lived so comfortably, was dead. She therefore chose for her residence some apartments annexed to the *Theater an der Wien*, and known as the *Theater Gebäude*. These she rented from Herr Pokorny; and in these she remained until the end of her engagement.

But in the meantime she had formed a closer intimacy still with the family of Herr Oberstabsarzt Professor Dr. von Jaeger, a physician of high reputation, whose daughter was her chosen friend, and to whose amiable wife she looked up as to a mother. With these dear friends, she spent all her free days during the season of 1847; and she afterwards spoke of this period as one of the happiest in her life.

Of her experiences in Vienna, she wrote thus, to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer:—

“I am living at Pokorny's; for, only think! poor Madame Vivanot, with whom I lived last year, is dead. It has grieved me terribly. I shall only stay here for this month. Unhappily, the *Feldlager* will be given later than I expected, and I shall only be able to take part in a few representations. I am the more sorry for this, because the Opera has now been made so very different, and my *rôle* has been greatly improved!

“Meyerbeer behaves to me like an angel. I cannot help being fond of him—and really am so. He takes an enormous amount of trouble with his work, and I hope it will succeed.

“Things are going on better here at the theatre than they did last spring. But I am not so happy, here, as at Munich. I

dream of Munich. I return there from here, direct, to study Italian very quietly at the Kaulbachs; for I am not going to Italy. That would take me too far out of my way; and I have an excellent opportunity of studying Italian, with a true friend.”*

Meanwhile, Mdle. Lind remained as great a favourite as ever with the public. The Opera chosen for her re-appearance, on the 7th of January, 1847, was *La Figlia del Reggimento*, under its new German title, *Marie, die Tochter des Regiments*.

The success of the new rôle was indescribable. The Opera became so popular, that, after the first few representations had taken place, a portrait of Mdle. Lind, in the character of “Marie,” published at Munich, found its way at Vienna into the house of every music-lover in the city. The print was so much superior, in every way, to the average portraits of dramatic artists “in character,” that we have thought it better to present our readers with a copy of it, at once, than to reserve our illustration—as we had originally intended to do—until our notice of the production of the Opera in England.

The *Wiener Zeitung*, which had always been more cautious in its expressions of praise than the Berlin newspapers, entirely forgot its reserve, on the present occasion.

“Her song is the audible expression of her inner life,” it said. “Her acting and singing melt into one another, and the beauty of the dramatic expression moves hand in hand with the nobility of the declamatory vocalisation. A voice so ideal, and so full of soul, a manner so earnest, such childlike *naïveté*, such deep poetry, such perfect innocence of song, form a very rare manifestation in the world of Art. We find in Fräulein Jenny Lind’s singing a fervour, a feeling, a spiritual life; precious qualities, by means of which she ennobles the most insignificant details, and raises them to the highest level of æsthetic beauty. And it is precisely from her creative power of conception, her inspiration, and her sympathetic character, that this æsthetic beauty springs.”

But the triumphs at the *Theater an der Wien* were not the only agreeable events by which the opening of the new year was enlivened.

It happened that, at this time, Dr. Robert and Madame Clara Schumann were staying at Vienna and giving concerts of deep artistic significance. And it will be readily understood that

* Herr Hauser.



Copyrighted by J. A. S. P. & Co. New York

Jenny Lind in the character of La Figlia del Reggimento

Jenny Lind

Mdlle. Lind did not neglect so happy an opportunity of practically expressing her thanks for the kindness Madame Schumann had shown her, at her own concert in Leipzig, in the previous spring.

The three first concerts were over. At the fourth, and last, announced to take place on the 10th of January, Mdlle. Lind had offered to sing; and the demand for tickets then so greatly increased the possible supply, that the room was crowded to suffocation. The concert was most successful. Madame Schumann played to perfection; and the songs received additional lustre from her delightful accompaniments, with which those of Mendelssohn alone could be worthily compared.

The reader cannot fail to be interested with the following extracts from the Diary she kept at this time :—

“1847. *Saturday, Jan. 2.*—Called early on Jenny Lind, who greeted me with a request to sing at my last Concert, whereat I was greatly delighted. She refused all thanks, telling me, over and over again, that she looked upon it as an obligation; and that, besides that, she esteemed it an honour to sing at my Concert.

“*Wednesday, Jan. 6.*—Jenny Lind called on us for rehearsal. She came earlier than was arranged; and, as she did not find us at home, she entertained herself with my two children, whom we found upon her lap when we returned. She is a dear creature, full of soul, whom I like better and better, the more I see of her.

“*Sunday, Jan. 10.*—Gave my fourth and last Concert, which was full to crushing (*zum Erdrücken voll*), so that many people could get no places at all. Jenny Lind sang wonderfully. One can never forget such achievements.

“*Monday, Jan. 11.*—We called on Jenny Lind, who, immediately upon our entrance, called out, ‘Will you not give another Concert, and let me sing at it?’ We stayed rather a long time with her; and I sat as if rooted to my place. I am so fond of her. She is for me the warmest noblest being that I have yet found among Artistes—and how can I ever forget her? One must know her, and know her thoroughly, to love her as I do. We talked about many things, including Stockholm, when she made me promise that I would stay with her, when I came there, and that I would not go unless she was there herself, so that she might take part in my Concerts. It was very nice of her. I could have hugged her all the time!”*

* Translated from the original German, by the kind permission of Madame Schumann.

There were many other Concerts, during the winter. A private one, at the house of the Russian Grand Duchess ; a *soirée*, given by the Archduchess Sophie, the mother of the present Emperor of Austria, and another, given by the Empress, the Consort of the Emperor Ferdinand. The members of the Imperial family had, from the first, shown all honour to the talented "Guest," and received her with marked attention ; and they always heard her sing with every sign of unaffected pleasure.

Besides assisting at the Court performances, Mdle. Lind sang at a concert given by the little Wilhelmina Neruda—now Lady Hallé—who, though then little more than six-and-a-half years old, had already made a great reputation, in Vienna, as a child-violinist ; and at a later performance, the entire receipts of which were distributed, in equal shares, between the *Kinderspital*, or Children's Hospital, and the *Kleinkinderbewahranstalt*, or Home for Little Children, for both of which the results were most fortunate.

While these events were in progress, Mendelssohn wrote to her thus :—

"Leipzig, Feb. 19, 1847.

"It is a long time since we have spoken to each other, my dear Fräulein. Why I must begin my letter thus, and why my heart felt so heavy, when Dr. Schumann brought me your letter—delayed since the 20th of last month—I will some day tell you, in detail, by word of mouth.

"To-day I have before all things, a favour to ask of you. You will think this a great bore : for which reason I come down upon it, like a sledge-hammer—seeing that I can in no wise let you off it.

"When your journey to England was in question, you once showed me confidence enough to ask my opinion ; and, in connection with this, I have now something on my mind.

"In your last letter but one, you say :—'*Lumley takes Bunn's contract wholly upon himself : that I have in writing.*' Is it asking too much, if I beg you, as soon as you have a moment to spare, to tell me where this stands written by Lumley ? *i.e.* to send me a copy of the *words* in which he pledges himself to take over the contract, and to let me see whether these words stand in your engagement with Lumley, or somewhere else ?

"It seems to me, now, as if I saw you vexed at this request—but do not be so. I feel as if I should not have done my duty properly, if I had not asked you to send me this copy, and then,

after knowing all about it, given my opinion more amply. Beforehand, I cannot give it; and, if you will allow yourself to be vexed at my importunity, I tell you that you yourself are in fault, since, by telling me so much, you gave me the right to enquire farther—made it, in fact, my duty to do so.

“A few days ago, Herr Arnemann was here, and we talked the whole thing over; but no one understands these matters more exactly than myself, for I have often had to do with the English, and, for that very reason, I should not like, to say anything incorrectly or by halves; and, for that very reason, *et cætera, et cætera*.

“Lumley began to send me the *libretto* for the Opera, barely three weeks ago. It seems to me impossible to get the music for such a subject ready for the stage, in time for this season—that is to say, by May, at the latest—and I am in doubt as to whether I had better begin it, and get on as far as I can, or not begin it at all, since, as I said before, I feel that it will be impossible for me to finish it. There has already been much vexation, in connection with this—but I will tell you all about it, *vivà voce*.

“To Madame Birch-Pfeiffer I have—as I had already resolved—written no more. But she wrote to me, lately, quite unexpectedly, to say that, for many reasons, to her *most bitter sorrow*, she could not entertain the idea of writing a *libretto* for me. To this, however, I have not replied: and I think we are now of one mind.

“This letter is like a room in which people have been playing practical jokes, and turned all the furniture upside down. It is a great bore to have to set everything straight, and to put it into its right place. But it must be done, all the same; and only after that can one live comfortably there again. Do not weary yourself to make this clearance.

“It is all well with us here at home, thank God! and we all think of you every day. Breitkopf and Härtel have just sent me the first copy of a new quartette, by Hermann Wichmann, that they are now publishing. A few months ago I was staying in Wichmann’s house again, and was much pleased with your portrait, by Magnus, which is now there, instead of yourself.

“I have often and often thought over what you more than once said to me about Leipzig, when we were on the Rhine. I believe you were right; and, sooner or later, I shall have to follow your advice.

“My servant, to whom I was as much attached as you to your Annette, has died in our house, after a long illness. I was called up in the night; and, just as I came to him, he died. Since then, I have never been able to get over the moment.

“Joachim played splendidly at the concert, yesterday. He is a first-rate fellow. Apart from this, the music does not sound very well here, this winter ; it is a little rough.”

We shall, however, dismiss these subjects for the present, and proceed to the description of a new triumph, which produced no small amount of excitement at the *Theater an der Wien*.

CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOW.

As early as the 2nd of December, 1846, Meyerbeer had requested, and obtained, from the King of Prussia, two months' leave of absence, for the purpose of bringing out a revised version of *Das Feldlager in Schlesien* in the Austrian capital; and on the 18th of February, 1847, it was performed there for the first time, with certain changes in the *libretto* intended for the purpose of rendering it more acceptable to a Viennese audience, and under the new title of *Vielka*. Its success was triumphant. It had an immediate run of thirteen nights, interrupted only by a performance of the *Creation*, for the benefit of the orchestra; and the famous trio for Vielka and the two flutes—afterwards transferred to *L'Etoile du Nord*, of which it formed the chief attraction—became at once extremely popular.

Yet, so dissatisfied was Mdle. Lind, that, when the last flowers had been strown, and the echo of the last burst of applause had died away, she left the stage in despair at what she considered an ignoble failure, and with the full conviction that Meyerbeer himself would reproach her with having done injustice to his beautiful Opera.

We have already said, that, among her most intimate friends in Vienna, during the season of 1847, were Professor von Jaeger, and his wife and daughter, at whose house she was accustomed to spend most of her free days, at this period.

The last-named lady, Fräulein Auguste von Jaeger, remembers the first performance of *Vielka* perfectly. At the fall of the curtain, she and her mother hurried to Mdle. Lind's dressing-room to congratulate her on her new triumph. They found her in the white robe in which, as a purified spirit, she had just ascended to the skies; surrounded by the flowers which had been thrown upon the stage and afterwards brought to her room; and

bathed in tears of penitence for her "imperfect singing," which had "spoiled the Opera."

While they were endeavouring to console her, some one knocked at the door which she had locked. It was Meyerbeer, begging for admittance. In a voice broken by sobs, she cried through the closed door, "Oh! Herr Director! forgive me for singing so badly, and spoiling your Opera!"

"But, you have sung divinely!" said Meyerbeer. "It was all splendid. I have come to thank you! to thank you!"

But she refused to be comforted. Whatever Meyerbeer may have thought, she had fallen short of her own ideal. She could neither satisfy herself, nor endure the satisfaction of others.

On the evening of this memorable first performance, a high compliment was paid to her, by the presentation of a beautiful medal, in the name of the Art lovers of Vienna. This act of recognition, however, was not the last of the season.

On the 28th of March, 1847, Mdle. Lind was presented, by command of the Emperor Ferdinand, with an official diploma, appointing her *Kammersängerin* to His Imperial Majesty. The document was signed by the High Chamberlain, Count Moritz von Dietrichstein, and was couched in terms which not only recognised the talents of the Artist, but made special allusion to the "noble and philanthropic feeling" with which she had dedicated those talents to "the promotion of benevolent designs."

Simultaneously with these tokens of honour and respect *Vielka* continued to maintain an uninterrupted run, at the *Theater an der Wien*. The last performance of it was the last but one of the season; and on the last night of all—April the 7th—Mdle. Lind sang in *Norma*, for her own benefit, with the brilliant success which has been so often described that it is unnecessary to recapitulate the details on the present occasion.

These events, however, are connected rather with the history of the Vienna season of 1847, than with the more intimate life of the subject of our present memoir.

With reference to the latter, we prefer leaving Mdle. Lind to speak in her own words. The following letter to Madame Wichmann will show that Madame Schumann's affection for her was warmly returned:—

"Vienna, Jan. 20, 1847.

"I know so well your love and self-denying kindness for

me, that I do not for a moment fear that you will be vexed if I send someone to your house. Is it not so? You will not be angry with me?

"I mean the Schumanns.

"You know, of course, that her talent is altogether splendid; for, of course you have often heard of her as Clara Wieck. They are two such excellent and noble, really noble persons, that they will give you great pleasure. Please, dearly beloved, receive these two dear people kindly, and as friends, for your own sake, and for mine. The wife is very sensitive, and you will see that she is quite an exceptional woman. He is a composer *plein d'esprit*, and modest to the last degree. I asked them if they had any acquaintances in Berlin; and they seemed to me to have no real ones. And then it was that I thought of you; and you may well know how grateful I shall be.

"Ah, yes! When shall I see you again? *Mon Dieu!* This longing for rest grows upon me, almost beyond all measure; but time passes quickly, and no mortal will be so glad as I, when I am but free."

The next letter is written three weeks later:—

"Vienna, Feb. 13, 1847.

"What can you be thinking about! I, going to Paris! Who could have told you that? And how could I have entertained such an idea, without telling you of it!

"No, dearest Amalia. I am not only not going to Paris, but it seems as if I shall not even go to London.

"Bunn will not give up the contract; and I cannot go there unless he does so, for he actually threatens to put me in prison!!! I tell you, Amalia, I should be wild with joy, if I had not to go there! *Mon Dieu!* Suppose it fell out so!

"They have made me all possible offers from Paris; but I did not need a moment to think it over.

"The stage I will leave—and I shall then want nothing else in the world.

"I am quite well; and it goes more than well with me here. *Das Feldlager* is not yet ready; but it is to be given next week, and it goes very well. The Opera will certainly create a *furor* here in Vienna.

"I rejoice that it gives me so much pleasure to hear of Viardot Garcia's success in Berlin. I have never been envious for a moment. Tell Taubert so: he thinks me rather weak on that point."

Swiftly, yet stealthily, the shadow was drawing near : and a dark and baleful shadow it must have seemed, to one who did not know how utterly unreal it was.

Deliberate efforts were made to persuade Mdlle. Lind that, if she came to England, she would be put in prison. There is strong evidence to prove that she believed this. And the belief terrified her. To a letter written by her about this time to Mendelssohn, he answered thus :—

“Leipzig, March 14, 1847.

“MY DEAR FRÄULEIN,

“You well know how glad I am, when I receive a letter from you. But, your last contained certain things that make me feel very uncomfortable, or rather, the whole letter does so. You say, in one place, that you feel sad, and restless, and cannot sleep ; and apart from this, the letter seems to me agitated throughout : and this it is that troubles me.

“I therefore write these few lines to you, to-day ; though it is difficult to converse, and give advice, at the distance of so many miles, and with so many days’ journey between us. Who knows that you may not have forgotten it all, and become quite cheerful again, by the time that this reaches you ? And it will be better, so. For you can then leave it unread, and its purpose will be answered all the same.

“But if you are still restless, and out of tune, when this arrives, and, if the English business is to blame for this, I entreat you, my dear Fräulein, do not let your reasoning power, otherwise so clever and natural, be troubled by the horrid outcry on this side and on that, and all the tumults, and all the wretchedness of it. For, after all, the great advantage of a good conscience here below is, that it is the one thing of which no one can rob one ; that, under its guidance, one is led through all the quarrelling and fighting on the way, and attains the goal unhurt ; and others wonder at one’s courage, and one’s wisdom, and Heaven knows what, while it is just the simple and honest good conscience alone that works all the wonder ; and so it has always been with you, and will be, again and again.

“I confess that, after all you have told me, I would rather that you had not promised Lumley to go to England ; and, especially, I would rather that you had not offered Bunn such a sum as you tell me, for the contract. I am very sorry indeed that you have done this ; but, since you *have* done it, the thing is settled. And here, again, it is settled for the best, if only you do not let your rest and peace of mind be destroyed through it ; for you well know that you meant rightly and nobly.

“Moreover, I know that you will have warmer friends, and a heartier welcome, and a greater triumph, in England, than you have perhaps had anywhere else, and that is saying a great deal. And I know that I adhere to every word that I have ever said to you about it, in spite of Bunn, and Covent Garden, and their letters, and the newspaper articles that have at last become almost too laughable. But I hope most sincerely that Bunn, and Covent Garden—for, for the moment, they are one—will not have the face to accept your offer, and to redeem the contract from you ; for what is worth more to them than any amount of money is, not that you should sing for them, but that you should *not* sing for Lumley ; and therein lies the whole turmoil.

“Still, I am quite sure that you will just simply do what is right ; and, resigning yourself to the consequences, be very glad indeed that you have done right. Of what is politic, and clever, and exceedingly astute, I know nothing ; and you, also, will not care to know anything. And, as to what could, or should have been done, that is really not the question—if any question there be. And, apart from all this, what it is that disquiets and frightens you I cannot imagine. You know well, that you mean to do your duty ; and you may trust me so far as this, that it is very seldom indeed that the performance of a duty leads to such happiness and such friends as are awaiting you in England. You would, I am persuaded, behave just in the same way, if a host of enemies were waiting for you ; but, believe me, they will be friends. You will be borne on the shoulders of a whole nation—which is a nation indeed !—and, in the end, you yourself will rejoice in it.

“I am very unselfish in advising you thus ; for it appears to me very improbable that we shall meet in England. If I go there at all this year—which is still uncertain—I shall go from here in the beginning of April, and remain there only till the beginning of May. And you will hardly be in London before the beginning of May ?

“I had pictured it all to myself so nicely : to show you some of my favourite places, and make you acquainted with two of my very particular friends there. But, if this may not be, we shall meet again soon, somewhere or other ; and I am confident that we shall meet again unaltered.”

In truth, Mdle. Lind’s terror was utterly groundless. But for her it had a fatal significance ; and she could not be persuaded that she had, in reality, nothing to fear, though she was ready to purchase her immunity by an act of almost Quixotic generosity

—an offer of no less than £2000, for the revocation of the contract—which offer Mr. Bunn refused to accept.

This, then, was the state of the controversy, when Mdlle. Lind sang her last song, at Vienna.

While, on one side of the Channel, she was tormented with fears for her own personal safety, Mr. Lumley, on the other, was racked with anxiety, concerning the fate of Her Majesty's Theatre, which was literally hanging in the balance. Who shall say which of the two sufferers endured the greatest amount of mental torture? Over which of them did the shadow brood most darkly?

BOOK VII.

SUPREMACY.

CHAPTER I.

MANAGERIAL DIFFICULTIES.

HER Majesty's Theatre opened for the season on Tuesday, the 16th of February, 1847, amidst a sea of doubts and perplexities which might well have appalled the most courageous *impresario*.

Though it forms no part of our present purpose to record the disastrous cabals and suicidal intrigues that seem, unhappily, inseparable from the life of the theatrical manager "behind the scenes," it is necessary, for the clear understanding of our narrative, that the reader should be made acquainted with the results, at least, of the long series of disagreements which rendered the government of Her Majesty's Theatre so peculiarly difficult, at the eventful period of which we are now treating.

For many years past, the Lyric Stage had been ruled with a rod of iron, by a band of artists of world-wide reputation, who have been not inaptly described as the *vieille garde* of the Opera.

The names of Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, of Signori Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, had become so justly celebrated, throughout the length and breadth of Europe, and their influence had been so firmly established in London, Paris, and St. Petersburg, that no manager, however despotic, could resist their supreme will and pleasure with impunity.

Against this state of things, Mr. Lumley protested, with an energy that did him infinite credit, though he had to pay dearly enough, in the long run, for his determination.

A disagreement had long been impending, between the manage-

ment, and Signor (afterwards Sir Michael) Costa, who had held the responsible office of Conductor, at Her Majesty's Theatre, for fully sixteen years. The dispute reached its climax in 1846; Signor Costa resigned his appointment; and the vacant post was offered to, and duly accepted by Mr. Balfe; whereupon the *vieille garde*, feeling themselves attacked in the person of their *chef d'orchestre*, seceded in a body from the company, and, with one notable exception, refused to renew their engagements. Signor Lablache—no less distinguished for his high sense of honour and integrity than for his magnificent voice and splendid artistic intelligence and bearing—alone remained faithful to the theatre which had been the scene of his most brilliant triumphs. Not only did he refuse to join the coalition; but, from first to last, he did his best to prevent a rupture between the manager and his company. His kind offices, however, were thrown away. Signor Rubini had already retired from the Stage, and was, therefore, in no wise concerned in the quarrel; but, Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, and Signori Mario and Tamburini, threw up all connection with the "old house"; and, on Tuesday, the 6th of April, 1847, inaugurated the first season of the "Royal Italian Opera," at Covent Garden, with a magnificent performance of Rossini's *Semiramide*.

It must be confessed, that, for the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, the situation was sufficiently embarrassing.

Happily for the season of 1847, Mr. Lumley's energy was never so well displayed as when he found himself in face of an apparently insurmountable difficulty. The threatening cloud—sombre enough, in the first instance, and growing daily darker and darker—was perhaps necessary for the full display of his managerial capabilities. Still, the prospect was very gloomy indeed.

The season had opened on the 16th of February, with Donizetti's *La Favorita*, in which the principal parts were sustained by Madame Sanchioli, and Signori Gardoni, Superchi, and Bouché—the three last entirely new to the audience at Her Majesty's Theatre. But, these attractions offered in competition with the brilliant performances at Covent Garden were quite insufficient to meet the pressing need. The only hope of the management lay in the first appearance of Jenny Lind.

Difficult as the situation was, no one for a moment doubted that

the appearance of the new *prima donna*, at this critical moment, would save the theatre. Signor Lablache, whose judgment was not to be despised, had strongly urged the management to engage her; and, some months previously, had addressed the following letter on the subject to Mr. Lumley.

“Naples, October 12, 1846.

“DEAR MR. LUMLEY,—I learn, with much regret, from your last letter, that Mdlle. Lind finds some difficulty in coming to London. It is a great misfortune that this excellent *artiste* neither knows London, nor the exceptional position of your theatre for the coming year; for, she will never find a more favourable moment for her interests, or her reputation. Try, then, to decide her; and make her understand that she will find herself surrounded by brothers, and friends, and not by intriguing *artistes*, as is, unfortunately, too often the case. Her success is certain. I answer to you for it; and you, who know me, will understand all that I am prepared to do, myself, to aid it. It is not only her immense reputation as an *artiste*, that gives me this conviction; but, the good that is said of her, as a woman. I tell you, frankly, that I have been, as you know, the friend of Pasta, and the friend of Malibran; and, that I shall be very proud to be able to say: ‘I am the friend of Lind.’ If you think it necessary, I will write a letter to her, myself; and, if she knows me, she cannot fail to put faith in my words. Forgive me, my dear Mr. Lumley, if I meddle with your affairs; but, you know my device: ‘Art, before all things.’ Do not forget me; and remember that you have ever in me,

“Your wholly devoted

“L. LABLACHE.” *

In the meantime, the position of the manager grew daily more and more distressing; but, as was his wont, he proved himself equal to the occasion. Leaving the actual government of the theatre in the hands of a trusted subordinate, he secretly quitted his post, between the acts of the Opera, on the last night before the theatre closed for the Easter recess; hurried away, in his evening dress, to catch the train for Calais, with barely half an hour to spare for all the preparations needed for his long journey; travelled, night and day, until he found himself face to face with the lady of whom he was in search, at Vienna; and, while those most deeply interested in the success of the scheme were driven almost to the

* The original letter, written in French, was sent to Mdlle. Lind by Mr. Lumley, who also forwarded a copy of it to Mendelssohn.

verge of despair, he had the satisfaction, on Friday, the 16th of April, of returning to his duties in London, bringing with him the joyful intelligence that Mdle. Lind was actually on her way to England, and that her arrival might be confidently expected on the following day.

While the subscribers to the Opera were anxiously awaiting her appearance, another section of the musical world was thrown into equal excitement by that of Mendelssohn, who, in response to an invitation from the Sacred Harmonic Society, came to London, for the tenth and last time, on the 12th of April, for the purpose of conducting four performances of his new Oratorio, *Elijah*, at Exeter Hall.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 17th of April, 1847, the great composer, knowing nothing of the negotiations which had been pending since the beginning of the week, called, by merest accident, on Mrs. Grote, who had invited Mdle. Lind to be her guest at her town residence in Eccleston Street, until the house provided for her at the expense of the management was ready for her occupation.

Delighted at the news he heard, Mendelssohn was easily persuaded to stay until his friend arrived, though the delay seemed interminable, as he and his hostess walked up and down the western side of Belgrave Square, keeping the door of the house in Eccleston Street from time to time in view, and eagerly watching for the appearance of the party. Their patience was severely tried; but, after waiting three-quarters of an hour, they were rewarded by the sight of two four-wheeled cabs, heavily laden with luggage; and, hastening to the door, they lost no time in welcoming their friend to the country in which she was destined, ere long, to win a reputation more brilliant and lasting than that attained by any other singer of the period.

Mdle. Lind "looked scared and bewildered;" but brightened visibly under the influence of the hearty welcome with which she was greeted. The tired travellers were promptly refreshed. Mendelssohn reluctantly took leave of the party, after a few minutes' conversation; and, later in the evening, after an hour or two of the rest she so sorely needed, the honoured guest accompanied her host and hostess to their box at Her Majesty's Theatre—No. 48, on the Grand Tier.

A few minutes after the arrival of the party, Mr. Lumley

visited the box ; and, later in the evening, Signor Lablache came to pay his respects to the great *artiste* whose friendship he had so earnestly desired to gain. This naturally attracted attention ; and, after a little time, every inquisitive eye in the opposite boxes, every glance from the stalls, every *lorgnette* in the vast *auditorium*, was directed towards the box in which Mdle. Lind was seated. She seemed, at first, very much disturbed. Moreover, the size of the *salle*—so much larger than that of the Opera-Houses at Berlin and Vienna—alarmed her seriously, though the manager assured her of the well-known fact, that its acoustic properties were perfect. However, as the evening wore on, she seemed to gain courage, and evidently took great interest in the performance, to which she listened attentively throughout ; once whispering to her hostess, “ I think I can do as well as that, and perhaps a little better.” *

A few days after this, Mr. and Mrs. Grote gave a dinner-party, for the purpose of introducing their visitor to a few artistic friends who were particularly desirous to meet her. Among the guests were Mendelssohn, Lablache, and Mr. Lumley. In the evening, Mendelssohn sat down to the piano, and, after improvising for a few minutes, asked Mdle. Lind to sing ‘ *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*,’ the song in which she had created so profound a sensation in Leipzig. She willingly complied ; but, from sheer nervousness, broke down no less completely than she had done when singing ‘ *Perche non ho* ’ to Garcia, in Paris. She afterwards explained, that it was the presence of Lablache that terrified her ; though he was of course quite unconscious of this, and, with his never-failing good-nature, endeavoured to bring back her courage by singing some of the amusing Neapolitan ‘ *Canzonette* ’ in which his graceful humour was inimitable. Mendelssohn then played again ; and, afterwards, Mdle. Lind, recovering her confidence, sang one of her characteristic Swedish melodies ; displaying her peculiar talent with such success, that the company were delighted, and Signor Lablache expressed his admiration with a warmth which rendered all doubt as to its sincerity impossible. This was followed by some other songs, sung with equal effect ; and the success of the “ private hearing ” was felt to be complete.

Still, the inexplicable dread of a public performance at the theatre remained as great as ever. Though Mendelssohn called, almost daily, to encourage his friend, she could neither be

* From Mrs. Grote’s MS. Memoir.

persuaded to make arrangements for a rehearsal, nor to seek an interview with the conductor—Mr. Balfe ; and, at last, she confessed to her hostess that her terrors were unconquerable, and begged her to intercede with Mr. Lumley for a withdrawal of the contract. The blow fell heavily ; but, the manager wisely determined to wait ; hoping that more mature consideration would induce her to recognise the necessity for fulfilling her engagement. And, the event proved that he was right.

One day, soon afterwards, when the ladies were driving together, Mdlle. Lind asked how the Opera was getting on. “Not at all,” was the reply : “it is completely at a standstill. No one will take either a box, or a stall, in the present state of uncertainty. The public are waiting for your appearance ; and, in the meantime, the manager is losing money every night.”

The directness of this answer, every word of which was strictly and literally true, seemed to take her by surprise. She sat silent, until the carriage stopped at her friend’s door ; and then, before alighting, said to her, “If you see Mr. Lumley to-night, please tell him that I will attend at the theatre on Monday next.” It happened, however, that she herself met Mr. Lumley, that evening, at a dinner-party at the house of Baron Rehusen, the Swedish Minister, and was thus able to deliver her own message to the delighted manager. The rehearsal took place on the day appointed ; and, from that moment, all hesitation was at an end. She entered, with the deepest interest, into the arrangements made for her approaching *début*. At the rehearsals, which she attended with never-failing punctuality, she delighted the conductor, and excited the admiration of all who were associated with her in the performance, whether on the stage, or in the orchestra. She studied her part—quite new to her in the Italian language—with untiring diligence. She had chosen the part of “Alice,” in *Roberto il Diavolo*, for her first appearance. It was one of her most successful rôles, and she felt that the circumstances connected with her first entrance upon the crowded stage, in the dress of a Pilgrim, with no important passages to sing until after the gradual departure of the chorus, would give her time to collect her energies, if she felt in any degree nervous. Indeed, it would have been impossible for her to have chosen an Opera better fitted for the occasion ; and all was made ready for her appearance, on the 4th of May.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRIUMPH.

THE excitement of the public, when the fateful day arrived, exceeded anything that had ever been witnessed by the oldest frequenter of Her Majesty's Theatre.

From an early hour in the afternoon, the colonnade in the Haymarket was thronged by a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, in evening dress, waiting patiently to secure good places in the pit. The file of carriages seemed interminable. When the doors were opened, at half-past seven, the crush was terrific. Ladies were fairly carried off their feet, and pressed against the barriers with a force which neither they nor their protectors had power to resist. Neither in the pit, nor even in the "three-shilling gallery," could "standing-room" be found, at any price, for the disappointed applicants who continued to besiege the doors; and many of those who had succeeded in effecting an entrance were wedged into corners from which the stage was invisible. The Queen, the Prince Consort, the Queen Dowager, and the Duchess of Kent, occupied the Royal boxes, to the left of the stage. Mendelssohn sat in the stalls, with his friend, Mr. Grote. And every corner of the house was crowded with the most brilliant representatives of the talent, the fashion, and the wealth of London.

When the curtain rose, the excitement was indescribable; and, a few minutes afterwards, Mdlle. Lind—dragged on the stage, in her pilgrim's dress, by the attendants of Roberto—was received with the burst of applause which, on the Continent, is usually delayed until the *débutante* has won her crown. She seemed both affected and surprised; but soon recovered her self-possession.

Fortunately, for some little time after the entrance of "Alice," the action is chiefly carried on by "Roberto" and the chorus. This gave Mdlle. Lind time to collect herself; and when, left

alone with the Prince, she told him that his mother was no more—*‘Concesso, ah! non ti fia, nè udirla, nè più vederla. Ah! non più vive!’* the expression of ineffable sadness with which she invested the touching words produced, from every part of the house, signs of admiration so genuine, that, it was clear to all present that her reputation was already assured.

From this point, to the final descent of the curtain, the performance was a succession of triumphs. The most experienced critics were taken by surprise, by the new *prima donna's* conception of the part of “Alice,” exceeding, in poetic beauty, no less than in genuine dramatic power, the finest impersonation of the character that had hitherto been presented on the stage. All the stronger emotions successively called forth by the development of the varied situations, no less than the subordinate traits needed to unite them into a consistent whole, were delineated with a truthfulness that carried everything before it, reaching its natural climax in the Terzetto which immediately precedes the Finale to the Fifth Act—a scene which Mdlle. Lind made peculiarly her own. Many years afterwards, the writer ventured to remind Madame Goldschmidt that she had sung this passage with an expression with which he had never heard it invested by any other artist. “How could I tell how I sang it?” she said; “I stood at the man’s right hand, and the Fiend at his left, and all I could think of was, how to save him.”

It was this marvellous power of forgetting herself in the character she impersonated, that formed the basis of all her dramatic success. She once told Mr. Nassau Senior, who had questioned her on the subject, that it appeared to her a sort of fraud, if, when she was [pretending to be “Alice,” or “Lucia,” she was thinking of herself. “I scarcely ever think of the effect I am producing,” she said; “and, if the thought does sometimes come across me, it spoils my acting. It seems to me, when I act, that I feel fully all the emotions of the character I represent. I fancy myself—in fact, believe myself—to be in her situation; and never think of the audience.”

It is interesting to compare these remarks with the story—told on page 49—of a sentimental chatterer who once asked Mdlle. Lind what she was thinking about, while she clung to the way-side Cross, in the famous scene illustrated in our wood-cut. She did not even condescend to explain how completely she had been

absorbed by the fears of the terrified maiden she was impersonating ; but coldly answered, "I suppose I was thinking of my old bonnet." And it is doubtful, to this day, whether her interlocutor



did not entirely fail to perceive the withering scorn which underlay the answer, and take it *au grand sérieux*.

When the Opera was over, the Queen, who had repeatedly manifested her extreme satisfaction during the evening, expressed

her admiration to Mr. Lumley, in a tone and manner that showed how deep an impression had been made upon her. "What a beautiful singer!" "What an actress!" "How charming!" "How delightful!" These were the exclamations that fell from the lips of Her Majesty, "whom," said the delighted manager, "I had never before seen thus moved to enthusiasm." *

In describing this interesting conversation with Her Majesty, we have been careful to repeat the exact words used by Mr. Lumley himself. But we have more to say.

From a source of the highest authority,† we are enabled to confirm his account of the deep impression produced upon Her Majesty. The qualities of Mdle. Lind's voice, at once delicate and powerful, round, soft, flexible, the charm of her appearance, her touching natural acting, and the grace of her movements, were all keenly appreciated by this accomplished musician and sensitive critic. Every one was struck by Mdle. Lind's acting of the scene with Bertram, where she clung to the Cross as a Divine safeguard; but, the beautiful impulse, unnoticed by many, under which she fell down on her knees, during the concluding chorus, to give thanks for Roberto's safety, did not escape the observation of the Queen, and drew from Her Majesty an expression of warm admiration.

The whole performance, indeed, called forth one long-sustained ovation. Nothing was left to be desired. There could be no fear for the future, now, whatever attractions the rival company might put forth. The management was saved; for the triumph was as lasting as it was complete.

On the following day, the leading London newspaper criticised the performance in terms which showed an intelligent and thoroughly artistic appreciation of its merits.

"If our expectations were great, we must say that they were more than realised. The delicious quality of the organ—the rich gushing tone—was something entirely new and fresh. The auditors did not know what to make of it. They had heard singers over and over again, but here, that wondrous thing, a new sensation, was actually created. The sustained notes, swelling with full richness, and fading down to the softest *piano*,

* Lumley's '*Reminiscences of the Opera.*' (London, 1864, p. 185.)

† Notes graciously furnished to us from Her Majesty's Diary, of which we have gratefully availed ourselves in subsequent parts of this Book.

without losing one iota of their quality, being delicious when loud, delicious when whispered, dwelt in the public ear, and reposed in the public heart. The shake, *mezza voce*, with which she concluded the pretty air, '*Quand je quittais la Normandie*,' was perfectly wonderful from its rapidity and equality. This air was rapturously encored, with the most enthusiastic waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Even the way in which she uttered the first two or three notes of her Romance, '*Va dit-elle*,' so completely took the audience by surprise, that they interrupted her progress, and forced her to stop, by their tumultuous applause.

"And the impression she made as an actress was no less profound. There is no conventionality about her—no seizing the strong points of a character, and letting the rest drop. She acts thoroughly, with a perfect naturalness, and an infinite variety of gesture. All seems dictated by the moment, and yet all is graceful. There is no stereotyped form for love, or anger, or what not ; but all has the impulse of immediate inspiration. As striking points, we may mention the clinging to the Cross when attacked by Bertram, and the expression of rapture, just before the final descent of the curtain, when she feels that she has saved Robert from perdition. Her whole conception of Alice is a fine histrionic study, of which every feature is equally good.

"On the fall of the curtain, the burst of applause showed that the anticipations of the audience had been more than satisfied. Three distinct times was Mdlle. Lind called upon the stage ; and it was with a certain hearty 'one cheer more' sort of feeling which we have never seen so strongly manifested."*

* From *The Times*, May 5, 1847.

CHAPTER III.

AT CLAIRVILLE.

SOME little time before her first appearance, while the rehearsals were still in progress, Mademoiselle Lind quitted the residence of her friend, in Eccleston Street, to take possession of a detached cottage, pleasantly situated, in its own grounds, at Old Brompton. It will be remembered that, by the terms of her contract with Mr. Lumley, she was to be provided with a furnished residence, at the expense of the management; and, of all the houses she had seen, "Clairville Cottage," as it was then called, was the only one that seemed to please her. Though small and unpretending, it was both comfortable, and convenient; it was within a moderate drive of the theatre; and the neighbourhood in which it stood—now absorbed in the new district of South Kensington—was sufficiently retired to ensure the privacy which, indeed, formed one of its principal attractions.

Nearly all the old houses in this part of Old Brompton have long since been pulled down; and the actual site of Clairville Cottage and its pretty suburban garden is now occupied by one of the more modern and much larger residences in Brechin Place, the ground on which it stood forming part of a quadrangle, bounded by Brechin Place on its northern and southern sides, by the Gloucester Road, on its eastern side, and on that towards the west, by Rosary Gardens.

But, though all trace of the cottage itself has vanished, its name is perpetuated, in somewhat dubious orthography, in Clareville Grove—a road leading northwards from a spot near its former site; and a relic of the garden still remains, in the form of a tall and handsome plane tree, overhanging the Old Brompton Road, in front of Brechin Place, and vigorously flourishing within two minutes' walk of the house in which Madame Goldschmidt spent the last twelve years of her life. It was a less

splendid tree, in 1847, than it is now, but she loved it all the more, for the birds sang there, undisturbed, among the branches from which the busy traffic of the road has now banished them.

Here, within full view of this well-beloved tree, and an equally-beloved magnolia, while all London was wild with curiosity to peer into the minutest details of her private life, the "Swedish Nightingale"—as all the world now delighted to call her—passed her time in almost monastic seclusion, diligently employed in the study of her new parts, and visited only by a select circle of intimate and sympathetic friends, whose society afforded her far greater and more genuine pleasure than she could ever have found in the gay and fashionable world that was vainly striving to intrude upon her solitude, and employing every cunning device that ingenuity could suggest to attract her within its vortex.

Never before had *prima donna* created so profound a sensation among all classes of society.

In every mouth, the name of "The Swedish Nightingale" was "familiar as a household word." It is not too much to say that all London was raving about her—and not all London only; for "the Jenny Lind fever," as some of the more vulgar organs of the Press affected to call it, extended to the remotest corner of the Kingdom.

We have before us, as we write, a rough "broadside," printed, on commonest paper, with worn-out type, by "F. Hodges, from Pitts, Wholesale Toy and Marbel Warehouse, 31 Dudley Street, Seven Dials," and headed, in huge capitals:—

"THE JENNY LIND MANIA."

At the top of a double column of verses is a rude woodcut, possibly meant, on this occasion to represent a ballad-singer, though it had no doubt done duty, many a time and oft, in bygone days, for something else; and thus begin the rhymes:—

"Oh! is there not a pretty fuss
In London all around,
About the Swedish Nightingale,
The talk of all the town?
Each Square and Street, as through you pass,
Aloud with praises ring,
About this pretty singing bird,
The famous Jenny Lind.

CHORUS.

“For she turns each heart, and turns each head,
Of those who hear her sing,
And she is turning all her notes to gold
Is famous Jenny Lind.”

Eight stanzas of this execrable doggerell fill up the sheet, which we should not care to notice, were it not an historical fact that such sheets were sold, and such verses sung, in the by-streets of London, from morning till night.

Mr. Albert Smith, the well-known humourist and lecturer on Mont Blanc, has contributed to the literature of the period a chapter, describing the scenes at the pit-door, and illustrated by a series of sketches, depicting the adventures of “Mr. Straggles,” who, appearing first, in all the glories of irreproachable evening costume, passes, afterwards, through a succession of changes which cause him to figure, in the final *tableau*, with his dress coat torn open from top to bottom, the bow of his cravat protruding behind his neck, his *lorgnette* crushed beneath a fellow-enthusiast’s foot, and his ‘*gibus*’—represented in six successive stages of deterioration—reduced to a wiry skeleton.

Between nine and ten o’clock, on the morning after her *début*, Mdlle. Lind appeared in Eccleston Street, before her friend had risen ; and sat by her bed-side, “with a radiant countenance,” discussing the events of the previous evening.

“Are you content with last night ?” asked Mrs. Grote.

“More than content,” she replied. “What a fine public !”

On the same day, she wrote to her friend, Frau von Jaeger, at Vienna :—

“London, 5th of May, 1847.

“DEAREST MOTHER,

“It is high time that I should send you a word ; and, first of all, that I should thank you for all that you have done for me, and for all your good advice, and assure you that I shall never forget anything, and that my sincere love for you, and for all of you, will remain, through all the time to come, the only recompense that one can give to another, in exchange for such sympathy and friendship as I have received from you.

“You well know that I cannot express what I feel. If I could, then many many words would follow. But, I feel my own weakness ; and say, only, ‘Thank you, beloved Mother, for the second

most beautiful three months in my life !' The first were those I spent with the Wichmanns in the previous winter. These six months have been the happiest for me, and I can offer you no better word than 'Thanks !' But, I must thank my dear sister also, for having always been so kind to me. That she was never jealous is a proof of the goodness of her heart. My father was—my father ! I love him, too, as if I were really his daughter. And Fritz can also say whether I have been as a sister to him, or not. There, then, you have my confession of love : and, if we do not see each other again, for fifty years, time can never change my feelings.

"Dear Mother ! What else have I to tell you ! Perhaps you expect to hear that I have lost my personal freedom, or something of that sort ? *Mon Dieu ! Mon Dieu !* How splendidly has everything gone with me !—the journey included !

"Yesterday, the 4th of May, I made my first appearance here, as 'Alice,' in *Robert*—and it went *so*, that, through the whole night, I could not sleep, for joy ! To my astonishment, I found the English public in the highest degree sympathetic and intelligent ; and yesterday evening was grand. From the Queen, down to the scene-shifters, all here have been good to me, and so friendly, that I do not feel in the least like a stranger—and this says a great deal, for I am ever thinking of Vienna. Everything has gone with me ten thousand times better than I expected ; and I have neither seen, nor heard, anything about Mr. Bunn. I think he will institute a law-suit—only, his position in the matter has taken such a comical turn, that I am almost beginning to feel sorry for him.

"Lablache has been so good to me, that I feel quite moved. He behaves as no one but a great Artist like himself could behave. Lumley's attention, and friendliness, are not to be doubted, and make me hope that my mother, and many others, have been mistaken in him. I hear so much about him—and it all pleases me. But, more about this in the future, if he always acts as he is acting now.

"Louise was so frightened, yesterday, about my first appearance that she has a headache which confines her to bed. But she sends you hearty greetings. But, my calmness was quite wonderful ! What a joy, to be able so to conquer one's five senses ! How can I ever sufficiently thank God for it, Mother !

"We live most delightfully, rather far from the city, where all is still and restful, the air splendid, and a garden in which the birds are singing the whole day long. And the trees are so fresh and green. I have a house all to myself, and a first-rate manservant, who speaks German, and an Englishwoman who does the

other work of the house—Lennie, and his sister, and her husband, who are everything that is good to me. Friendly faces, wherever I look. So, you see, mother, that I want for nothing.

“I think so much of Vienna. I feel certain that it will not be long before I once more visit the Imperial City. It is too dear to me; and Germany is my second Fatherland, and Vienna, my favourite home.

“But I must leave off now; for I believe some people are coming to congratulate me.

“I have one thing to beg of you, mother. Do you personally know the Countess Schönborn? Ah! Go to her, and tell her, and her sister, the Countess Ruenburg, that I send them my best remembrances, and have ever the liveliest recollection of their kindness to me. And tell them how well everything has gone with me. I know it will interest the two Countesses, to hear this; and I will soon write to them, myself, about it. Tell them this.

“And I beg my good Herr Julius Pechvill to call upon my good Signor Battaglia, and to tell him that my Italian pronunciation has been so successful, that Lablache was quite astonished at it.

“And now farewell! farewell! Remember me to all—all who are yours, and all who are not yours. With joy, and thankful love, thinks of you all

“Your daughter,

“JENNY.

“Will my mother, or Augusta, soon write to me? I long so for news of you all.”*

To Judge Munthe she wrote, five days later:—

“London, May 10th, 1847.

“It is always a pleasure to write to my good guardian and fatherlike friend; but, this time, I write with a lighter heart than usual, because I have succeeded so well in this my last undertaking, which was, to make my way here in London, in spite of all the difficulties and intrigues that people have tried to throw in my way.

“I appeared, as ‘Alice,’ in *Roberto il Diavolo*, on the 4th of this month, and I cannot describe the sympathy and enthusiasm with which I was received—and, to my astonishment, well understood!

* Translated, by permission, from the original letter, in the possession of Fräulein Jaeger von Jaxthal.

"I am so happy, and find things so pleasant, that there is perhaps no being under the sun so happy as I."

It is pleasant to see, that, by this time, the dark shadow had so completely lost its terrors that it could be mentioned even with playfulness; and, that poor Mr. Bunn's position had become so "comical" as almost to inspire a feeling of sorrow for him. And it is pleasant, too, to find that, notwithstanding the sinister influence exercised by that dark shadow in Vienna, it had not been dark enough to cloud the happiness, or sadden the memory of the bright sojourn in the Austrian Capital.

A letter, written to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, on Thursday, the 6th of May—two days after the *début*—contains a still more touching allusion to Vienna than that addressed to Frau von Jaeger, and speaks so pleasantly of London, and its climate, and inhabitants, that its contents can scarcely fail to interest the reader.

"London, the 6th of May, 1847.

"GOOD MOTHER,

"It is a long long time since I have heard anything from you; and I am longing earnestly for news.

"You must not be angry with me for writing so little to you from Vienna. For, my only excuse is, that I was simply torn to pieces, there.

"But, you are ever in my heart, as of old, good mother and friend.

"The day before yesterday, I made my first appearance here, at the Italian Opera, as 'Alice' in *Roberto*, and *never*, perhaps, have things gone better with me, *in every way*, than here. What do you say to that?

"I am so glad, so happy, so thankful, that I hardly know what I am doing.

"The theatre is splendid, and I have never been in such good voice. The climate is—for me, at least—very good; and, apart from all this, I am so glad, because every one here is so friendly to me that I am quite touched.

"Lablache is like a father to me; and Mr. Lumley, like a good and true old friend.

"Are you going to Vienna? If so, remember me to Herr Pokorny and his amiable wife, and my other friends; and tell them that I thank them, from my heart, for all their kindness to me.

"And to the Imperial City, say, amidst the still silence, that

there lives a maiden, born in Sweden, who would gladly call Vienna the City of Her Fathers. Oh ! my Vienna ! Oh ! my Viennese ! Oh ! my heart swells, when I think of all that happened to me, there ! ”

These delightful recollections of a past time did not, however, prevent Mdle. Lind from thinking tenderly for others, in the present.

In a letter written to her from Leipzig, soon after her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre had been finally ratified, Mendelssohn had asked her, when she visited London, to sing to a friend of his, who had long been laid upon a bed of sickness. This lady was Mrs. Seth Thompson, the daughter of the well-known Organist and Glee Composer, Mr. William Horsley. Well knowing how dearly Mrs. Thompson would prize such an act of kindness, Mendelssohn, as the time approached, sent her a letter, announcing the pleasure that was in store for her ; and the remembrance of Mdle. Lind's visit to the invalid lady, and of the songs with which she cheered and comforted her, is still affectionately cherished by her family, and that of Mr. Horsley.

But what a change had passed over her life, within the last few weeks ! How different her thoughts, now, and at the moment at which she took leave of her Austrian friends. She had conquered her fears, and was already reaping the rich reward of her moral victory. The fate of Her Majesty's Theatre no longer hung in the balance. She had saved its Manager from ruin. For the remainder of the season, the position of the “ Old Italian Opera ” was impregnable ; and she alone had made it so. All doubts as to her reception by an English audience had been set at rest. The dread, the suspense, the cruel threats that had caused her such torments of anxiety, had vanished like a dream. For a time, at least, the “ sable cloud ” had “ turned forth its silver lining on the night ” ; and all around was light, and joy, and peace, and hope for the happy future.

CHAPTER IV.

“LA SONNAMBULA.” “LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.”

FROM this time forward Mdle. Lind was greeted in London, by all classes of society, with the most flattering marks of esteem and admiration. The Queen received her with marked attention. The Queen-Dowager invited her to visit Her Majesty in private. The Duke of Wellington was most sedulous in his demonstrations of respect and admiration, and, on one occasion, invited her to his country-seat, promising that music should form no topic of the conversation. Invitations poured in, from every side, in numbers which it would have been quite impossible for her to have accepted, even had her time been entirely at her own disposal. But, though compelled by her duties at the theatre to devote so many hours of the day to study and rehearsal, she did not entirely shut herself out from the pleasures of society. Mrs. Grote, who accompanied her one evening to a private concert at Lansdowne House to which she had been invited as an auditor, gives an interesting account, in her MS. *Memoir*, of the excitement caused by her first appearance in the reception-room, when, at the moment of her entrance, all other visitors were forgotten, in the desire to meet her with a cordial welcome.

“I was not a little amused,” she says, “to observe the Duke of Wellington approach, with the intention of making his bow to Lady Lansdowne ; but, finding it hopeless to catch her attention—so engrossed was she with Mdle. Lind—he quietly passed unnoticed into the Sculpture Gallery, where a vocal concert was about to commence. I at length proposed to Jenny that we should take our places there, also ; and we soon found ourselves in the middle of a brilliant company, whose eyes were frequently bent in the direction of our seats. Jenny, who was always very impatient under this kind of scrutiny, felt vexed at it ; but there was no escape. The concert proceeded ; the artists comprising

all the 'stars' of the two rival houses, herself only excepted. The first part over, I was besieged by persons of my acquaintance, with requests to be introduced to Mdlle. Lind : Lady Pembroke, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Sidney Herbert, Lady Lincoln, with one or two other ladies obtained the privilege, and continued to talk to her, until Jenny, impatient to escape, whispered to me, 'Let us go and look at the pictures.' So we went into the rooms through which we had entered, and looked at the pictures, which interested her far more than the music. Meanwhile, the concert had re-commenced, so that we could not resume our places conveniently ; accordingly Jenny begged me to go away, which we presently did. As we drove home to Clairville, I expressed myself highly satisfied with the flattering attentions of which she had been the object during the evening. She rejoined : 'Dear Madame, you are much more proud for me than I am for myself. It certainly was a splendid sight ; but I would rather have been ambling with you among the Burnham beeches, after all.' "

The rambles under the fine old Burnham beech trees, near Mr. Grote's country-house, furnished, indeed, a pleasant and highly needful relief to the fatigues of the season, which were very trying to her.

La Sonnambula was announced for performance for the first time, on Tuesday, the 13th of May.

Never, perhaps, was Mdlle. Lind's detestation of all that bore the stamp of unreality more strongly marked than in this charming Opera. She could not endure a sham—though, the temptation to do so, here, must have been very great.

In the last act of *La Sonnambula*, Amina, walking in her sleep, crosses a crazy wooden bridge, spanning a mill-stream, and hanging in the air, directly over a revolving water-wheel. As she reaches the middle of this frail structure, the worm-eaten planks give way—or rather, by an ingenious stage-device, appear to give way—beneath her feet. She starts—lets the lamp she holds in her hand fall into the stream—and then, without awaking, calmly proceeds on her way, down a rude flight of steps, to the front of the stage, where, taking from her bosom the faded flowers that Elvino has given to her, she sings the beautiful air, '*Ah ! non credea mirarti,*' which forms one of the most attractive movements of the *Finale*.

The danger of crossing the mimic bridge is, perhaps, less real

than apparent, when proper precautions are taken to ensure the singer's safety. But, it is a dangerous walk, for a nervous *prima donna*; and very few of our greatest singers have ever attempted it. The usual plan is, to dress up a poor little "supernumerary" in clothes exactly like those of the real representative of "Amina"; to let her perform the perilous feat of crossing the bridge; and, after she has dropped her lamp, and displaced some of the loose



stones lying at the edge of her path, to let her pass behind a projecting piece of rock, arranged for the purpose, and there change places with the real *prima donna*, who emerges on the opposite side of the cunningly-constructed screen, and is supposed, by the audience, to have performed the entire journey in her own proper person.

But Mdlle. Lind would never consent to cheat her audience thus. She once told the writer, when conversing with him on

the events of that memorable time, that she had never, in her life, let any one cross the bridge for her—not because she was more courageous than other representatives of the village somnambulist ; for, she confessed to having been horribly frightened, every time that she had to undergo the trying ordeal—but because, she said, “ I should have been ashamed to stand before the audience, pretending that I had crossed the bridge, if I had not really done it.”

So, the boards were marked with chalk, to show the exact lines between which Amina was to walk ; and a circle was drawn, at the spot at which the bridge was to give way beneath her, so that she might not be taken unprepared. But, these precautions formed a less efficient safeguard than might have been imagined ; for, she had heard that somnambulists always walked straight forward, without looking at their feet, and she risked a fall, night after night, in order that she might act her part with perfect truth to nature.

But her nervous fears did not prevent her from singing her best ; for, during the course of the same conversation, she told the writer, that, accidentally looking down at Mr. Balfe, while she was singing ‘ *Ah ! non credea,*’ she saw that his face was bathed in tears. And he, we may be sure, was not the only listener thus moved by her rendering of that most lovely movement—one of the purest and most touchingly plaintive strains of melody that the modern Italian School has produced.

No one witnessed Mdlle. Lind’s first performance of “ Amina ” with more rapt attention than the Queen. She was there from the beginning. The ‘ *Come per me sereno,*’ with its brilliant opportunities for showing off the voice, was a little too full of ornament altogether to satisfy Her Majesty’s taste ; but she expressed unbounded admiration of all that followed, dwelling strongly, according to our information, upon “ the exquisite shake, the wonderful clear, sweet *piano* way of singing in the very highest tones, without losing any of their fulness and freshness.” The ‘ *Son geloso* ’ and ‘ *Prendi l’anel,*’ were felt to be full of a new beauty. But a charm, as exquisite, as it was novel, was recognised by the Royal listener in the soft, touching, half-whispered tones in which “ Amina ” sang in the scene where she enters the Count’s apartment asleep. Again, the dignified way in which she delivered in the subsequent scene the words, ‘ *Rea non sono, no,*

la fui giammai,' giving as it did the idea of complete innocence was noted as exceptionally fine. In this, as indeed throughout the whole performance, the singer was recognised by the Queen as speaking from the heart to the heart.

Of her singing of the Recitative and Adagio, '*Ah ! non credea mirarti*,' Signor Lablache said to the Queen, "*Je dois dire que je n'ai jamais rien entendu comme cela.*" In this opinion, according to our information, Her Majesty heartily concurred. She was present, along with the Prince Consort, when *La Sonnambula* was performed for the second time on Saturday the 15th of May. All Her Majesty's first impressions were more than confirmed. She spoke with enthusiasm as Lablache had done of the '*Ah, non credea.*' "It was all *piano*," she said, "and clear and sweet, and like the sighing of a zephyr, yet all heard. Who could describe those long notes, drawn out till they quite melt away, that shake which becomes softer and softer, those very piano and flute-like notes—and those round fresh tones which are so youthful ?" *

To an English, no less than to a Continental audience, *La Sonnambula* had ever been welcome; and the nameless charm with which that part was now invested, the enchantment thrown over it by the perfection of Mdlle. Lind's ideal interpretation of each change and phase of sentiment that rendered its impersonation more life-like and complete, seemed to make the work a greater favourite than ever. The audience were never tired of it. Throughout the season, it was given, again and again, with the certainty of a crowded house, and a triumphant success; and it was not until after its fourth performance, in alternation with four performances of *Roberto il Diavolo*, that the management thought it necessary to announce the production of another Opera.

The new Opera was one entirely unknown, at that time, in England; though we have had occasion to mention it, more than once, in connection with other countries, during the course of our narrative.

It will be remembered, that during Mdlle. Lind's short but serious illness, at Berlin, in February, 1845, *Die Regimentstochter* had been preseted, with Fräulein Tuzzec in the principal part.

Before that time, Mdlle. Lind herself had never undertaken the part of "Mrie"; but, as we have already seen, she appeared

* See the note † already referred to on page 268.

in it, at Stockholm, on the 9th of June, 1845, with such success, that the Opera was redemanded on every remaining night but one of the summer season—in all, eight times. Since then, it had become a special favourite, in almost every town she visited; and, though the critics of Berlin had not yet had an opportunity of passing their verdict upon it, it had created an absolute *furor*, both at Munich and Vienna. It remained now, to test its capability of attracting the sympathies of an English audience, already predisposed to regard it with favour; and, if it were possible to invent a stronger word than *furor* for the purpose of describing the result of the experiment, such a word would certainly not be misplaced.

It is not a great work—nor does it pose as one; it betrays no true nobility of purpose; no trace of poetical inspiration, in any one of its scenes, from first to last. How then, it may fairly be asked, did Mdle. Lind succeed in making it one of the most charming and deservedly popular of her parts?

The question is a very natural one—and the answer equally so.

She breathed a living soul into the form that had left the laboratory of its inventors without one; and substituted this for the jointed lay-figure, the soulless automaton, embodied in the score. And, in her impersonation of the bewitching little heroine into whom this guileless soul had been breathed, the whole interest of the Opera was absorbed. She did not—as the critics would have said—content herself with “creating the rôle of ‘Maria’;” she “created” the whole work. No one gave a thought to the other members of the *dramatis persone*. The piece was absolutely devoid of attraction, when she was absent from the stage. But, the moment she appeared she held her audience spell-bound.

Never, we may safely say, in the whole history of Art was so brilliant and so legitimate a triumph produced, with such slender means for its foundation. All that was beautiful and attractive, all that was natural and touching in the part, was infused into it by the genius of its interpreter—a genius imaginative enough to invent a rôle, full of piquant prettinesses, and abounding in points of perfectly legitimate interest, as a substitute for one that was absolutely colourless—and bold enough to present this charming ideal to the public, with such power of truthfulness, such variety of dramatic effect, such marked individuality of character, that, from first to last, the audience never felt the slightest temptation

to wish that the plot of the story, or the *libretto* founded upon it, or the music adapted to the *libretto*, had been in any respect other than they really were. And this manifestation of dramatic truthfulness addressed itself to all the world ; to the ignorant, no less than to the learned ; to gentle and simple ; to rich and poor ; to each and all alike. So true to Nature was the enchanting picture of Maria, that it had something to say to every one. And so it came to pass, that, of all the Operas presented, during this eventful season, *La Figlia del Reggimento* was the one that spoke most plainly to the general public, and became the greatest favourite with the outer world.

We have heard the Germans speak of Mdlle. Lind, as the "Priestess of Art." It was as the "Priestess of Nature" that she won the hearts of "the people."

CHAPTER V.

THE QUEEN'S STATE VISIT TO THE OPERA.

THE evening of Tuesday, the 15th of June, 1847, was a memorable one, in the annals of Her Majesty's Theatre.

On that night, the Queen and the Prince Consort honoured the old historic Opera-House with a State visit ; and, "by Royal command," Mdlle. Lind appeared, for the first time in England, in the part of "Norma."

Every conceivable care had been taken, by the management, to prepare a fitting reception for its august visitors. No expense had been spared, and no artistic detail neglected, which could add to the convenience of the Royal guests, or the magnificence of the entertainment.

As early as half-past three o'clock, several parties had assembled at the various entrances of the theatre ; and the doors were opened half an hour earlier than usual. Crowds of Her Majesty's loyal subjects thronged Pall Mall, and greeted the Queen *en route* to the theatre, where Her Majesty was received with a flourish of trumpets, by the band of the Guards, and with cheers, by those assembled at the doors.

Precisely at eight o'clock, the Queen entered the Royal box, with His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, accompanied by their suite ; when, instantaneously, the band struck up "God save the Queen," which was sung by the leading members of the *troupe mélodieuse*, Madame Castellan singing the last verse. The applause at the conclusion was genuine, and enthusiastic. Her Majesty, having gracefully acknowledged the cheers and plaudits of her loyal subjects inside the house, sat down : and the performance began.

Mdlle. Lind's interpretation of the part of the "Druid Priestess," was as remarkable for its superb vocalisation, as its beautifully

impressive reading of the *rôle*. On her *entrée*, she was received with the same marks of genuine approbation as on other occasions, and these were renewed, at every pause in the music, until, at the close of the Opera, the applause became absolutely deafening.

Immediately after the *Divertissement* which followed, the National Anthem was again sung, when Her Majesty, her Royal Consort, and their suite, left the theatre.

The performance was, in every way, a brilliant and successful one. But, the London newspapers were divided in their opinion of the respective merits of Mdlle. Lind's conception of the part, and that with which Madame Grisi had so long made them familiar. The fairest *critiques* gave high meed of praise to both; but, though Mdlle. Lind's "Norma" was one of her most successful *rôles* on the Continent, it is incontestable that it was less popular in England than either that of "Amina" or "Alice." *The Times*, and *The Illustrated London News*, analysed the new ideal of the character with keenest perception of its beauties, and just discrimination between the merits of the two possible interpretations of the *rôle*. *The Athenæum*, and *The Musical World*, characterised the entire performance as an ignoble failure, and enforced their own views in the strongest terms they could command.

Which of the two opposing verdicts may we venture to accept as the true one?

Mons. Roger, the famous French tenor, in an autobiographical sketch, published some years ago, in Paris,* leads us to believe that his view of this particular case coincided with that of the critics of *The Athenæum* and *The Musical World*; though, with regard to other equally important *rôles*, he finds no words too strong to express his unbounded admiration for Mdlle. Lind's genius and personality.

On the other hand, since the issue of our earlier Editions, we have received a confirmation of the opposite opinion as gratifying as it was unexpected, emanating from a very high authority indeed—the highest, perhaps, that it would be possible to quote.

At an evening party given by Signor Mario, at S. Petersburg, in the year 1849, Madame Grisi, in the course of a conversation with His Excellency, the Count de Bylandt, who was then attached as first Secretary to the Netherlands Legation at S.

* *Le Carnet d'un Tenor*. Gustav Roger. (Paris, 1880.)

Petersburg, expressed her opinion of Mdlle. Lind's impersonation of the rôle of "Norma," in the following remarkable words :—

"I long thought there was only one 'Norma' in the world, and that was myself ! But, since I heard Jenny Lind sing the same part, I must confess that there are two 'Normas,' quite different in conception, but, equally true, equally genuine, equally perfect ; and I now very much hesitate to say which of the two I believe to be the best."

It gives us unfeigned pleasure to be able to record these generous words, uttered in self-evident artistic enthusiasm, by the great *prima donna*, while her European reputation was still at its zenith, and at the very time when, by a certain section of the press, she was made to pose as Mdlle. Lind's proudest and most implacable rival ; and we owe our best thanks to the Count de Bylandt for permitting us to reproduce them, exactly as they were addressed to him by Madame Grisi herself.

CHAPTER VI.

“LA TEMPESTA.” “I MASNADIERI.”

THOUGH Her Majesty's State visit to the Opera-House may be fairly said to have marked the culminating point of interest in Mdle. Lind's first London season, it by no means represented the last, or even the greatest of her triumphs.

But, before describing her later successes, it is necessary that we should recur, for a moment, to a subject which continued to excite the interest of the musical world, long after those whom it most intimately concerned had given up all hope of bringing it to a satisfactory conclusion.

When we last spoke of Mendelssohn's promise to compose an Opera for Her Majesty's Theatre, with the principal part assigned to Mdle. Lind, and written expressly for her, it seemed just possible that the idea might be carried out and the work completed in time for performance during the season of 1847. But, as time went on, it became evident that the project must be abandoned. The difficulty with regard to the choice of a *libretto* proved to be insurmountable. Many subjects were proposed—among others, Shakespeare's *Tempest*—but Mendelssohn was dissatisfied with them all; and, as the season was now too far advanced to admit of farther delay, the scheme fell to the ground.

The crisis was a serious one; for, a new Opera had been formally promised to the subscribers. But, Mr. Lumley's managerial talent never showed itself to greater advantage, than when brought face to face with some insurmountable difficulty; and the failure of his endeavours to procure a new Opera from Mendelssohn, for the season of 1847, served only to excite him to greater exertions than ever, in the cause of his beloved theatre.

If Mendelssohn could not provide him with a finished work

in time for immediate production, some other composer must be found who could.

The composer fixed upon was Verdi ; and the plot of Schiller's well-known play, *Die Räuber*, was selected for the substituted work. A *libretto*, founded on this subject, had already been prepared, by the popular Italian poet, Andrea Maffei ; and Verdi had fortunately completed the music in time to meet the manager's great need of a new work—failing the production of which, he would not have fulfilled the promise made to his subscribers at the beginning of the season.

The new Opera was produced, on Thursday, the 22nd of July, under the title of *I Masnadieri*.

“The Opera was highly successful,” says the *Illustrated London News*—the most important, and the most impartial Art-journal of the day. “The talented *Maestro*, on appearing in the orchestra to conduct his clever work, was received with three rounds of applause. He was called before the curtain, after the first and third acts, and at the conclusion of the Opera, amidst the most vehement plaudits. The house was crowded to excess, and was honoured by the presence of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and the Duchess of Cambridge.”

Yet, in spite of the favourable tone of this, and other critiques, *I Masnadieri*, though it furnished Mdlle. Lind with the material for one of her most brilliant triumphs, was, in itself, a *fiasco*. In *La Figlia del Reggimento*, she triumphed so completely over the inherent weakness of the *libretto* and the commonplace character of the music, that the piece retained its place on the stage as long as she herself remained to sing in it. But, in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, she represented the entire Opera. She was its life, and soul ; the whole interest of it was centred in her impersonation of the little *Vivandière* ; the other characters were merest puppets. The public thronged the theatre, to hear Jenny Lind—not to see Donizetti's Opera.

In the *Masnadieri*, the case was widely different. She could have saved it, no doubt, if she could have absorbed the whole interest of the piece in her own part. But this was impossible. In so far as the plot of *Die Räuber* is concerned, Schiller himself has invested his heroine with no predominating traits of character which could raise her to a position of all-absorbing interest in the

development of his story—no strongly-marked individuality which could enable even the genius of Mademoiselle Lind to save the Opera, by clothing a comparatively colourless part with a nobler conception than it was intrinsically capable of assuming.

And so it was, that *I Masnadieri* survived but the three representations courteously accorded to a *succès d'estime*, and furnished but a sorry substitute for the promised *Tempesta* of Mendelssohn.

CHAPTER VII.

“LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.”

THE last new part in which Mdlle. Lind appeared, during the London season of 1847, was that of “Susanna,” in Mozart’s ever-welcome *Nozze di Figaro*.

The change, from the sombre gloom of Schiller’s ghastly tragedy, to the airy brightness of the most perfect lyric comedy that the school of Vienna had ever given to the world, was a startling one indeed. A more convincing proof of the versatility of the singer’s genius could scarcely have been given, had such a proof been needed.

The music of Mozart needs a special talent for its perfect interpretation ; and Mdlle. Lind sang it as she felt quite certain that Mozart himself would have wished to hear it sung. She had studied it profoundly, and frankly identified herself with its spirit, both in connection with the stage, and with the concert-room. So great was her admiration of the master, that she always spoke of him as “the divine Mozart” (*der göttliche Mozart*).

A critic who carefully analysed *Le Nozze di Figaro* some forty years after its production, arrived at the conclusion, that Mozart had “changed into real passion the trifling incidents which, in Beaumarchais’ comedy, only amused the amiable inhabitants of the Castle of Aguas Frescas.”

A later writer says : “In the comedy of Beaumarchais, we find the adventures of the inmates of Aguas Frescas infinitely amusing, and we are delighted with their lively manners, and the wit and satire of their conversation ; but we care as little for them as they seem to care for one another. Mozart has given them *hearts*, and made them the objects of our sympathy, by inspiring them with feeling, and passion.”

Whether we admit the truth of these hypotheses or not, it is certain that Mozart has invested the characters with a tenderness of expression to which it would be difficult to do full justice in

the spoken dialogue even of Beaumarchais. And it was upon this tenderness that Mdle. Lind seized, as the basis of her conception; bringing it prominently forward, at every fitting opportunity, yet without entirely sacrificing to it that lighter vein of feeling in the treatment of which Beaumarchais was inimitable. And we cannot doubt that, in adopting this course, she fulfilled Mozart's intentions, both in the spirit, and the letter.

Neither as an actress, nor as a singer, did she deviate, in the slightest detail, from the path indicated to her in the score. Every mark of expression, every dynamic sign, every indication of *tempo*, was a law to her. She thankfully accepted its guidance: she was as submissive as a child; no thought of resistance to the written law ever entered her heart. But, the service she yielded was a reasonable one. She could not have submitted more willingly, if Mozart himself had been there to claim her obedience. She could not have been less fettered, or more original, if she herself had composed the Opera, which, with her delicate interpretation of the principal part, achieved a success quite unprecedented. Every scene in which she took part was accepted by the audience, with tokens of unfeigned delight; and a passage of unaccompanied *Recitativo secco à quattro voci*, sung, in the Second Act, by Mdle. Jenny Lind, Madame Grimaldi, Herr Staudigl, and Signor Lablache, received a double *encore*, and was given three times, amidst a perfect storm of applause.

As the *Recitativo secco*, in Mozart's Operas, is rarely printed, save in the full orchestral scores, and is therefore unlikely to be known to the generality of our readers, we give the passage here, exactly as it stands in the full score published by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel of Leipzig, but, with the *soprano* part transposed into the treble clef, for the benefit of the general reader.*

SUSANNA.

Chi al par di me con - ten - ta? Chi al par di me con -

* Although the passage was sung without accompaniment, a Thorough-bass is given with it in the score.

FIG. DON BART.

- ten - ta? I - - o! I - - o!

3

SUS. *pp* *cres.* *f* *pp* *tr.*

E schiatti il sig - nor Con - te, al gus - to mi - o.

MARC. *pp* *cres.* *f* *pp*

I - o! E schiatti il sig - nor Con - te, al gus - to mi - o.

DON BART. *pp* *cres.* *f* *pp*

E schiatti il sig - nor Con - te, al gus - to mi - o.

FIG. *pp* *cres.* *f* *pp*

E schiatti il sig - nor Con - te, al gus - to mi - o.

pp *cres.* *f* *pp*

b7 - b5 4/2 b6 b6 b4/2 b7 3

This seems simple enough—and is simple enough. So simple, that, in the mouths of four commonplace singers, it might very easily pass for a graceful little harmonised cadence, at the close of a passage of ordinary recitative. But, Mdle. Lind did not regard it in that light. Ably supported by her colleagues, she sang it in conscientious accordance with the indications furnished by Mozart, in the score: that is to say, with gradually increasing interest, from the beginning of the *solo* passage culminating in a pause of moderate length upon the dotted quaver, F; in extreme *piano*, from the part at which the voices first join in four-part

harmony, with a *crescendo* to the *forte* indicated at the word "Conte"; in extreme *piano*, again, from that part to the end, with a long pause on the antepenultimate D; and, on the penultimate, C, one of those wonderful shakes which she alone could execute—prolonged, to a degree which made it seem as if the supply of breath were simply inexhaustible—beginning *pianissimo*, yet ever diminishing in tone, to the gentlest warble, which, nevertheless, was heard, with perfect distinctness, to the remotest limits of the enormous *salle*—no hazy *tremolo*, of uncertain intonation, but a rapid alternation of C, and D, in perfect tune throughout, and growing ever fainter and fainter, till it faded into the final B flat with a ravishing charm too subtle for description.

The effect it produced was electrical. It lingers in our memory, as we write of it, as clearly as if we had heard it, not five and forty years ago, but yesterday. No one had ever heard the passage so interpreted before—indeed, it was manifestly impossible that it could ever have been so interpreted upon any previous occasion within the memory of man; for, this was the first time that Mdle. Lind had ever sung the part in Italian, and the place of the *recitativo secco* was supplied, on the German stage, by spoken dialogue. No wonder, then, that the audience were spell-bound! The burst of applause was overwhelming. Cries of delight, of admiration, of astonishment, were heard on every side. Yet, after all, what right had any one to feel surprised? The singer had simply availed herself of the opportunity provided for her in the text. But, what a genius was needed, for the creation of the opportunity, on the one hand, and, on the other, for the intuitive perception which enabled the interpreter to seize upon it!

CHAPTER VIII.

BY COMMAND OF THE QUEEN.

THE clause in the Lumley contract which prevented Mdlle. Lind from taking part in any public concerts, during the London season, proved to be a very fortunate one ; and the effect of Mendelssohn's remonstrance, and the explanation which followed, gave unalloyed satisfaction, in the end, to all concerned.

To have added to the fatigue and excitement of the Opera season, even by an occasional concert, would have been in the highest degree imprudent, had an occasional concert been possible. But it was not. In the then excited state of public feeling, a share in the programme of one single concert would have raised a clamour for concerts everywhere ; for engagements of one kind or another for every day in the week ; demands which it would have been impossible to meet, and the refusal of which would have led to infinite dissatisfaction and annoyance.

Happily, all this turmoil was saved, by the exhaustive ventilation of the question which had already taken place, and its consequent settlement before the season began. It was well known that all public concerts were prohibited, by a stipulation duly signed, sealed, and delivered, in the engagement at the Opera.

But Mendelssohn's prudence had overcome another, and a more serious phase of the difficulty, which, though it would beyond all doubt have been removed, when the season for its consideration arrived, was far better settled in advance. He had suggested, in his letter of October 31, 1846, that the prohibitive clause should not be understood to extend to concerts given by the Queen's command. Mr. Lumley had naturally agreed to this, as a matter of course ; and, between the 28th of May, and the 9th of August, Mdlle. Lind sang twice, by command of Her Majesty, at Buckingham Palace, and once at Osborne ; besides taking part in

a concert given by Queen Adelaide, at Marlborough House, at which Her Majesty and the Prince Consort were present.

At Buckingham Palace on the 28th of May Mdle. Lind sang two of those Swedish songs in which she was unrivalled, accompanying herself upon the piano. They were new to her Royal audience, and by the spirit which spoke through the exquisite softness and finish of the execution, they went, there as well as elsewhere, home to every heart. The depth of the impression she produced was shown by the profound silence while she sang, a silence not accorded to the other singers, talented though they were, and by the murmur of applause which followed, when she ceased.

Twelve days later, she sang at Marlborough House, at a concert given by the Queen Dowager, at which the Queen and Prince Consort were present. It was given in the Hall, in which her voice was heard to great advantage. Here, as at the previous concert, Her Majesty conversed with Mdle. Lind for some time, and spoke with great warmth both of her singing and her acting. Of Lablache, Mdle. Lind spoke to the Queen in the warmest terms. "*Er ist,*" she said, "*wie ein Vater für uns alle.*"

Again on the last day of June she had the honour of singing before Her Majesty and the Prince at Buckingham Palace. On this occasion the purity, the sweetness and softness of her voice were much dwelt upon by the Queen, as well as the charming and unpretending grace of her manners. Nor did the remarkable delicacy and expressiveness of her touch on the piano escape notice. King Leopold and his Queen were present, and shared in the fascination which the artist and the woman seem to have excited in the Royal circle. King Leopold told her, she must not act with too much feeling, lest she should over-fatigue herself. To this she replied, "*Ich kann nicht anders thun als ich fühle.*" On the same evening she said in reply to a hope expressed by Her Majesty, that she would see her next year, "*Ich will die Bühne verlassen*"—what she desired being, to go and work "*für die Wohlthätigkeit,*" as "*une grande carrière*" had no interest for her.

On the 9th of August, along with Signor Lablache, Mdle. Lind was invited to sing before the Queen and Prince Consort at Osborne. On this occasion she sang several Swedish songs; four songs by Mendelssohn, '*Ueber die Berge,*' '*Frühlingslied,*' '*Auf Wiedersehen,*' and '*Sonntagslied,*' and with Lablache two duets

from *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Mdle. Lind had always refused to take money for singing at the Royal concerts. She was greatly moved when the Queen, calling her aside, presented her with a bracelet, saying, as she did so, "I must again express not only my admiration but my respect for you," words more precious far to her than the costliest present. In the course of the conversation that ensued she again expressed her intention of quitting the stage; but, in answer to Her Majesty's expression of regret at the loss this would be to art, she replied that she would certainly come back again to England, whether she carried her intention into execution or not.*

It is known to everybody; and we need not, therefore, fear to be accused of anticipating later events by alluding to the circumstance here; that, however brilliant her triumphs on the stage may have been—and they were certainly as brilliant in England as at Berlin, or Vienna, if not even more so—they did not represent the whole of her Art-life. However high may have been the level to which she raised the ideal perfection of dramatic singing—of that union of the most exquisite vocal *technique* with the most finished expression of dramatic truth, which, bearing ever in mind the necessary correlation of the twin Arts to one another, embodied the truest and the most exalted conception of the mission of the Opera that has ever yet been formed—however great may have been the work she accomplished in this particular field—it was not here that she won the *heart* of all England. It is quite true that Her Majesty's Theatre was crowded night after night. Delicate ladies fought for their places; and frenzied gentlemen pushed in front of them, touching the very verge of loyalty and duty, in their eagerness to secure for themselves the good position they ought to have offered to the ladies who were as anxious to obtain it as themselves. The enthusiasm manifested on the night of the *début* was, certainly, no ephemeral manifestation of spasmodic excitement, for it continued to the end of the season. The admiration for the artist, the respect for the pure and holy life she was known to be living, the reverence for her as a true and noble-hearted woman, all these were won for her, on the night of her first appearance before an English audience—and she never lost them, till the day of her death. But, the LOVE that

* For our information in regard to these concerts we are indebted to the notes referred to in the note, p. 268, *ante*.

made the name of Jenny Lind a "household word" in every English homestead, by every English hearth, in every dwelling in which the English language was spoken—the long-enduring LOVE was won at the concert-room, and at the Oratorio. Not even '*Ah non credea,*' or '*Deh vieni non tardar,*' commanded, on the stage, the depth of affection that was yielded, in an instant, to the 'Swedish Songs,' in the concert-room, or the still deeper feeling born of '*I know that my Redeemer liveth,*' and '*Holy, Holy, Holy,*' in the Cathedral. It was through *Elijah* and *Messiah*, through the *Lieder* of Mendelssohn and Lindblad, and the *Swedish Melodies*, and the thousand treasures that appeared, later on, in the concert programmes—that the beloved "Swedish Nightingale" sang her way into the great heart of the British people; and it is therefore of peculiar interest that it should be through the warm and glowing words of our Queen that we now hear of the first concert at which she ever sang in the country in which she was afterwards naturalised.

Truly, the privilege that has been so graciously accorded to us—and without which this chapter in the life of the subject of the present Memoir could never have been adequately written—is one for which the most grateful thanks we can offer fall equally short of our duty, our loyalty, and our heart-felt desire.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE PROVINCES.

THE business of the season was heavy and exacting, and its excitement fatiguing, even to the strong ; but, like the music of a grand dramatic *scena*, it had its “points of repose,” interspersed among the *agitato* passages which formed the basis of its general construction. Let us hear what our friend, Mrs. Grote, has to tell us about those welcome little *agrémens*.

“The summer of 1847 passed delightfully,” she says, in the MS. *Memoir* from which we have so frequently quoted, “divided, as it was, between theatrical labours and triumphs, and passages of recreation. Among the latter, the most agreeable to her were, repeated visits to our own country home at Burnham, about three miles from Slough, where she essayed riding on horseback ; an exercise in which she afterwards came to take so great delight, that she bought a couple of saddle-horses of her own, and rode whenever opportunity permitted.

“When she could not spare time to go to Burnham, we often spent a long summer day in Wimbledon Park, taking a cold collation there, in a kind of *châlet*, placed at her disposal by Mr. Barber Beaumont, the proprietor. On these occasions, my brother Edward, myself, and sometimes Mr. Grote, would accompany her. We all rambled about, enjoying the repose and unmolested retirement the place afforded. The nightingales sang, in May and June, in the copse ; and to these Jenny always listened with interest and pleasure. On one fine evening, as we were leaning over a gate, listening to one, the bird stopped.

“‘There !’ said Jenny, ‘he has seen us ! Now, that is just like me. I should have done the same, if I had caught anyone intruding on my solitude. And, indeed, those who have compared me to the nightingale were not far wrong ; for I have a great deal of the nightingale in me.’

“When at Burnham, she used to study the music of her new

rôles among the old beeches, where I have often found her, seated on the clubbed root of one, with the book laid open upon her knee, and warbling, in a low tone, the music of the score.

“Mr. Lumley gave a *fête champêtre*, in the course of the season, at his villa near Putney; and Jenny consented to go there, provided I would accompany her as *chaperone*. We duly made our appearance at the *fête*; but Jenny was so disturbed and discomposed by the staring and incessant curiosity displayed by the company with regard to her, that she was anything but comfortable during the two or three hours of her stay. Mr. Lumley did everything he possibly could to restore her good humour, but she only desired ‘to get away’; and we accordingly returned, towards nightfall, to Clairville. No sooner were we within its walls, than Jenny appeared in a new phase. Instead of allowing me to continue my road homewards, she said I ‘must stay to tea’; then, ‘to supper.’ My brother and I were placed in the seats of honour in her little drawing-room. Lights were brought, in abundance. The resources of the *ménage* were strained to produce various refreshments; Jenny doing the honours, and waiting upon us, with infinite vivacity and grace, and in the highest spirits. I was beyond measure diverted by her playful vagaries, which she finished, at last, by sitting down to the piano, and singing her native melodies with bewitching effect.

“The night was now wearing away, but still I was not allowed to depart. A messenger was despatched, who returned, in an hour or so, with my night-dresses; and I was installed in Jenny’s own room, which was lighted up with numerous wax candles, while she retired to a small bedroom adjoining it.

“This evening—one of many delightful ones, spent during the summer of 1847—rises to my memory, as exemplifying the humour of this singular being, in a very remarkable light.”

No one enjoys a holiday so thoroughly as the artist, whose brain has been too long strained at abnormally high pressure. Mendelssohn enjoyed his holidays with the artless playfulness of a child, making no attempt whatever to conceal the depth of his innocent delight—and Mdlle. Lind did the same. But, the work of the “season” had not yet come to an end. Much had already been done; but, much more remained to be accomplished, before she could really take a prolonged and undivided rest.

By a singular anomaly, so frequently repeated that its omission, at this period of our history, would have seemed more strange than its recurrence, the brilliancy of her successes was invariably

found to bear an inverse proportion to the depth of her previous despondency.

We have seen her, at Berlin, reduced to the verge of despair, before the evening of her triumphant *début* in the grand new Opera-House.

At Vienna, the appearance of the *salle* of the Theater an der Wien so terrified her, that but for Herr Hauser's remonstrances, she would have fled the city, and left her engagement with Herr Pokorny unfulfilled, in the firm belief that her voice was not powerful enough to enable her to carry out the task she had undertaken to perform.

And again, in London, she had gone so far as to entreat her friend Mrs. Grote to intercede with the manager for the reversal of a contract which, she thought, made a demand upon her powers to which they were wholly unequal.

Yet, at Berlin, she succeeded in convincing the most fastidious critics in the world of the reality of her genius, before the curtain fell upon the first act of her favourite *Norma*. At Vienna, the delighted Austrians unhorsed her carriage, in the hope that they might be permitted to drag her home in triumph. And in London, she won her way, in one single evening, to a position which no *prima donna* had ever previously occupied.

But, when the London season came to a close, her successes in this country were only just beginning. Her fame had already penetrated to the remotest corners of the kingdom. The inhabitants of all the great towns were burning with impatience to hear her, that they might judge for themselves whether the rumours that had reached them were exaggerated, or not. And those who had already heard her at Her Majesty's Theatre were longing to hear her again, in the distant counties to which they were returning after the excitement of the season was over. So a long and fatiguing provincial tour was organised without delay. To give a detailed account of the country performances, *seriatim*, however interesting they may have been at the time, could only be wearisome, after the innumerable triumphs we have already described; but, Mrs. Grote's general account of the tour is too interesting to be omitted.

"At the end of an engagement of unparalleled success," she says, in her *Memoir*, "Jenny proceeded on a tour in the provinces,

in which she was accompanied by my brother, Mr. Edward Lewin, who acted as manager of her affairs, and directed her relations with the concert-speculators, and whose agency, on this occasion, was extremely valuable to her. She knew nothing of the English language, in the first place ; so that she could do little in the way of transacting her artistic business. Her attendant could speak only Swedish, which made it the more essential that some friend should accompany the ladies, to serve as interpreter on the journey, and at the inns. Now, Mr. Lewin was perfectly at home in the Swedish language, from having resided for many years at Stockholm ; and he likewise spoke French well enough to communicate with the foreign artists included in the company which Jenny had associated with her for these provincial performances. Their intimacy was one of great confidence, and warm admiration for Jenny's many great and engaging gifts doubtless filled the breast of my brother Edward ; while the sentiments she entertained towards him partook of the early companion, the able and serviceable secretary, the 'go-between' with tiresome applicants for her bounty, or with servants. He was her playfellow, as it were, in the hours of relaxation ; her escort to and from the theatre, and the concert-room. And, beyond all this, *he was my brother*—a title, which, loving me as she came to do during our familiar intercourse, conferred an additional charm upon her friendship with Edward." *

And so it came to pass, that, aided by the business capacities and firm moral support of this trusty friend, Mdlle. Lind devoted the months of August and September to a series of provincial performances, undertaken on her own account, and everywhere successful. She had secured the assistance of Signor Gardoni, Signor F. Lablache and his talented wife, and a competent orchestra, conducted by Mr. Balfe ; and, in company with these popular and thoroughly conscientious artists, she extended her journey to Scotland, and delighted her audiences, wherever she appeared. She was *fêted* everywhere ; and everywhere made friends. But, in one particular town, the reception she met with was so cordial, and the friendships she cemented were so true and lasting, that we cannot refrain from giving a circumstantial account of the events which there took place.

While still busily occupied, in London, with her performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, she had received the following letter from Dr. Stanley, the Bishop of Norwich :—

* From Mrs. Grote's MS. '*Memoir*.'

“38, Lower Brook Street,
“July 10th, 1847.

“The Bishop of Norwich has just heard that Miss Jenny Lind has consented to come to Norwich in September next. He and Mrs. Stanley therefore lose no time in expressing the hope that she, during her stay, will become their guest at the palace.

“The Bishop has only to add, that it will be a great gratification to him to make acquaintance with one whose high character and principles, from all he has heard, are on a par with her superior talents.

“Miss JENNY LIND,

“Clara Villa,

“Old Brompton.”

This invitation she accepted ; and, on the evening of Tuesday, the 21st of September, she duly arrived at the Palace, where she was received with a welcome which she remembered with pleasure till the end of her life.

The leading local newspaper described the event, with the fervour that never fails to animate a provincial journal, put upon its mettle by the opportunity of making an unwonted announcement. She had been far from well, since her departure from Edinburgh ; and was suffering from inordinate fatigue. The public had been informed of this, and great anxiety prevailed, even among the working classes, who curiously peered into every carriage, and thronged around the portal by which the great songstress was to enter.

The scheme for the week included two performances, over and above that originally announced : viz., an evening Concert, on Thursday, September the 23rd ; and, on Saturday, the 25th, a supplementary morning performance, for the benefit of those who were unable to meet the high prices demanded for the original tickets. On the Thursday, the greatest effect seems to have been produced by *Dove sono* ; and, on the Saturday, the Swedish songs threw the audience into a perfect *furor*.

It is pleasant to turn from these details to a charming little episode associated with the morning performance on Saturday.

At a service in the Cathedral, on the Friday afternoon, Mdlle. Lind had heard three of the Choristers sing the Trio *Jesus, Heavenly Master*, from Spohr's *Crucifixion*, with a purity of expression which moved her to tears. So great, indeed, was the effect produced upon her by the fresh young voices, that she afterwards

told the Præcentor that she "could never forget the boys' singing," and delighted Mr. Buck, the organist, by saying that she had "never heard children sing so well;" and, in return for the pleasure they had given her, she begged that places might be reserved for all the little Choristers, at the morning performance on the following day. On arriving at the Hall, her first care was, to ascertain that the places accorded to them were satisfactory, no slight privilege, at a time when numbers of the general public were thankful to pay for places from which seeing was impossible, and hearing extremely problematical. But this was not the only privilege the little Choristers enjoyed. They were more delighted still with another, which excited the envy of every one present: for when she came upon the platform, she greeted them with a smile of recognition, "which," says the Norwich newspaper, "will not be readily forgotten, either by the boys, or those who saw the passing brightness."

We have said enough to show that Mdle. Lind's reception at Norwich was no ordinary one; and the records we have quoted would alone be sufficient to prove the fact, if proof were necessary.

But, the most graphic account, by far, of this famous visit, is furnished by a very illustrious pen indeed—that of Mr. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, afterwards dear to so many as the Dean of Westminster.

In a letter, dated September 22, 1847, Dean (then Mr.) Stanley writes:—

"DEAR ———,

"You have perhaps seen in the papers that Jenny Lind has been ill; and that, hence, her arrival here was delayed a day, and the interest consequently enhanced.

"I should also, perhaps, add, that doubts had been entertained whether she could be sufficiently recovered to sing at all.

"Well! the fatal Tuesday arrives, the 4.30 train arrives, bringing guests of ours—but, no Jenny.

"All along the line, people had been standing at the stations, poking their heads in at the windows.

"'No—she's not here.' And so on, till the disappointment communicated itself to the crowd of 100, 400, or 700, which reports, varying in their degrees, represent as assembled at the Norwich terminus. And similar agitations prevail, even within the Episcopal precincts, from the humble inhabitants of the Lodge

—who look, with inquisitive glances, into any fly that drives through the ancient gates—up to the circle in the Palace drawing-room, which runs to the window, at every sound, and starts at every opening of the door.

“Dinner arrives—and still no Lind !

“In the midst of dinner—a ring at the door. The dining-room door opens—and, enter an electric telegraph, which is delivered to the Prelate at the head of the table, and read to the listening guests—who numbered, by the way, another Bishop, he of Tasmania—in the following words :—

“‘Miss Lind, being detained, will not be at Norwich till 8.30.’

“The blank faces which appeared at the beginning of the sentence revived at the close ; and the only suspense now remained till the actual hour had arrived.

“At that moment, the great bells of S. Peter’s Mancroft broke out into their most joyous chimes. Some even say that guns were fired from the surrounding heights. A few minutes more, and the expectant company became aware that the head of the musical world had entered the house.

“Thus far I had written, on the morning after she came ; and, as far as the excitement is concerned, it might have been continued in the same strain ; how, when it was found that she could not appear that night, from excessive fatigue ; and, that she had said, *‘J’espère que je pourrai chanter demain ; mais j’en doute,’* blank horror overpowered the party ; how the Choristers were so affected, that one of them burst into tears : how the bells rang till twelve at night, and ever and anon, all day ; how her portraits were selling in the streets, at a penny a piece ; how the whole town was in one great *Lind-Maelström* of excitement ; how Miss Buckland was taken for her, when visiting a factory, and followed by crowds, Sedgewick encouraging the delusion by calling her ‘Jenny’ ; how, on one occasion, when she went into the town with the Bishop, to visit two schools, the moment that her presence became known, the streets were thronged, and windows thrown up, in every direction, with people gazing from them, and turning after her, till their necks were almost wrenched from their sockets ; how, when she went to the Cathedral, the whole of the North Transept, through which lies the approach to the Palace, was so densely thronged, that, as I led her—yes, I myself, S——— ! through the mass she had forced asunder, as when Prince Albert led the Queen up the Senate House ; all this, and much more, I might relate ; but I cannot ; for, great as was the wonder of seeing a whole population thus bewitched by one simple Swedish girl, it sinks into nothing, before the wonder of herself.

"You have seen her, and therefore you can appreciate the grace, the dignity, the joyousness, the touching pathos of her entrance ; her attitude, her curtsies, her voice. For, whatever much beside—as, I doubt not, there is—may be seen in her acting, all *this* is seen in her singing.

"Twice did I go to the concert, merely for the sake of this. For the music, so far as it could be separated from the charm of her manner, and the wonder of her voice, which I, alas ! could only admire as a natural phenomenon, was to me wholly lost.

"But, now, you must conceive a character, corresponding to all this, and transpiring through a thousand traits of humility, gentleness, thoughtfulness, wisdom, piety. The manners of a Princess—as I have written to Donkin—with the simplicity of a child, and the goodness of an angel. She is very much plainer, and more homely, than you would suppose from her countenance, as you see it when animated in public ; but her smile, at all times, is only equalled by Pusey's.

"She came on Tuesday night, and is gone this evening ; and it seems quite a blank, as if a heavenly visitant had departed.

"The parting scene was so deeply affecting, that I prefer, for the moment, to dwell upon her return from the third and final concert, in which the two carriages drove off together from the door, one containing the Episcopal party, with the exception of myself, who rode on the outside of the second, in which sat the wonderful creature herself—the crowd rushing after with enthusiastic cheers.

"I have already written a whole letter, and yet told you nothing, and do not know whether I shall have time to do so till we meet. But, there are numberless things to tell you, which may perhaps regale the Common Room in the long winter evenings of next term.

"Ever yours,
"A. P. STANLEY."

"P.S.—On reading over what I have said, I must begin again, lest you should regard all this as idle raving. And yet, I hardly know where to begin—not to mention that no details can give an adequate impression of the whole.

"(1). I never saw any one so strongly impressed with the consciousness that a natural faculty is a *gift*. '*Ce n'est pas un mérite ; c'est un don*' was, in various ways, constantly expressing itself. She said she never sang without reflecting that it might be for the last time ; and, that it was continued to her, from year to year, for the good of others.

"(2). In speaking of her profession, generally, it was obvious

that it was not only her greatest object—as, indeed, one could not doubt, for a moment—to keep herself unspotted ; but, to elevate its whole tone, and character. ‘ *C’est ce que j’espère,*’ she said, with enthusiasm, in answer to some suggestion that such might be the result of her career.

“(3). On acting, she said that, on the one hand, she could not leave her own character altogether behind, when she came on the stage ; that, to destroy her individuality would destroy all that was good in her ; and, that she made it a principle, never to represent such passions as would awaken bad feelings. Hence, for example, her very different conception of *Norma* from that of Grisi. But, on the other hand, whatever conception she did form of the character she acted, she threw herself into it entirely. If, as once or twice had happened, she was unable to do this, she felt she was acting, and telling lies, and then *entirely failed*. One instance she gave of this complete identification was, that the part of *La Sonnambula* fatigued her extremely, from the utter impossibility of moving her eyes, during the sleep-walking.

“(4). The Bishop of Tasmania,* as I told you, being here at the time, was so deeply impressed by her excellence, that, when he went away, not being able to talk to her in French, he left her a letter expressive of his approbation of her course, and of his hopes of the good she might effect. This, combined with the great interest that she herself took in his objects, so deeply affected her, that all her practice for the coming concert had to be thrown aside ; and it was with great difficulty that she could sing, when she first began. All this you can imagine as much more moving than I can describe.

“(5). Her attention to all the servants and inferiors was most remarkable—of which let this suffice.

“At the last concert, when she appeared for the second time on the platform, and just before the beginning of her song, the fixed look of vacancy, seeing nothing, and looking at nobody, was suddenly exchanged for one of those enchanting smiles which she cast below. It was the little boys of the Cathedral Choir, whom she had seen at our house, and whose upturned faces she caught sight of, at that moment, and she looked upon them, with this delightful smile, till the song began.

“Last of all, you shall have her impression of *me* !

“On the last day, I told her that there was ‘ *quelque chose d’extraordinaire dans la voix* ;’ but that, otherwise, her singing, in itself, produced no impression whatever upon me. This, she

* Bishop Nixon.

said, was by far the most amusing thing she had heard ; and, that she should never forget it.

“ And now I must end.

“ Ever yours,

“ A. P. STANLEY.” *

Do not let us forget that it is no professional critic who is writing, here, but an independent witness, whose words are accepted with love and reverence, even by those who do not always agree with him, wherever the English language is spoken. And it is not too much to say, that, in this particular case, his opinion was shared by everyone who had enjoyed the privilege of hearing or conversing with the lady by whose personality he was so deeply impressed.

The day on which she took leave of them was a veritable day of mourning.

The events of the last few weeks in England, carried down to the actual moment of departure, are thus described by Mrs. Grote :—

“ At the end of September, I joined Jenny at Bath, along with Mr. Lumley. My brother was obliged to leave us on the first of October, and I was induced, by her persuasions, to remain by her side for a few days, first, at Clifton, where she sang, and afterwards at Exeter. Mr. Grote joined us, at the last-named place, and escorted the party back to London.

“ On board the steamer, we took a most affectionate leave of her, the sadness of which was relieved by the hope of meeting again within a few months ; Mr. Lumley having induced her to contract a second engagement at Her Majesty’s Theatre.

“ As we rowed away from the ship, we saw her white handkerchief waving in the darkness, wafting to us her last *adieux* !

“ She left behind her, in England, a splendid reputation, and the most extensive personal interest and sympathy which it was possible for a woman to create ; and she also carried with her, as the fruit of five months’ work, a considerable sum of money—such a sum as, till now, she had not been mistress of.” †

And, here, as she sails away from England, on board the Hamburg packet, the *John Bull*, we too must take leave of her for a while, to meet her again, at the end of her journey, surrounded by the beloved friends she had left behind her in Berlin.

* Transcribed from the original letter, by the kind permission of the late Dean’s literary executor.

† From Mrs. Grote’s MS. *Memoir*.

BOOK VIII.

THE GOAL.

CHAPTER I.

NEW TRIUMPHS AT BERLIN.

How strangely our forebodings are sometimes justified by after events quite beyond conception at the time they were uttered.

While Mdle. Lind was most painfully under the influence of the terror with which she had once looked forward to her visit to London, she had written to Madame Wichmann :—

“Vienna, March 26, 1847.

“I must really go to London. Will you send me a few words to Munich, by the next mail? I shall soon be there, staying with the Kaulbachs.

“How beautifully everything has gone with me, here in Vienna! And, how nice it would be for me, if I had not to go to London. But, perhaps, even that may have its good side!”*

It had indeed had its good side; and the prophecy that had been uttered in the bitterness of anxiety, had been most gloriously fulfilled—as she herself confessed, when she wrote :—

“London, August 12, 1847.

“How delighted I am that I have finished here! For it is better to look back upon the accomplishment of so great a thing, than to look forward to it. The English public has been unexampled in its kindness to me.”

Truly, it had been very kind to her; and she had richly deserved it. The arrangement had been perfectly fair, on both

* From the Wichmann collection.

sides. She had proved herself worthy of the recognition accorded to her by the public ; and the public had proved itself worthy of her.

We left her on board the *John Bull* ; waving an affectionate good-bye to her English friends, Mr. and Mrs. Grote, and Mr. Lumley ; and looking forward to an equally affectionate greeting from the dear ones from whom she had parted, in the previous autumn, at Berlin, whither she was now wending her way, in fulfilment of a brief engagement at the Royal Opera-House, before her return to Stockholm.

As early as the 25th of July, she had written, to Madame Wichmann :—

“A few days ago, I received a very nice letter from Küstner. You know how friendly he always was to me. I am quite sure that he is an honest and good man ; and I shall write—which is a great deal from me !—to tell him that I cannot stay long in Berlin, or sing more than twice or three times at the utmost, as I leave England so late—not until nearly the end of September. We cannot, therefore, be long together, dearly beloved, as I must get to Sweden before the weather becomes too unfavourable.

“Do you know, the Professor’s likeness of me * has pleased the Queen immensely—and now I come to you to ask a very great favour. Lablache is also so enchanted with the portrait, that I have been obliged to promise him that I will ask the Professor to let him have a copy of it. I shall be eternally obliged if my Professor will let me have a little head—you know well what I mean : *my* head—for Lablache. He will be here till the middle of August. Ah ! I entreat you, do me this great kindness. He has begged so hard for it.

“We are quite well. I am altogether beside myself with enchantment for England.” †

And again, on the 30th of September :—

“I leave my beloved England, next Thursday, the 5th. I cannot, however, tell the exact day of my arrival in Berlin. I will write again from Hamburg.”

How different was the greeting now awaiting her in the

* The marble medallion, by Professor Wichmann.

† From the Wichmann collection.

Prussian capital, from that with which she had been received on her first appearance there, in the winter of 1844 !

Then, all had been uncertainty. Vague expectation, on the part of the public ; despondency, of the most painful kind, on that of the *débutante*. And now, what a change had taken place ! There was no more doubt. The triumph was assured. Her reception in Berlin, on this, her third visit, seemed to include within itself all the enthusiasm that had been gradually gaining new strength through the experiences of the two preceding years.

Herr Rellstab's account of the final farewell to the Berlin stage, which took place, on the occasion of Mdle. Lind's benefit, on the 17th of October, 1847, after she had sung twice, in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and once, in *Der Freischütz*, exceeded in warmth even that given by his English *confrères*.

"*La Sonnambula !*" he says, "Jenny Lind's benefit ! Such a performance—how could it have been otherwise ?—must of necessity awaken a sympathy, and attract a concourse, the like of which has not often been recorded in the history of our theatre. We should have told of a deep joy, filled with such splendours, such magnificence, as can only accompany a high festival of highest Art, had it not been that our feeling was, in truth, less that of tumultuous joy than of real sorrow. It was, after all, that which we had been told it would be—the last evening on which this unique, this unapproachable artist, would appear before us on her field of victory, the stage—the last evening, at least, in so far as a German audience was concerned. A winter of rest in her own country ; a farewell visit to magnificent Albion, the rich offerings of whose splendour had been laid at her feet ; and then—the course of the purest star that has ever guided us by its light to the Heaven of Art will reach its close.

"If anything can give us consolation, in this too early and irreparable loss now mourned by Art, it must be sought for in the divine thought uttered by Goethe, on the occasion of Schiller's death :—

"'It is good for us, that he was taken in the fulness, in the splendour of life ; for mortals rest in our memory, as they were when they left the earth. Therefore it is, that Achilles remains with us, an ever-dying youth.'

"And gratefully will every wish for that which is good and best, follow the departing guest ; whether the steps of her future life lead to still greater heights of publicity ; or, to the still

valleys of a retired existence, which often afford a purer, if a less exciting form of happiness.

“L. RELLSTAB.” *

And so, on that memorable night, the great “Berlin period” passed out of the artist’s life, like a marvellous, an almost incomprehensible dream. Passed out of her life, and out of the lives of her audience, of her admirers, of her fellow-worshippers at the shrine of Art, never to be renewed, and yet, more certainly still, never to be forgotten. The last note had been sung,† and the last word said. But, the word that dwelt longest in the memory of her to whom it was addressed had not been spoken at the Royal Opera-House, but, at the Palace of Sans Souci—not by the people, but by the King of Prussia. Following the example of the Emperor of Austria, King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, after a Court Concert given on the 16th of October, appointed Mdle. Lind his *Kammersängerin*—his Chamber-Vocalist; and wrote, to inform her of the fact, in terms strangely simple, compared with the tone of those in which such decrees are usually promulgated:—

“I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of adding my own acknowledgment to the universal recognition which your rare talent and perfect mastery over the Art of Song have commanded, and I wish to prove this to you by herewith appointing you my Chamber-Vocalist.

“Sans Souci, October 16, 1847.

(Signed) “FRIEDRICH WILHELM, R.

“An Demoiselle Jenny Lind.” ‡

* *Kgl. Berl. (Voss.) Zeitung* (Oct. 19, 1847). See also, *Gesammelte Schriften von L. Rellstab*, Tom. xx., p. 407 *et seq.*

† Mdle. Lind’s last notes had been heard in the Royal Opera-House, on the 18th of October, at a Concert given in aid of the members of the Chorus, for which occasion Herr Taubert had composed the Song, *Ich muss nun einmal singen*, then sung by her for the first time.

‡ “Ich kann es mir nicht versagen, der allgemeinen Anerkennung welche Ihrem seltenen Talent und Ihrer vollendeten Meisterschaft in der Kunst des Gesanges gezollt wird, die meinige hinzu-zufügen, und wünsche Ihnen dieselbe dadurch zu bethätigen, dass ich Sie hierdurch zu meiner *Kammersängerin* ernenne.

“Sans-Souci, den 16 Oktober, 1847,

(Signed)

“FRIEDRICH WILHELM R

“An Demoiselle Jenny Lind.”

On the same day, His Majesty made known his command to Graf von Redern in the following brief but expressive words :—

“I have appointed the singer, Jenny Lind, to be my Chamber-Singer ; and have thought it right that you should be hereby made acquainted with the fact.

(Signed) “FRIEDRICH WILHELM.*

“Sans Souci, October 16, 1847.”

The explanation of this memorandum is that, in the natural order of things, the notification of the King's desire should have been formally conveyed to Mdle. Lind through the agency of Count Redern ; but, in this case, as we have already seen, His Majesty, departing from customary etiquette, had enriched the compliment with an additional grace, by addressing the letter containing the necessary announcement to Mdle. Lind herself.

And, bearing with her this honourable patent, so frankly given, and so nobly won, Mdle. Lind left Berlin, on the 19th of October ; sang once in *Die Regimentstochter*, at the Stadt-Theatre, at Hamburg, on the 20th ; and, immediately afterwards, proceeded to Stockholm, in fulfilment of philanthropic intentions which will be described in detail in our next chapter.

* “Ich habe die Sängerin Jenny Lind zu meiner Kammersängerin ernannt, und habe Sie davon hierdurch in Kenntniss setzen wollen.

“Sans Souci, den 16 Oktober, 1847.

“FRIEDRICH WILHELM.”

CHAPTER II.

HOME AGAIN.

"I FEEL so strangely content," she wrote on December 15, to Madame Wichmann; "I am so happy and so quiet, at home again. It suits me so well; and the people are my own country-folk; and they love me for that."

Her friends gathered quickly about her.

"The only thing that gladdened me," writes Fräulein Von Stedingk in her Diary, "was that Jenny Lind came back to Sweden. She was to spend the winter here; not for taking rest, though she greatly needed it, but to enchant us by her unsurpassed talent, and to devote her receipts to the founding of Art Scholarships and to the Royal Theatre.

"She spoke of England with delight; and she seemed to prefer it to all other countries. I could have wished that she was not to return there!"

We must, now, hear what she was doing with these receipts to which Fräulein Von Stedingk refers.

Her first appearance was to be in *La Figlia*, on December 3rd. The price of the tickets for all her appearances was raised 50 per cent. on their ordinary cost; and on December 2nd, in an evening paper, the *Aftonblad*, an explanation of this raised demand was given by Jenny Lind herself. She wrote a letter, addressed to the owner of the newspaper, Mr. Lars Hierta, a great merchant and distinguished citizen of Stockholm, requesting the insertion in the *Aftonblad* of the following communication:—

"At the moment of reappearing, after an interval of two years, on the stage of my native country, before that public, which, from the time of my first steps on the path of Art, has shown me so much favour, it is the desire of my heart to ask for a continuance of the same rare good-will for the performances, in which I am

now going to appear. I am moved to this by a special reason, which I beg respectfully to submit to the attention of the enlightened public; and I also consider myself in duty bound to furnish an explanation of the reason for raising the prices at the representations in which I am now going to take part.

“My most ardent wish is to be allowed to be of some lasting use to Native Art; to offer some kind of souvenir, more permanent than the quickly-passing moments of my appearance on the boards; and to prepare for my countrymen enjoyments of the loftier kind, for the years to come, when my own efforts shall have ceased. I hope to do this by laying the foundations of a College, where young minds may be consecrated to both Art and Virtue.

“Having been, myself, in childhood, a witness to the privations and trials through which the young and needy have to struggle in this profession, which holds so many thorns amongst the roses, I should count it the most beautiful gain of the Singer’s gift if, by means of this, I could contribute to help those who are favoured by nature but ill-treated by fortune, to a development of their talent in comparative ease and comfort, and to a culture that will be helpful alike from a moral and artistic point of view.

“With this intention, I have assigned the whole amount of my portion of the receipts from the representations in which I shall appear, towards establishing a fund, the income of which is to be devoted to an institution for educating poor children who, while specially endowed for the stage, lack the care of parents or relatives, without which, in a moral and artistic respect, they either lose, or else fail to reach, the higher development, for which their gifts would give reasonable hopes.

“The money obtained will be received and managed by two Trustees, until the amount of the Capital will allow of the interest being used for the object in view.

“The lenient kindness of the public which hitherto has encouraged my efforts in the service of Art, will—I trust—follow me also now that these endeavours are dedicated to a work, the success of which must be a matter of interest to every friend of Dramatic Art within our Fatherland.

“JENNY LIND.

“Stockholm, 2nd December, 1847.”

This communication to the paper signalises an intention which, for some time forward, became one of her primary interests. It was her tribute to Sweden. From the time that she won her place in the European drama, she never sang in her native land

again on her own behalf. She would take no penny from it. Rather, she bent herself to repay to it, by gifts, the support and the kindness which it had given her in her youth. She had been "a child of the State," brought up by its fatherly solicitude, at its charge, at its risk. She felt herself pledged by her honour, as well as by her affection, to make to it a thankful, a generous recognition.

Then, too, she had a great desire to find adequate work and interest to occupy her in her northern home. It should not be for idleness, or for uselessness, that she would retreat thither from the big world. If she ceased to do good by her Dramatic talents, as she must, through leaving the stage, she would, yet, find other ways of helping men. "I have no fear of feeling any void," she writes during this very month to Madame Wichmann, "for I can do much good here, and have already begun to set about it."

And there were special reasons, as she thought, for some such effort at doing good. For, profoundly as she loved her people, she felt, on her return this time to Stockholm, an increased sense of their peculiar moral perils. It may have been that the religious influence, under which she had passed in England, had deepened her alarm at all that was superficial, and thoughtless. Certainly, she was at times, during the winter, greatly afflicted at the lack of seriousness which she met on all sides: "I love my fatherland as much as ever," she wrote, on the 14th of February, 1848, to Madame von Jaeger, her devoted Viennese friend, whom she salutes as "Loved and honoured Mother;" but—

"There is, here, I confess, such frivolousness in everything, that I am sad. . . . I sometimes doubt whether I can find joy and happiness here. . . . The last three years have given me a great deal clearer insight. Do not imagine that they do not treat me well; on the contrary: I have nothing at all to complain of, myself: only, it does pain me that our nation should, through French influence, have lost so much of its true self."

So she felt: and, it was in order to attempt to rescue the stage from these perverting influences which had largely dominated it since the early part of the century, that she set about her present scheme on behalf of her own old Theatre-School.

It was a touching naturalness, which drew her heart towards the scene of her childhood. Her first deliberate act of permanent charity was to be devoted to sparing other children some of the trials and perils, which had been her own lot. Her own experience had taught her how hard it is for the gifts inbred by nature to spring up into their full estate, unless they are compassed about with moral succours. In this School of hers, the young lives are to be consecrated to virtue as well as Art.

As years went on the design itself was changed, owing to certain mental changes which passed over her own spirit. Enough now to say that the Royal Theatre was crowded night after night in spite of the raised cost, and that the entire sum of her own gains from the season went to the proposed fund. Her agreement with the theatre was that she should receive a third of the receipts which remained, after the payment of current expenses, on each night of her appearance ; and that she should be entitled to name for herself the date of a benefit performance. She was also given the right to select her own pieces. The contract is signed by Count Hugo Hamilton, the Intendant.

Her voice, about which a few suspicious rumours had been flying about, owing to the fatigue and strain of her incessant efforts in Germany, was in its normal splendour. "She is now in her beloved Stockholm," wrote Madame Wichmann, on December 27th, to Madame Jaeger, whom these rumours had disquieted, "and has rested herself, and has appeared in her fullest power and glory, at the theatre."

She sang in the *Figlia* ten times during the winter and spring months, three of these performances being given for the benefit of (1) the Theatre Pension Fund ; (2) the Chorus, and (3) the Conductor, J. F. Berwald.

She gave four performances of the *Sonnambula* in January, and four of *Lucia* in March and April—singing this part for the fifty-sixth time on the Stockholm stage on April 3rd. The *Freischütz* was sung twice, once on behalf of Strandberg, the first tenor at the Royal Theatre, once on behalf of the Chapel at the Deaf and Dumb Institute, near Stockholm. The first of these performances was given on March 7th, the anniversary of her *début* in the part of Agatha on the memorable 7th of March, 1838. She now sang it for the forty-first time on those boards.

Besides this work at the Opera, there were concerts—one at

Her Majesty the Queen Desideria's on December 1st ; * and all the rest for old friends, and associates ; for Mina Fundin, her dear ally in childhood ; for Randel, the concert-master ; for the Artists' Guild Pension Fund ; for Josephson, the composer ; for Arnold, an organist and composer ; for the Royal Orchestra Pension Fund ; for D'Aubert, the concert-leader ; for Theodor Sack, the principal violoncellist at the Royal Opera. So it went on.

And finally, for the thirty-third and thirty-fourth time in Stockholm, she gave *Norma*, first for the machinists of the theatre ; and secondly for sundry other persons, now unnamed, on whose behalf the tickets were sold by public auction.

With *Norma*, it all ended, on April 12th. It was her last appearance on the Swedish stage—her last representation in the theatre, which had heard the first notes of her child-voice, as she tripped over its boards, a tiny girl hardly ten years old, bewitching the audience by her astonishing, “almost unnatural” cleverness—the theatre which had thrilled to the revealed splendour of her genius on the historic night when she discovered her power, and “went to bed a new creature.” There, on those boards, familiar to her feet as the very floor of home, she had won for herself those early dramatic experiences, with which she had fascinated and enthralled Europe ; there she had, step by step, moved from triumph to triumph, until the artistic resources of her native land had been exhausted, and she had been driven, by the impulsion of an aspiring spirit, to seek, elsewhere, for that development which should be level with her fullest powers. Thither she had returned, with the required power, to find the same faithful enthusiasm ready to respond to her, only with more ardent loyalty than ever. So long, so close was the story which knit her to that Stockholm theatre ; such deep memories lay about her there : such a record of hopes and fears and wonders : and, now, that page was to be closed for ever. For the very last time, she had waited in those wings for the step forward which should carry her into the roar of welcome. For the very last time within the well-known walls, she had felt the whole body of silent people absorbed into her own masterful and magnetic influence, as she held them, spellbound, within the power of her gaiety or her passion. It

* She was made *First Court Singer* by Oscar I. on December 24th of that year ; and she retained this special privilege until her death.

was all over, on that night of April the 12th when the last notes of *Norma* died on the ear.

Fräulein Von Stedingk was present and writes :

“She surpassed herself. When she came before the curtain at the close, the whole audience rose ; and many an eye was wet.”

The famous picture of her as *Norma*, by Södermark, which is the treasured pride of Stockholm, was painted during this season. It was subscribed for by the employés at the Royal Theatre, and presented to the theatre to be placed there, on January 6th, 1849. It put the seal on the belief of her own people, that her delineation of *Norma* was her most triumphant achievement ; and most certainly it was the character which she herself always selected, whether as a challenge to criticism on her entry upon some new boards, or as her best farewell to any familiar stage.

In the middle of all this smooth happiness, came the irritating news of the verdict in the suit of *Bunn v. Lind*. That wearisome tangle had, at last, come to a close. On the 23rd of February, the case was heard in London before Sir W. Erle, sitting in the Court of Queen's Bench. The damages claimed were £10,000 ; and these were based on the standard receipts of *Madame Malibran* in the height of her fame. The Attorney-General pleaded that the contract had dropped through Mr. Bunn being unable, on his own showing, to provide the music for *Vielka* by the date mentioned in the contract. He argued that, as to damages, all Mr. Bunn could claim of positive loss was the price of a journey to Berlin, and the £150 spent by him in translating the *Feldlager* into English. Sir W. Erle summed up minutely ; and the jury finally gave a verdict in favour of Mr. Bunn, with £2,500 damages.

Mr. Lumley had, as we know, made himself responsible for the loss. But the result must have been bitterly vexatious. Of course, she had let the proper date pass before which she was to make her objections to the contract, and so had put herself legally wrong. But we are aware how ignorant she was of all the arts by which to escape the meshes of the law, or to guard herself against the brutalities of managers. She had been trapped into the engagement before she knew what she was doing or the situation into which she was coming. Her reasons against the



Jenny Lind in the character of Norma from a picture by Fiedlermark.

contract were real : she *could* not have learned English in the time ; her nervous dread of failure through singing in a foreign tongue, was profoundly genuine, however improbable it might sound in the atmosphere of a law court. We know the extremity of her self-mistrust, the agony of her diffidence. Bunn treated her appeals with a vulgar insolence, that was bad enough to deprive him of all claims to compensation. As we read his rough letters, it softens our regret that, for conduct of this type, he was once soundly thrashed by Macready.

However, so, at last, the tiresome business is over ; and we can be thankful to hear no more of it. It was the only occasion, in all her life, in which she ever heard herself accused of motives which it was a degradation to her even to be charged with. To those who ever knew her, it sounds like a silly jest that she should ever have had to endure the accusation of rapacity, or sharp dealing—so incomprehensible and so remote would such motives have always been to her. But, jest as it may sound to us, to her it was cruel and bitter enough ; and, no doubt, the verdict stung her like a sharp blow.

Yet no record remains of its effect upon her ; and home was kind and tender and soothing ; and every trouble there, was clearing ; and, in witness of this, we will make one little record which will happily mark this season of farewell to the Swedish stage. The time of her entry upon its boards, in 1829, had been, it will be well remembered, a time of much domestic trouble ; and that theatre had been to little Jenny, a refuge and a home, to which she ran for peace. But, now, things were bettered. Her mother, who had, with such a shrinking heart, handed over her child to a scene so alien and so dreaded, was now freed from the conflict of a pinched and broken life, and had softened, and sweetened.

“My own real mother is just come in ;” Jenny writes on the 14th of February, to the Viennese lady, Madame Jaeger, whom she always addressed as “mother.”

“She and my father live in the country” (in the house she had given them), “and have come in to-day to see the *Elisir d'Amore*, in which I am ‘Adina.’ My mother begs to send a thousand greetings to you, unknown as you are to her, and as I tell her what you have been to me, her eyes fill with tears of joy . . . My mother is so sympathetic towards me (which, perhaps, was

not always the case); and she seems to be so happy, and contented,—a happiness which I had hardly dared to hope for.”

In contrast to this home-gladness, there lay heavy on her soul, all this time, the misery of Mendelssohn's death.*

She could not bear even to open a letter to her from Madame Birch-Pfeiffer in which she felt that there would be reference to it : for, as she wrote back :—

“As soon as I am obliged to hear or read anything about him, I get almost incapable of carrying out the great duty which I have taken upon my shoulders.

“Death has lately robbed me of several of my dearest friends : so that I am afraid I shall soon begin to feel cold here in the North ! And yet, dear good mother, my heart is tied and chained to this ground and this people. God be praised for it !

“I am well : though I have no rest. All is right now with my parents. Besides singing in Operas, I sing two or three times a month in concerts, and can thus help some on to a better lot in time.

“To-day the sun is shining brightly. Oh ! if you could but see the white sparkling snow on the roofs ! From my window I see several mills : and a few churches ; and on one of them sits a gilt cock who probably amuses himself. Oh ! how I wish that I too could be in the air, for the earth oppresses me. Mother, mother, I do not belong to this world ; my heart will not stay in its narrow prison !

“But, in spite of all this, there is no being who could have more reason to be happy and grateful than I ! I am both. Farewell ! God keep you all !

“Your loving

“JENNY.”

So she wrote to her “German mother” on Jan. 22. In the following month, in the letter already quoted to her “Austrian mother,” Madame Jaeger, she wrote :—

“Ah ! mother ! what a blow for me was the death of Mendelssohn ! That is why I have been silent so long. For the first two months after it, I could not put a word down on paper : and everything seemed to me to be dead. Never was I so happy—so lifted in spirit, as when I spoke with him ! and seldom can there have been in the world two beings who so understood one another,

* November 4, 1847.

and so sympathized with one another as we ! How glorious and strange are the ways of God ! On the one hand, He gives all ! On the other, He takes all away ! Such is life's outlook."

For two whole years after that fatal November, she could not bear to sing a "Lied" of Mendelssohn's. With his loss, there had passed out of her life the profoundest and most intimate influence under which she had ever come ; for it was an influence which touched her whole being, at once in its most real and its most ideal elements. With him, she felt the same blending of the artistic aspiration with the personal character which she knew in herself ; and both with character and with aspiration, she was in innermost sympathy. To both, the artist-life was a reverential trust, endowed with awe, hallowed by mystic responsibilities. Drawn to one another by this vital unity of motive, they responded, each to the other, with a glad and delightful freedom such as belongs only to those whose central selves are in perfect touch. Each word that one or the other spoke was known to be understood. There is a joy in such sympathetic intimacies which is electric. Both had felt it in its most ideal form. And, now, it is this which is gone from her. It left a blank which the slow years could never quite fill ; but the loss would have been yet more deadening, were it not that her enjoyment of his influence had been so very, very brief, that the heart was bound to recover its freshness ; and nowhere sooner than at home, in the thick of good and happy work.

We have seen to what charitable purposes eight of her special operatic performances, and all her concerts had gone.

There remained the winnings earned by twenty-seven nights at the Royal Opera,—about £2,200—all of which went to the fund which she had planned for the Theatre-School. This fund was to be allowed to accumulate by interest until it had reached a certain limit.

So the final season on the home boards came to its end. She must leave for England.

"I delight in thinking of my next London season," she wrote to Madame Jaeger : "for I have so many reasons for being grateful towards the London public that it lays a necessity upon me to make a worthy return for it all ! I believe that the coming summer will bring me many joys, for I am taking to London, as

my companion, my good, old master (Herr Berg) and his wife, and little daughter ; and I cannot be better off than with them ! ”

There was another long-standing friend, besides Herr Berg, who was particularly concerned with her happy hopes at this moment. This was Herr Julius Günther. We do not propose, in this work, to enter into all the private and domestic incidents of our heroine's life, except so far as they touch her artistic career. It is not for us, therefore, to follow minutely the long story, over which we, here, must give a rapid glance. We need but indicate, in the briefest manner, how matters had stood between her, and Herr Günther, before they reached this decisive moment. With him she had sung continually both before and after her visit to Paris—both in Opera, and in the concert-room. The obvious contact, which this involved, had grown into a closer intimacy during her triumphant season, in 1844, at Stockholm ; and just before leaving for her great experiment in Berlin in 1845, this intimacy had been recognised as tending to an engagement. This understanding had become strained, and practically suspended, under the busy and wonderful experiences of her long absence on the Continent, and in England. Herr Günther had been wandering, as well as she : he had been in Paris, under Garcia ; much had been happening on both sides. But, now, that they were both back again in Sweden, the former relations revived, and culminated. Herr Günther saw reasons to trust that, in spite of his fears lest this European success, this splendid career, should carry her beyond his scope and influence, she, still, would respond to his appeal ; and he spoke ; and he found favour, and rings were exchanged. She sailed on April 13th.

When the hour of departure arrived, everything was done to heighten its excitement. The Swedes, touched by her magnificent generosity, were eager to signalize their admiration in a special outburst of enthusiasm. “ No one can remember a more solemn farewell offered to any private person,” wrote one of the officials at the theatre.

“ She left at 2 P.M. by the steamer ‘ Gauthiod.’ Already, as early as twelve o'clock huge heaps of people began arriving, at Skeppsbron, which was filled with foot-passengers and carriages. The ships nearest the ‘ Gauthiod ’ were also crowded, even up in the rigging, and so were numbers of rowing-boats, moving about

in the port. The choir of the Opera were placed in barges near to the steamer, and sang several pieces, conducted by choir-master Wennbom. In another boat, the band of the Uplands regiment had taken their stand, performing airs from the Operas in which she had appeared.

"As the steamer weighed anchor, the multitude gave repeated cheers, men and women waving hats and handkerchiefs, which continued as long as a glimpse of the 'Gauthiod' could be caught. She seemed very much moved; and often had to interrupt her friendly responses with her handkerchief, to use it to wipe away her tears."

As she reviewed, in her memory, this winter in Stockholm, she was stirred to even more than her usual fervour for all that was Home.

She put her retrospect into words, in a letter from London, written on July 10th, to Madame Kaulbach at Munich:—

"I have been in my beloved country, and have felt most deeply how powerful is the love for it that I have cherished from childhood. My King—the whole Royal Family—the country—the ground—oh! I could have kissed them all! And with tears of profound reverence in my eyes! What a glorious time I have had there! The cordiality, the feeling of home, the language,—all enchanted me. And I was staying so pleasantly with my dear good aunt; and I got together a great deal of money for the poor. . . . See, my dearest friend! This is what I have experienced!"

CHAPTER III.

THE RE-APPEARANCE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

AND now, the course of our narrative brings us back, once more, to Clairville Cottage, where Mdlle. Lind arrived, after her long sojourn in Stockholm, on the 21st of April, 1848; and where, a few hours afterwards, Mrs. Grote found her, "looking well, and in gay cheerful mood, anticipating, with agreeable feelings, the coming months of her stay."

Her Majesty's Theatre opened, for the season of 1848, on Saturday, the 19th of February; and it was confidently expected that Mdlle. Lind's return to the boards on which she had won so many laurels would take place on Saturday, the 29th of April, immediately after the Easter recess; but, at her own request, the event was postponed, until the 4th of May.

The Opera chosen for her re-appearance was *La Sonnambula*, of which Chopin, who had just come to London, wrote, at the beginning of May, to his friend Grzymala:—

"I have been to the Italian Opera, where Jenny Lind appeared, for the first time, in *La Sonnambula*.

"I have also made Jenny Lind's personal acquaintance. When, a few days afterwards, I paid her a visit, she received me in the most amiable manner, and sent me an excellent 'stall' for the Opera, where I was capitally seated, and heard excellently.

"This Swede is indeed an original from head to foot. She does not show herself in the ordinary light, but in the magic rays of an *aurora borealis*. Her singing is infallibly pure and true; but, above all, I admire her *piano* passages, the charm of which is indescribable."*

In the following July, Chopin gave two *matinées* in London. In describing these, a musical periodical flippantly observes:—

* From 'The Life of Chopin, by Fr. Niecks. (London, 1890.)

"M. Chopin has lately given two performances of his own pianoforte music at the residence of Mrs. Sartoris, which seem to have given much pleasure to his audiences, among whom Mdle. Lind, who was present at the first, seems to be the most enthusiastic.

"We were not present at either ; and, therefore, have nothing to say on the subject."*

It is gratifying, in connection with Chopin's expressions of admiration for Mdle. Lind's artistic nature, to know that she felt an equal admiration for his extraordinary genius—an admiration which increased as years rolled on, and as she became better acquainted with his works, of which she never spoke without enthusiasm.

On the 6th of May, *La Sonnambula* was repeated, and again on the 16th ; on the 11th, 13th, and 18th, Mdle. Lind sang in *La Figlia del Reggimento* ; and, on the 25th, she appeared, for the first time in England, in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Lucia had always been one of her favourite Operas. She had sung in it many times in Stockholm ; and, occasionally, in Hanover, and other parts of Germany. The part of Lucy Ashton was, indeed, pre-eminently suited to the display of her peculiar talent. She painted, to perfection, the vacillating character of the timid, shrinking maiden ; her love for Edgar Ravenswood, devoted, true, faithful even, so far as she had strength to resist the pressure put upon her ; her womanly determination, withstanding, for a time, the alternate threats and entreaties of her despicable brother, yet not courageous enough to bear the last dread shock ; her passionate despair, when she had broken faith with her lover, and signed the irrevocable contract ; above all, her fatal madness, depicted in that last great scene, in which she aimed at, and was admitted by all to have reached, an ideal so high, that its infinite pathos, its ineffable sadness, could only be compared with the touching charm that some of the greatest of our English actresses have, on rare occasions, succeeded in weaving around the gentle hallucinations of Ophelia.

The following critique is one of many which appeared on the day after the performance :—

"Last night was the most remarkable one of the season.

* From *The Musical World* (July 8, 1848).

Mdlle. Lind appeared, for the first time, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and raised to the highest enthusiasm the immense audience that had attended.

“Mdlle. Lind gave the character a stamp that distinguished it from any other rendering, bringing out the distress and madness of the unhappy ‘Lucia’ with a force that has hitherto remained unknown. The sudden horror that came over her, and paralysed her for a moment, when the letter was placed in her hands, to convince her of the infidelity of ‘Edgardo,’ was finely conceived ; and the effect was heightened by a new point. Snatching the letter from her brother’s hands, she gazed at it once more, as if to ascertain that the first impression had been only a delusion.

“The madness in the last Act, was wonderfully interpreted. The eye, glaring and vacant, appeared absorbed by fantasies, and blind to all external objects. The passions by which she is supposed to be influenced, while in this painful situation, are of the most varied kind ; but she never for a moment lost sight of the insanity. However eloquent the song, the countenance was never fully lighted up by its meaning. The discordance between the internal and the external world was terribly preserved. To give the scene its full importance, Mdlle. Lind has restored much of the music which is now generally omitted ; and, at the conclusion, instead of running off the stage in the usual fashion, she fell senseless, which brought the situation to a more pointed conclusion. Altogether, this mad scene is a rare exhibition of genius, the fine fresh voice of the singer giving a substance to the creation of her mind. The character of ‘Lucia’ will unquestionably be ranked among Mdlle. Lind’s most brilliant successes. The audience were kept in a state of the greatest excitement ; and plaudits, repeated calls, and bouquets, marked their unbounded delight.”*

The success of *Lucia di Lammermoor* was so great, that it was given four times in succession, and seven times more before the close of the season.

The next new Opera was Donizetti’s charming Opera buffa, *L’Elisir d’Amore*—a work incomparably superior to *La Figlia del Reggimento*, both in its music and its *libretto*, though happily wanting in the *ad captandum* element which most excites the great mass of the public, and therefore less calculated to excite a general *furor*. It proved, however, a genuine success, and afforded excellent opportunities for the display of the *prima*

* From the *Times*, May 26, 1848.

donna's genius, in its lighter mood, as well as for that of Signor Lablache, whose "Dottore Dulcamara" was one of his most genial *buffo* parts; and his never-failing humour was turned to such excellent account, on this occasion, as to produce the most piquant effects in the scenes in which he and Mdle. Lind were associated.

The next new *rôle* was of a very different character. Until this year Mdle. Lind had never sung in *I Puritani*. She had seen it performed, on her first visit to Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1847, and had whispered to Mrs. Grote, "I think I can do as well as that, and perhaps a little better." The time had now come when the faith she then expressed in her own powers was to be put to the test—and we think we may venture to say that it stood it fairly well.

The *rôle* abounds in opportunities for the display of many high and varied qualities which few dramatic artists possess in combination. It is not enough that its exponent should be merely a brilliant executant, or an impassioned actress, or possess a voice of large compass, of unfailing sustaining power, of luscious sweetness, or of unlimited flexibility. She must possess all these qualifications, and very many more, in their highest perfection, and fullest measure of development. These conditions were not hard for Mdle. Lind; and she complied with them all. But there was another one, very much harder, in the background—one external to herself, and for which she was in no wise responsible. Not many years previously, *I Puritani* had been placed upon the stage at Her Majesty's Theatre, with a gorgeous wealth of talent, still vividly remembered. So great was the sensation it created, that, for years afterwards, the "*Puritani* season" was spoken of as the most brilliant on record. The charm of its enchantment was still fresh in the memory of every frequenter of the Opera-House; and against the influence of its attraction, Mdle. Lind, with Signor Lablache alone to support her in the first rank, had now to contend. A battle, fierce as that which she had fought, in Berlin, against the memory of Madame Schroeder-Devrient, and Annette Schechner, in *Euryanthe*, and *Die Vestalin*, had now to be fought over again—and she fought, and won it. Her rendering of *Qui la voce* held all who heard it spellbound; and the *cadenza* she composed for its opening movement was one of the finest and most original of the wonderful passages of *fioritura*

with which it was her custom to ornament the Italian *arie* that pleased her best. Again, in the famous Polacca—*Son vergin vezzosa*—the lightness of her execution was little short of miraculous. And yet, in other scenes, she sang with an impassioned fervour which brought into play the richest tones of the fullest *soprano drammatico*.

The following critique, from the leading journal of the period, is written with so commendable an earnestness, and in so just a spirit, that we think no apology necessary for giving an extract from it :—

“To those who have seen Mdle. Jenny Lind in the characters of ‘Amina,’ ‘Lucia,’ and ‘Alice,’ it must be evident that she gives to any part she undertakes a distinctive mark, by which it becomes her own ; that, however often a character may have been represented by other artists of eminence, she always does something with it which has not been done before.

“Her ‘Elvira’ in *I Puritani*, which was performed on Saturday, was another triumph in this respect. It was not like any other ‘Elvira’ which had been seen on the stage.

“The vocal triumph was as great as the histrionic. The sparkling *polacca*, executed to perfection, and with a playfulness which was completely illustrative of the character, electrified the audience, and was encoored with an enthusiasm which is rarely heard in any theatre. In the mad scenes, an expression of wildness was apparent, even in the crying, and added to the stronger mournfulness of the situation. At the conclusion of the Opera, she was called repeatedly, and bouquets were thrown in showers.” *

The success of *I Puritani* was triumphant. Though the season was now far advanced, it was given five times. But it did not displace the old favourites. Concerning these, however, there remains no more to be said.

The performances extended to a much later period than usual ; and many ardent lovers of music remained in town beyond their customary time, in order that they might not lose an opportunity which there was too much reason to fear might never occur again.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert continued, to the end of the season, and through a hot July, which made hours spent in a crowded theatre a severe penance, to show their admiration of Mdle. Lind by their attendance at the Opera. They appear to

* From the *Times*, July 31, 1848.

have heard her in *La Sonnambula* and the *Figlia del Reggimento* with ever-increasing delight—charmed with her acting, and more and more impressed by her amazing flexibility of voice, and the unusual power of the singer in executing the most brilliant *fioritura* in an exquisitely modulated *piano*.

Mr. Lumley had cause for genuine satisfaction before the performances came to an end. His profits, this year, were far greater than they had been in 1847. It is true that the results of "The Bunn Trial" had been more calamitous, by far, than those best able to form an opinion on the subject had predicted, or supposed even possible. Still, he well knew how to make the best of his improved position ; and has himself left it on record, that "the season of 1848 proved, in a financial point of view, far more remunerative than the preceding one, in which so much had been absorbed by the extra expenses entailed by Jenny's vacillation." *

* "Reminiscences of the Opera," p. 226.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONCERT FOR THE BROMPTON HOSPITAL.

ULAIRVILLE COTTAGE, though Mdlle. Lind had chosen it solely for the sake of its retirement from the world, was none the less frequented by a goodly company of trusted and congenial friends, who delighted to sit at rest in the shade of its noble plane-tree, and inhale the sweet perfume of its beloved magnolias, and whose presence, renewed from time to time, effectually prevented its solitude from becoming irksome. We have seen that Herr Berg and his family made a lengthened stay there. Mrs. Grote was a constant visitor. So also was Thalberg, of whose talent Mdlle. Lind always spoke with warmest admiration, and whose manner of interpreting Schubert's songs on the pianoforte initiated her into the true Viennese spirit which is indispensable to their traditional effect. And no less welcome were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Carter Hall, who occupied a house in the immediate vicinity of the pretty cottage, and were on terms of friendliest intercourse with its mistress.

Within a few minutes' walk of this peaceful habitation rose a pile of buildings which the friends regarded with peculiar interest—the first beginnings of the then but half-completed “Brompton Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest.”

In an autobiographical work,* which has attained great popularity, Mr. S. C. Hall makes mention of a concert given by Mdlle. Lind, at Her Majesty's Theatre, for this excellent institution. His account is so circumstantial, that it seems difficult, at first sight, to doubt the accuracy of any part of it. It is, however, inaccurate in certain particulars, as we shall presently show, though the main facts are stated correctly enough.

* ‘A Retrospect of a Long Life,’ by Samuel Carter Hall. (London, 1883.)

Mdlle. Lind had visited the Hospital during the height of the Opera season, and had taken a vivid interest in it. It was indeed well worthy of her attention. It owed its foundation, in the first instance, to the benevolent energy of Mr. (afterwards Sir Philip) Rose, who, in the year 1841, formed a nucleus for it in a building known as the Manor House, overlooking the grounds of Chelsea Hospital, and now used as an auxiliary to the general work of the Institution. The present buildings were begun in 1844, and were still far from complete in 1848, when Mdlle. Lind, having heard that accommodation for an increased number of patients was urgently needed, determined to use every possible exertion for the addition of a new wing.

Some interesting particulars concerning her proposal are given in the journals of the period, from which we select one, the authority of which cannot be doubted :—

“The concert that will be given this day at Her Majesty’s Theatre for the benefit of the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton, is a striking instance of the benevolence and generosity of Mdlle. Lind. Not only does she give her own services, but she has made arrangements with Mr. Lumley, providing the society gratuitously with everything required ; so that no expense will be incurred, while it is expected that the funds will be materially increased.

“The benefit that is to be done to the charity by this concert, is of a special kind—namely, the erection of an eastern wing to the hospital, in which an increase of room for the admission of patients is most desirable.

“The ‘Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest’ has peculiar claims to public support. The incurable nature of the consumptive patient’s complaint, and the fact that he must long occupy a bed which might be more profitably devoted to sufferers from other maladies, shut him out from all hospitals whatever, before the establishment of this one. The confirmed consumptive patient literally had no home, before the foundation, in 1841, of a hospital devoted exclusively to sufferers of this class. In aiding this establishment, therefore, the benevolent are contributing towards a purpose that cannot be accomplished by any other charity whatever. They are not merely providing medical assistance in the case of a particular disease, but they are providing a permanent domicile to a whole class of houseless invalids.

“The report of the charity spoke favourably of its progress ;

but showed that much more remained to be done. In 1847, there were already sixty beds for patients, which were constantly occupied; and it was expected that forty more, which the portion of the building then completed was capable of accommodating, would soon be made available. It is statistically shown that, in this metropolis, 11,000 persons are constantly wasting away, from the attacks of pulmonary disease; and that a large portion of these are working men, totally without the means of providing for themselves, and excluded, as we have already said, from the general hospitals.

"It is hoped that the concert will be one of those instances of the amusement of the rich contributing to the relief of the poor, that have lately been happily frequent, in the metropolis. The conduct of Mdlle. Lind, who, according to the prospectus of the concert, 'generously expressed her desire' to augment the funds of this excellent charity, is worthy of all praise."*

In one point only, the contributor of this interesting article to the *Times* fails to do full justice to a gentleman who behaved, on this occasion, with great and liberal forbearance. It will be remembered that, by her contract with Mr. Lumley, Mdlle. Lind was forbidden to sing at any public concert. She could not, therefore, have made her contemplated gift to the Brompton Hospital without Mr. Lumley's permission; and he not only gave this, but added to it the loan of the "Great Concert Room at Her Majesty's Theatre," for the morning indicated in the advertisements.

The concert was duly announced to take place on Monday, the 31st of July, 1848. The price of tickets for the reserved seats was fixed at two guineas each, that for unreserved places, at one guinea. Nine hundred tickets—mostly reserved—were sold at these high prices, and, the room, (notwithstanding its imposing title,) being a comparatively small one, many gentlemen were compelled to stand throughout the entire performance. Mdlle. Lind herself was strongly opposed, on principle, to "raised prices," against which we have already seen her protesting at Vienna; but, on this occasion, when funds were so urgently needed for a sacred purpose, she suffered herself to be overruled by the arguments of Mr. S. C. Hall.

* From the *Times*, July 31, 1848.

She was assisted in the business portion of her work, by the Honorary Secretary—Mr. Philip Rose—and other officers of the charity ; and, at the concert, by Mdle. Cruvelli, Signori Lablache, Belletti, and Coletti, MM. Remusat and King (Flautists), and Mr. Cooper (Violinist). Mr. Otto Goldschmidt also played, at her request, two solos on the pianoforte.*

A few days after the performance, Mdle. Lind paid a visit to the Hospital, giving each of the wards a careful inspection. We can imagine the satisfaction of the generous donor, when, in passing through the wards, between the rows of beds in which so many poor pale sufferers lay stretched on either side, she thought of the augmented number now rendered possible through her exertions. The success of her scheme extended far beyond the sum it actually placed at the disposal of the committee, for it gave a notable impulse to the collection of funds for the work in hand. The Eastern Wing was no longer thought of as a remote possibility. The committee were justified, now, in making the necessary arrangements for its rapid completion ; and when it was opened, and made ready for the reception of patients, in 1855, its first floor, containing ten wards for the accommodation of female sufferers, was called "The Jenny Lind Gallery," as the corresponding portion of the Western Wing had been previously named "The Victoria Gallery" in token of gratitude to Her Majesty, the Patroness of the charity ; and, at the same time, one of the ten new wards within the "Jenny Lind Gallery" was named after Mrs. S. C. Hall.

In spite of her rooted antipathy to the presentation of testimonials, in recognition of her works of charity, Mdle. Lind had not the heart to refuse that which was offered to her in the name of the recipients of her bounty at Brompton, in the form of a beautiful silver salver, twenty inches broad, bearing in its

* Mr. S. C. Hall, writing thirty-five years after the event, and having evidently forgotten its details, gives a very inaccurate account of the circumstances, which we have here described on the highest possible authority. Mr. Goldschmidt had been introduced to Mdle. Lind, and she very much wished to give him the opportunity of appearing at her concert. But, she had not heard him play ; and did not think it wise to render herself responsible for the *début* of a young artist, until she had made herself acquainted with the style of his performance. She therefore invited him to play to her at Clairville ; and it was after having heard him there, that she requested his assistance at the concert.

centre an engraving of the unfinished building, with the following delicately-worded inscription :—

IN THE NAME OF THE SUFFERERS RELIEVED BY HER BOUNTY,
THIS HUMBLE MEMORIAL OF ONE OF HER NOBLE ACTIONS
IS PRESENTED

TO JENNY LIND

BY THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT
OF THE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AT BROMPTON, LONDON,
AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF THEIR ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE,
AND IN COMMEMORATION OF THE CONCERT GIVEN BY HER
ON THE THIRTY-FIRST DAY OF JULY, MDCCCXLVIII,
ON WHICH OCCASION, THROUGH THE EXERTION OF HER
UNRIVALLED TALENTS,
ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX POUNDS
WERE ADDED TO THE FUNDS OF THE CHARITY
AND A SOLID FOUNDATION LAID FOR COMPLETING THE FABRIC,
THE UNFINISHED CONDITION OF WHICH HAD EXCITED
HER GENEROUS SYMPATHY.

“BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL, FOR THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY.”*

On the seventh anniversary of the opening of the Hospital, celebrated in 1849, the late Lord Beaconsfield—then, the Right Hon. B. Disraeli—paid perhaps the aptest and most beautiful tribute on record to the generous action of Mdlle. Lind in relation to the charity, in a speech delivered in presence of the Governor, and a crowded audience.

“The generosity of Mdlle. Lind to the Hospital,” said the great Statesman, “can only be characterised as marvellous. It comes upon us, as it were, in a heavenly burst of music that charms every sense, and touches every heart—a sweet carol of charity that fills the popular ear with bewilderment, sympathy, and rapture.

“I look upon the conduct of this lady as one of the most remarkable features of the age we live in. I know nothing in classic story, or in those feudal epochs when we are taught that

* This beautiful salver is now inherited by Madame Goldschmidt's second son.

the individual was more influential, when character was more forcible—I know nothing to be compared with the career of this admirable woman. Why, gentlemen, it almost reaches the high ideal of human nature when we portray to ourselves a youthful maiden, innocent and benignant, in the possession of an unparalleled and omnipotent charm, alternately entrancing the heart of nations, and then kneeling at the tomb of suffering, of calamity, and of care.

“And, gentlemen, I, for one, honour Jenny Lind above all things, because she has shown that she comprehends her position, and that a great artist, sustained by virtue, upheld by self-respect, and full of the magnificence of her mission, ranks in the highest class of human beings and human benefactors.”

And thus, in the midst of her second London season, was inaugurated the first of that long line of noble works which have surrounded the name of Jenny Lind with a halo more bright than even that enkindled by the fire of her genius.

CHAPTER V.

"ELIJAH."

THE London season was now at the zenith of its brilliancy, but its successes did not make Mdlle. Lind forget her friends in Germany. In the midst of the general excitement, she wrote to Frau von Kaulbach :—

"London, July 10, 1848.

"It was very hard indeed for me to take upon myself, for this year also, the frightful responsibility of supporting the Opera, here. But it was my duty to do so; for it rested with me, whether Lumley should be ruined, and the whole theatre fall to the ground, or not; and the public rewards me in so many ways, and shows me so much attention, that I have nothing to regret.

"I go, this year also, to the (English) provinces; but then I shall have done, and shall leave the *grande carrière* behind me, and shall only work in Sweden for my pleasure—that is, for my School.

"There you have pretty nearly all that I shall undertake. If anything very important should happen, I will be sure to tell you; but, till then, believe nothing—and, before all things, do not believe that I have a bad heart. I hope I have grown better; for, since I saw you, I have passed through many things, and have not been without temptations. What reason have I to be vain now that I had not before?"

As the season drew near its close, she wrote to her guardian, Judge Munthe, a noteworthy letter, in which she gave the first hint in writing of a project no less weighty in its bearing upon Art than her scheme for the completion of the Brompton Hospital was in its relation to Charity :—

"Clairville Cottage, Old Brompton, Aug. 14, 1848.

"I am going to sing a few times more this year, and therefore I shall not have done with London before the 24th inst.

"We go to the provinces on the 4th of September, and begin

by a concert in Birmingham on the 5th. On my return to London I intend to give, in conjunction with many others, a grand concert for the foundation of a School of Music in memory of Mendelssohn, the object of which will be to receive pupils of all nations and promote their musical training; and we have chosen his last work, *Elijah*, to illustrate it. If this enterprise proves successful I shall be very glad and happy. If I do not come home this autumn, I intend to work in Germany, for this purpose, part of next winter."

Truly, there were schemes enough in contemplation, and but little unoccupied time at command for the elaboration of their details.

Her Majesty's Theatre closed, for the season of 1848, on the 26th of August, with a concert for the benefit of the Chorus; and a few days afterwards, Mdle. Lind started in company with Mons. Roger, the great French tenor, Signor Belletti, Signor Frederic Lablache, and some other artists of less celebrity, on a provincial tour of a more decidedly dramatic character than that which she had undertaken in 1847.

She left London on the 4th of September, on which day she wrote to her friend, Madame Wichmann :—

" Clairville, September 4, 1848.

"I was not a little astonished, when I received your last letter from Interlaken. I was as happy as a Queen, to know that you are now leaving Berlin. My heart bounds with joy, when I think of meeting you in Italy, or elsewhere. Perhaps our long-cherished idea may be realised, after all.

"I have many plans in my head, and, in case rest should again be denied me, I may still have to go on working for a longer time.

"To-day, I begin by going to the English provinces, for two, or perhaps three months. After that begins a matter about which I will tell you.

"I wish, in conjunction with one of Mendelssohn's most intimate friends, to contribute something towards a Music School in his memory; and, for this purpose, I propose, in the month of November, to give a grand concert in London. But I hope, in any case, to have finished all by the new year at the latest."

The tour began with a concert at Birmingham, on the 5th of September, followed by one at Liverpool, on the 7th, and

performances of *Lucia* and *La Sonnambula*, at Manchester, on the 9th and 11th. Mdle. Lind also sang in *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *I Puritani*, and *La Figlia del Reggimento*, at Manchester, Hull, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and Brighton; and gave concerts, with scarcely less success, in almost every place of any great importance in England.

The entry in Mdle. Lind's engagement-book of the performance of *La Figlia del Reggimento* at Brighton, on the 3rd of November, is followed by eight notes of exclamation—"Brighton. Regimentets Dotter ! ! ! ! ! ! !"—and a thick black line is drawn across the page, beneath the entry, evidently intimating that she intended this to be her last appearance on the Stage—as it really would have been, but for the six supplementary performances to be hereafter noticed.

The meaning of this entry in the *Annotations-Bok* is corroborated, in a very remarkable manner, by a passage in the diary of Mons. Roger, the great French Artist who sang with Mdle. Lind throughout her last dramatic tour. The entry runs thus:—

"Friday, Nov. 3. *La Figlia del Reggimento*.—A greater crowd, and greater heat, than at *La Sonnambula*. In the last Act, during the *ritournelle* of the *Rondo Finale*, Lind said to me under her breath, 'Mark this well, Roger, these are the last notes that you will hear me sing on the Stage.'—I stood stupefied.

"Is it true? Is her career finished? At the apogee of her success does she renounce the Stage! There is no time for me to ask her for an explanation—she sings—the public, enchanted, applauds—it knows not that it is losing her;—and then, it is my turn to sing, and I must put on a happy air, since I am to espouse her—but, in truth, my heart was distressed."*

On the 4th of December, Mdle. Lind gave a concert, at Leeds, for the Orchestra which accompanied her, realising £640 for division among its members. Mrs. Grote has left us, in her Note-book, a graphic account of the events that took place at this period.

"Her progress in the provinces," she says, "was extraordinary; for the intense interest and admiration she excited in the various cities she visited, and the passionate eagerness to get even a

* *Le Carnet d'un Tenor*. G. Roger. (Paris, 1880.)

glimpse of her, as evinced by the middle and lower classes, were truly marvellous.

"Early in December I was with her at Oxford, where she gave a morning concert in the 'Theatre' or Senate House. Eighteen hundred persons were present, and the enthusiasm of the students was most diverting.

"Next we posted across to Rugby, in order to proceed to Leeds, where Jenny gave a concert for the profit of her own little orchestra, and £640 was realised, each man getting about £36,—a pretty 'wind-up' to a most agreeable and lucrative three months' *tournée*.

"After the concert, and about midnight, Jenny gave a *Soirée* to the band, and we kept it up till 3 A.M., with dancing and a famous good supper, after which Jenny made a speech, proposing Balfe's health; and, after that, another to her band, drinking all *their* 'healths,' and bidding them farewell and prosperity.

"Her address was given with feeling and taste, and the effect it had upon her guests was evidently profound. I was very near crying during the response, which was *her* health, with harmonious chords and *vivas* from all lips. Balfe made her a speech, thanking her in the name of the *troupe*, and paid her some lofty, but heartfelt compliments, in neat and appropriate phraseology. The evening was very delightful altogether, and we all parted with regret, returning to London on the morrow with Mr. Lumley."

This generous and graceful act accomplished, Mdle. Lind returned for ten days, to London, for the purpose of carrying out the great enterprise which, during the last few months, had occupied so much of her attention, and which she now felt sure of bringing to a successful issue.

The noble idea of commemorating Mendelssohn's genius, by the foundation of a Music-School in his name, presented itself to some of his most intimate friends, not very many months after his early death.

The exact details of its origin have not transpired; but we have seen that Mdle. Lind first mentioned it in writing, in a letter addressed to Judge Munthe, on the 14th of August, 1848; and again, in another written to Madame Wichmann, on the 4th of September—*i.e.*, exactly ten months after Mendelssohn's death. And now, at last, after four months of careful deliberation, the time had arrived for putting the great design into execution.

The idea was a noble one indeed, well worthy of being carried out to its fullest extent, had this proved to have been possible.

And what more worthy means could have been devised for raising the funds needed for putting it into execution, than the scheme proposed by Mdlle. Lind—the presentation to the public of his last and greatest Oratorio, in the most perfect form that the united talent of the most accomplished singers and instrumentalists in England could achieve?

This was the bold idea, in furtherance of which, she invited her artist friends to assist her in a grand performance of *Elijah*, at Exeter Hall, on Friday, the 15th of December.

And, in selecting this as the most fitting work for her memorial purpose, she did so, not only because she believed it to be the greatest work her friend had produced, but because she knew that he would himself have chosen it as the one best fitted for the display of her own peculiar powers, since he had composed the soprano part expressly for her, although she had been prevented, by unforeseen circumstances, from singing it in public during his life-time.

The result of her labours may be gathered from the following critique which appeared in *The Times*, on the day after the celebration :—

“The grand performance of the Oratorio of *Elijah*, in aid of the ‘Mendelssohn Foundation for Free Scholarships in the Leipzig Musical Conservatory,’ took place last night.

“Exeter Hall was filled, in every part, by one of the most brilliant and fashionable audiences ever assembled in a public edifice. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, with the Duchess and Princess of Cambridge, the Prince and Princesses of Hohenlohe, the Hanoverian Minister, Count Kielmansegge, and suite, occupied the northern gallery, near the orchestra. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Norwich, the Prussian Ambassador, etc., were in the reserved seats in the area.

“We have already stated that Mdlle. Lind had liberally accorded her gratuitous services for this occasion; and we are now enabled to add that she doubled the value of her assistance, and the obligation of those interested in the Mendelssohn Foundation, by attending every one of the rehearsals, private and public, arriving at the beginning, and remaining until the end, in order to ensure, as far as she was concerned, a perfect execution of Mendelssohn’s immortal work, which she has studied expressly for the occasion.

“The performance last night was complete and splendid; well worthy of the cause for which it was instituted, and a considerable

sum will be devoted, by its means, to the advancement of the Mendelssohn Foundation at Leipzig."

It would be beside our purpose to trace the history of the "Mendelssohn Scholarships" from this splendid beginning to the final success of the movement. But it is satisfactory to know that Mdle. Lind's intentions with regard to them have long been carried out, both in the spirit and the letter, and will continue to be so carried out in perpetuity, though only to a certain limited extent, since many modifications of the original plan were found necessary, before the Foundation was permanently established. We cannot, however, doubt that Mdle. Lind's name will be remembered, in connection with the Memorial she raised to her departed friend, for many a century to come—for the Foundation is legally secured, and remains in perpetuity.

CHAPTER VI.

FOR CHARITY.

THE tribute to the memory of Mendelssohn, with its careful preparation, its busy work, and its triumphant result, might well have exhausted the powers, both mental and physical, of an artist of no ordinary strength ; but Mdlle. Lind had no time for rest. Four days later she was due at Manchester ; and, within little more than six weeks, she had engaged to give five more concerts, entirely for charitable purposes, besides a benefit for Mr. Balfe.

The campaign began with two concerts, given on the 19th and 21st of December, for the "Manchester Royal Infirmary and Dispensary," which, like the "Brompton Hospital for Consumption," sorely needed additional accommodation. These two concerts produced a sum exceeding £2,500, which was made to serve as the nucleus of a fund for the erection of an additional "North Wing."

The next performance took place on the 28th of December, for the benefit of the "Queen's College Hospital" at Birmingham, for which it produced £1,100, and in acknowledgment of which, the Governors of the Institution presented her with a work-box, ornamented with the following inscription :—

TO MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND
FROM THE LORD PRINCIPAL AND COUNCIL OF THE
QUEEN'S COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL, BIRMINGHAM,
AS A SMALL TESTIMONY OF THEIR SENSE OF OBLIGATION
FOR HER VERY NOBLE AND GRATUITOUS SERVICES
AT A CONCERT
HELD IN THE TOWN HALL
ON BEHALF OF THE FUNDS OF THE
QUEEN'S HOSPITAL
DECEMBER 28TH, 1848.

And now came a few days of well-earned recreation—a Christmas and New Year's gathering at Crumpsall, near Manchester, the country-house of Mr. and Mrs. Salis Schwabe, for which Mdlle. Lind had accepted the invitation, more than a month in advance.

All too soon, however, the pleasant little holiday came to an end. It had been the delight of all who were fortunate enough to be present at it; and, though she to whose labours it had given so cheerful a respite at that busy time is now no more, it is still remembered by many as a bright spot in the past.

The next appointment was for a concert, to be given on the 6th of January, 1849, for the benefit of the "Southern Hospital" at Liverpool, for which, with the never-failing success which was now looked for as a matter of course, the sum of £1,400 was raised, in a single evening.

And now it was time to prepare for a second visit to Norwich, in which, to this day, the memory of Mdlle. Lind is regarded with greater veneration than in any other Cathedral-town in England.

Two concerts, arranged to take place on the 22nd and 23rd of January, for the benefit of the poor of Norwich, realised the net sum of £1,253.

No specific plan was decided upon, at the moment, for the application of this sum of money, which was placed, provisionally, in the hands of trustees, in order that the matter might receive due consideration, before any irrevocable step was taken with regard to its ultimate disposal. It was proposed, at one time, to devote the proceeds of the concerts to the building of baths and wash-houses for the poor. This plan, however, was not put into execution; and the question remained open for four years, during which period the money was placed out at interest. A final decision was, however, arrived at, in 1853, when Madame Goldschmidt, in consultation with the Stanley family and other friends, resolved to devote the fund to the foundation of a hospital for the sick children of the poor. Under the name of "The Jenny Lind Infirmary for Sick Children," this institution still exists, in a very flourishing condition. The original nucleus was by no means the last donation that the foundress contributed to its endowment. She continued to take deep interest in it, until the day of her death; and so largely has its sphere of usefulness increased, that, in the year 1890, it relieved no less than

1230 "out-patients," in addition to the 257 little sufferers who were admitted as "in-patients" into its wards.*

The next concert at which Mdlle. Lind sang, after taking leave of her friends at Norwich, was one given in London, on the 29th of January, for the benefit of Mr. Balfe, whose warm artistic devotion as conductor at the Opera she spoke of, to the end of her life, with grateful recognition.

This was followed, four days later, by a performance of great importance in aid of the "Royal Infirmary," at Worcester.

The Bishop of Worcester had written to Mdlle. Lind, in November, 1847, requesting her to sing at the Worcester Festival—the triennial performance in connection with the "Three Choirs"—in August, 1848; and she had consented to do so, if she found it possible to make the necessary arrangements. But, when the time for the fulfilment of her conditional promise drew near, Mr. Lumley, whose engagement with her did not expire until the end of the year, not only refused his consent, but announced her for a concert at Birmingham, on the very day on which the Worcester Festival began. In order to atone, as far as she could, for this disappointment—a very grievous one indeed for the Worcester Committee—she sent the sum of £50, from her own private purse, for the charity in aid of which the Festival was given—the "Society for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy"; and, as soon as she had completed her engagement with the theatrical manager, offered to give a concert for any other charity in the diocese that might stand in need of her help. While gratefully accepting the generous offer, the Committee decided in favour of the "Worcester Royal Infirmary," as the recipient of its benefits; and, on the 2nd of February, 1849, Mdlle. Lind gave a concert, in the College Hall, at which the sum of £840 was raised for this purpose, and devoted to the erection of a chapel for the Institution. The Committee was very anxious to record its appreciation of the gift by offering to the donor a present of Worcester china; but this she firmly but courteously declined to accept; for, as we have already seen, she had always been most unwilling to receive any sort of acknowledgment in return for her charitable performances.

* We are indebted, for the verification of these details, to the courtesy of Mr. J. J. Winter, who has acted, for many years, as Hon. Chairman of the Committee of Management.

And thus, between the 4th of December, 1848, and the 2nd of February, 1849—a period of less than nine weeks—Mdlle. Lind had, at nine concerts, (not including that for the benefit of Mr. Balfe,) succeeded in raising the noble sum of £8,740, in aid of five hospitals, one artistic memorial, and the orchestra which accompanied her on her tour; and, if we add to this the receipts of the concert given for the Brompton Hospital, in the previous July, the sum amounts to £10,500.

	£	s.	d.
For the Brompton Hospital (July 31, 1848) . . .	1,766	15	0
For the Orchestra (Dec. 4, 1848) . . .	640	0	0
For the Mendelssohn Scholarships (Dec. 15, 1848) . . .	1,000	0	0
For the Manchester Hospital (Dec. 19 and 21, 1848) . . .	2,500	0	0
For the Queen's College Hospital, at Birmingham (Dec. 28, 1848) . . .	1,100	0	0
For the Southern (Toxteth) Hospital, at Liverpool (Jan. 6, 1849) . . .	1,400	0	0
For the Norwich Charities* (Jan. 22 and 23, 1849) . . .	1,253	0	0
For the Worcester Infirmary (Feb. 2, 1849) . . .	840	0	0
Total . . .	10,499	15	0

On the 3rd of April, 1849, a performance of *The Creation* was announced, at Exeter Hall, for the aid of five important charities, four of which were intimately connected with Art :

“A grand performance of sacred music was given last night,” says the critic of *The Times*, “consisting of Handel’s *Coronation Anthem*, *Zadok the Priest*, and Haydn’s *Creation*.”

“The principal attraction, which drew together one of the most crowded audiences that ever congregated within the precincts of Exeter Hall, was Mdlle. Jenny Lind, who sang the soprano part in *The Creation*.”

“The main object of the performance was a charitable one. Mdlle. Jenny Lind accorded her services gratuitously; and, after the band, chorus, and principal singers are paid, the surplus will be divided between the ‘Royal Society of Musicians,’ the ‘Society of Female Musicians,’ the ‘Choral Fund,’ the ‘Royal Academy of Music,’ and the ‘Governesses’ Benevolent Institution.’ The receipts averaged, we understand, between £1,400 and £1,500, which will guarantee at least £850 for the benefit of those institutions.”

“The performance was honoured by the presence of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, who attended with a numerous suite.

* Applied, in 1853, to “The Jenny Lind Infirmary for Sick Children.”

In the stalls, among other illustrious persons, was observed the Duke of Wellington.

"In the Oratorio of *The Creation*, the most arduous as well as the most interesting portion of the music falls to the lot of the soprano ; Mdle. Jenny Lind, however, is never at a loss, where true sentiment and musical cleverness are demanded. Her first effort was the Air, with Chorus, *The marvellous work*, which she gave with a dignity of style suited to the subject. In *With verdure clad*, and the Recitative that precedes it, we had already heard her at Balfe's concert, and our favourable opinion was recorded at the time. She sang it perhaps still better last night ; there was more fervour, with equal correctness. But the Solo which most taxes the powers of the vocalist, and from which most was expected by the public, was the opening Recitative and Air of the Second Part, *On mighty pens the eagle wings*. On this Air, which is more dramatic than sacred in character, Mdle. Lind lavished all the treasures of her art ; and her entire rendering of the melody was as original as it was striking. In the line—

"And, cooing, calls the tender dove his mate,"

she produced quite a novel effect, by sustaining the note that occurs on the first syllable of the word 'cooing,' for a lengthened period.

"One of the most general topics of conversation and marked approval was the exceeding clearness with which Mdle. Lind pronounced the words of all her Songs, Duets, and Trios. In this particular, she evinced a facility, not merely noticeable on account of her being a foreigner, but worthy of attention as an example even for many singers to whom the English language is native and familiar."*

From a paragraph which appeared in *The Times* on the 17th of April, we find that the profits of the concert fell rather short of the anticipated amount.

"But," says the editor, quoting from *The Standard* of the previous day, "to her great honour and benevolent disposition be it recorded, she has signified her intention to make up the net profit of £700 odd to £800 ; so that the four charities will each receive £200."†

We refrain from adding anything to this critique, which

* From *The Times*, April 4, 1849.

† It will be noticed that *The Standard* makes no mention of the 'Governesses' Benevolent Institution.'

expresses all that need be said on the subject. Nor does it fall within the limits of our design to dilate upon the later triumphs achieved by Mdle. Lind in the new path she had chosen for the development of her powers. She gave only one more Oratorio performance in England, before her departure for America—that of Handel's *Messiah*, at Liverpool, on the 19th of August, 1850 ; but she had not yet taken leave of her audience at Her Majesty's Theatre, and thither we must now follow her, to be present at the performance which closed the splendours of her *Operatic* career.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST OPERA.

WHEN Mr. Lumley began to make his arrangements for the season of 1849, he was much exercised by uncertainty as to Mdle. Lind's intentions for the future. No engagement had been made, at the close of the previous season : and in the meantime, rumours were rife as to her retirement from the Stage, which was said to be imminent.

It must be confessed that Mr. Lumley was in a difficult position. Unfortunately, his faith in Mdle. Lind's reliance upon the judgment of Mrs. Grote had led him to expect a great deal more from that lady's influence upon the retiring Artist than was warranted by the true circumstances of the case. Mrs. Grote herself knew perfectly well how absolutely impregnable was the decision at which Mdle. Lind had arrived. But it is evident that she did not succeed in making the unhappy manager understand, so clearly as he ought to have done, how matters then stood. He believed that there was still room for hope ; and, harassed by anxiety, tormented by doubts of his own creation with regard to the unknown future, he followed the example of the public, and formed, on what he conceived to be "undoubted authority," strange theories of his own, destitute of any sort of foundation in fact.

The Opera-House opened for the season, in 1849, amidst as rough a "sea of doubts and perplexities," as that which had prevailed in 1847. The public would not be satisfied without the re-engagement of Mdle. Lind ; and, before long, it was authoritatively announced—and, this time, with perfect truth—that Mdle. Lind had positively determined to appear no more upon the Stage. A hundred different reasons, all equally false, and equally unauthorised, were given for this determination—but,

whatever the true reason might have been, the fact remained, that never again could the public hope to see its favourite upon the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. Lumley was in despair. In face of the attractions offered at the rival establishment, this determination meant, for him, nothing short of irremediable disaster—of absolute ruin—unless he could stave off the evil day by a clever *coup de main*. As a matter of fact, he actually did effect this *coup de main*, not very long afterwards, by the engagement of the Contessa de' Rossi, formerly Mdlle. Sontag. With that stroke of policy we are, however, in no wise concerned. It is enough for us to know that Mdlle. Lind continued inexorable; and that it was only after reiterated entreaties, that she consented to enter into an engagement for six "Grand Classical Performances," in which the music of her favourite Operas was to be sung, at a series of concerts, without the attractions of the stage. It was at first proposed that these performances should take place in Exeter Hall. But the objections to this place were insuperable. This condition, therefore, was afterwards waived; and, in due time, it was announced in the managerial prospectus that Mdlle. Lind would sing in six concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre.

It would have needed but a very little calm consideration, to convince all concerned that a compromise such as this could not by any possibility succeed—that its failure was assured, beforehand. The experiment was, however, tried, on Thursday, the 12th of April, with Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*; but it broke down so signally that no attempt was ever made to repeat it. All that could be done in the Concert-room Mdlle. Lind did; but, unhappily, that "all" was not enough. She sang the music magnificently; and the critics did her full justice in analysing her performance. She had sung so faultlessly that the critic of *The Times* had been completely disarmed; so enthralled by the spell she cast over her audience, that, throughout the whole of his notice, he had not ventured to utter one single word of protest against the fatal mistake she had made. Yet, the signs of that mistake were patent to every one; and no one felt the bitterness of the position more keenly than Mdlle. Lind herself. For the first time, since her first great European triumph, she had failed to express her own ideal—not from lack of artistic power, but

from lack of means external to it. How could the threatened ruin be averted? In one way only. She felt this, at once; and, with a depth of self-renunciation well worthy of her generous character, she sacrificed the freedom which had so long been the desire of her heart, and permitted Mr. Lumley to make an official announcement, to the effect, that, "Although Mdlle. Lind had intended to take leave of the subscribers to the Opera, and the public, in a series of concerts, yet, as it had been urged that concerts would not be regarded as equally satisfactory, she had generously consented to suspend her intention of retiring from the stage, and would therefore appear in a few more performances."

The delight of the public surpassed all bounds. The subscribers forgot their late discontent, and appeared in crowds to welcome her on her reappearance. The house was filled to overflowing. Every incident connected with the now-familiar "Jenny Lind crush" was renewed at the doors. And even Mr. Lumley himself was satisfied with the enthusiasm manifested both by the occupants of the subscription boxes and the general public.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert were among the first to welcome their favourite artist's return to the stage from which, as we have seen, she had told the Queen it was her intention to retire. As she was felt by them to act and sing even more exquisitely than she had done the previous season, they hailed her appearance with deep satisfaction, not unmingled with sadness that the pleasure was one which could not often be repeated, as the singer's resolution to quit the operatic stage was now well known. Only once were they able to see the *Figlia del Reggimento*—always a special favourite with the Queen. But they were present twice at the performance both of *La Sonnambula* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*; and on the 10th of May, they saw her, with much regret, for the last time upon the stage, in *Roberto il Diavolo*, the piece in which her acting and singing had, as already shown, first laid a strong hold upon their admiration.*

The scene of the last farewell is thus feelingly described in the columns of *The Times*:—

"During the whole of Mdlle. Lind's engagement this season

* See footnote, p. 268.

there has not been so extraordinary a spectacle as was exhibited last night, when, as the bills stated, her 'Last Operatic Performance' was to take place.

"The difference of her reception when she sang at the 'Classical Concert' from that when she reappeared in *La Sonnambula* must have struck any one who witnessed the two scenes. Though the theatre was the same, and the bulk of the audience nearly the same, on both occasions, she was greeted in the character of 'Amina' just as if she had been making her *début*, and the preceding concerts had never been given. Hence, the public, who thought that they were witnessing, for the last time, the combination of Jenny Lind the actress with Jenny Lind the vocalist, were not so much mistaken in giving all the force of a final interview to their visit last night.

"*Roberto il Diavolo*, which, on the Italian stage, has never been very popular as a whole, but which has depended for its attraction on the 'Alice' of Mdlle. Lind, was the Opera selected. The character in which she first sang before a London audience was chosen as the one in which she was to take her leave.

"*Quando lascia la Normandia*, with the immortal *sotto voce* shake which has so often astonished her hearers, drew down the accustomed *encore*; and the clinging to the Cross, with terror in the shrink, and faith in the countenance, seemed even more striking than usual, as a display of histrionic power. The increased sweetness and fulness of her voice, this year, has been a theme of universal remark; and never was it more melodious than last night.

"The applause which she received at the conclusion of the Opera was something remarkable. She was called three times, by an audience that occupied even the obscurest nooks of the edifice, and that universally rose when she appeared; and so continuous were the plaudits, that they blended with each other into one roll of heavy sound. At the last call, she appeared, particularly moved.

"During the early part of the Opera, there was a tumult in the house, occasioned by the crowd.

"Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Duchess of Kent, honoured the theatre with their presence."

With what feelings did Mdlle. Lind see the curtain descend, for the last time, on that thrilling scene in *Roberto il Diavolo*, in which, as she herself narrated in after years, she "stood at the man's right hand, and the Fiend at his left, and all she could

think of was, how to save him"? Was it really a heavy trial through which she had elected to pass? Did she herself feel sad when the last note faded into silence, and Bertram sank through the trap-door into the fiery depths below? Who can tell? She never spoke of such a sadness, in after life. That the last round of applause, the last wild shout from pit and stalls and gallery and boxes, was absolutely nothing to her, we know well enough. It could not but be less than nothing. She was too well accustomed to it all. Since her first appearance in *The Polish Mine*, in 1830, the stage had won for her her daily bread. For her, the excitement, the romance, the glamour, the thousand enticing charms which fascinate so many *prime donne* had no existence. Her "first appearance" was a dim memory of childhood, bearing no analogy whatever to the intoxicating *début* for which most young artists long, as the Peri longed for Paradise, at the precious period during which their thoughts ought to be exclusively devoted to study. To her, the stage, with its cold *coulisses*, and its ceaseless round of monotonous hard work, was as prosaic as the routine of the school-room to a jaded governess. The simile strikes home, for the stage had really been her school-room ever since she was ten years old.

But there was another side to the question. However little she may have cared for fame, she cared very much indeed for the Art to which she had devoted the best of all she possessed. And, for Art, in one of its purest and most perfect manifestations, the evening of the 10th of May was a very sad one. For, that last fall of the curtain put an end, for ever, to the operatic triumphs of the most gifted actress-singer the nineteenth century had produced—put an end to them, beyond all hope of renewal; with the absolute certainty, impressed upon the minds of all who were present, that no subsequent change of circumstances would ever induce the Arch-Priestess of Song, whose genius had enthralled them as they had never been enthralled before, to reverse the decision at which she had then arrived. She had written, in her engagement-book, at Brighton, "My last Opera-Representation"—"*min sista Opera-Representation*"—and she had meant it. There were to be no more "last nights," after the manner to which the "Opera-going public" were only too well accustomed; no supplementary performances, "by special desire," to be succeeded,

in the following year, by "twelve more last appearances," culminating in a "grand farewell," in which she would perform "positively for the last time." She had already appeared upon the stage "for the last time;" and all who had seen her knew it.

Truly, this last farewell performance was impressed with a double significance, not easy to describe in words. For the great World of Art, no day so sad as this 10th of May, in 1849, had passed since the 4th of November, in 1847. She knew this well—and she must have sympathised with those who so deeply and sincerely regretted her retirement. Yet, for her, it brought the freedom, the rest, the peace, that she had longed for, year after year, from the moment of her first triumphs in Art-loving Germany.

How welcome that peace and freedom were, we can divine from the early letters in which she told her friends how ardently she looked forward to her emancipation from the trammels of the stage. And a circumstance which happened on this last night must have gladdened her heart, so full of sympathy for her humblest fellow-workers.

A little more than two months before her retirement, while she was still on her provincial tour, she had written to Mrs. Stanley:—

Wakefield, March 6, 1849.

"I want to give concerts, here in the provinces, for Lumley's people, which I could do very quietly, and when I have got the sum I wish for, then place the money in the hands of my banker in London, to give to the choristers and most needy people at Her Majesty's Theatre, which they (Lumley and his friends) say that I have thrown out of employment.

"I suppose Lumley's vanity will not be satisfied with this proposal—but that is not my care. My wish is, to help the poor—*voilà tout*. To sing religious words on the stage I can and will not."

There is no record, in Mdlle. Lind's "Engagement-book," of any special concerts given, in the provinces, for "Lumley's people"; but it is more than probable that a portion of the receipts of some of the general performances were applied to their benefit. Be this as it may, they possessed Mdlle. Lind's sympathy, in the warmest degree; and returned it, with all their hearts. So devoted were they to her, that, on that last evening,

when all was over, the members of the chorus presented her with a gold bracelet, on the inside of which was engraved :—

PRESENTED TO
MDLLE. JENNY LIND

BY THE MEMBERS OF THE
CHORAL DEPARTMENT OF
HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE
AS A TOKEN OF THEIR
ESTEEM AND ADMIRATION.

MAY 10TH, 1849.

And so the last farewell was accompanied by a touching incident quite apart from the demonstration in which the outer world took a share ; and we may be very sure that Mdlle. Lind remembered it, long after the sound of the last round of applause had been forgotten ; and that she prized the simple jewel—now in the possession of her daughter—not a whit less dearly than the costly gems presented to her by the great ones of the earth.

With the presentation of this most delicate memorial, the fateful evening came to an end ; and with it, the operatic career of one whose name will live, in connection with the Musical Drama, as long as the Musical Drama itself exists.

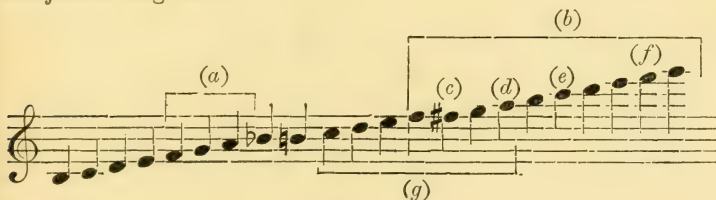
CHAPTER VIII.

THE "METHOD."

OUR readers will naturally expect us, in summing up our history of Mdlle. Lind's performances upon the stage, to furnish them with some technical remarks upon the *timbre* and compass of her voice, and the "method" by aid of which she cultivated it.

The voice was a brilliant and powerful Soprano, combining the volume and sonority of the true *Soprano drammatico*—to which class of voices it unquestionably belonged—with the lightness and flexibility peculiar to the more ductile and airy *Soprano sfogato*, with the characteristic tenuity of which it had, however, nothing in common.

Its compass extended from B below the stave, to $\bar{\bar{G}}$ on the fourth line above it—in technical language, from b to $\bar{\bar{G}}$; that is to say, a clear range of two octaves and a sixth, as shown in the subjoined diagram :—



- (a) The veiled notes in the middle register.
- (b) The brilliant head-voice.
- (c) The $F\sharp$ which forms so striking a feature in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.
- (d) The ringing upper A, used with such thrilling effect in the opening movement of *Casta diva*.
- (e) The upper C forming, with the above-mentioned A, the initial passage in the *Tanzlied aus Dalekarlien*.
- (f) The F in alt, used by Mozart, in *Non parentar*.
- (g) The six natural notes (C, D, E, F, G, A) in the youthful voice, to be presently described.

The various registers of this extended compass were so skilfully blended into one, by the effect of art, that it was impossible for the most delicate or attentive ear to detect their points of junction. In fact, after the completion of its cultivation under the guidance of Signor Garcia, the entire voice became one homogeneous whole, so even in its calibre, that the notes were avowedly sung without a thought as to the best way of "placing" them.

Certain regions, however, possessed marked æsthetic qualities, very clearly distinguishable, though they could be modified, at will, in accordance with the demands of the passages into which they were introduced. For instance, three notes of the middle register (the F, G, and A, shown at (a) in the diagram), were invested, in *piano* passages, with a veiled tone of ravishing beauty—as in the long-drawn A, in the middle register, which forms the opening note of *Casta diva*. These three notes were more seriously injured than any other region of the voice, by the hard work and faulty method of production that had been forced upon Mdlle. Lind before her journey to Paris. It is well known to every experienced *Maestro di Canto*, that more voices are injured by the attempt to sing these three important notes in the lower instead of in the middle register, than by any other error of production whatever; and there can be no doubt that it was this error that caused so much trouble to Mdlle. Lind, who, notwithstanding the beautiful tone by which the notes in question were afterwards characterised, assured Fröken Signe Hebbe * that she believed that they "never became quite right."

Of the F# so much admired by Mendelssohn, the A above it, brought prominently forward in a syncopated passage in the same slow movement of *Casta diva*, and the same A, with the C above it, used as the first two notes in the *Tanzlied aus Dalekarlien*, we have already spoken in former chapters.

It was remarkable that these exceptionally high notes, though brilliant beyond description, when used at their full power, could be reduced to a *pianissimo* as perfect as that of the veiled tones of the middle register. The *pianissimo*, indeed, was one of the most beautiful features of Mdlle. Lind's singing. It reached to the remotest corner of the largest theatre or concert-room in which

* A dramatic singer at Stockholm, who lately published an account of her intercourse with Madame Goldschmidt, in a Swedish newspaper.

she sang ; it was as rich and full as her *mezzo forte* ; yet it was so truly *piano* that it fell upon the ear with the charm of a whisper, only just strong enough to be audible. The reader will not have forgotten that Her Majesty regarded this *pianissimo* as one of the most beautiful characteristics of Mdlle. Lind's singing, and that, in the letter we have quoted at page 324, Chopin spoke of its "charm" as "indescribable."

A wholly different effect—though bearing a certain sort of analogy to this—was produced in the *Norwegian Echo Song* by a peculiar tightening of the throat, which Madame Goldschmidt once tried to explain to the writer, though the process was so purely subjective that she said it was almost impossible to describe it in words. The effect produced so nearly resembled that of a natural echo, reverberated from the opposite wall, that it never failed to mystify an audience before which it was presented for the first time.

The notes, C, D, E, F, G, A, marked (*g*) in our diagram, were noticed by Mdlle. Lind, at a very early period, as the best notes of her voice. And judging, from their position in the scale, that her voice was intended by Nature to develope into a Soprano of exceptional height, she practised these notes, with the semitones between them, more diligently than any others, with the full determination to extend the process until the tone of the remaining portions of the voice became as rich, as pure, and as powerful, as that of the six notes which she regarded as forming the fundamental basis of the whole. How fully she succeeded in carrying out this intention we know already ; and it is scarcely too much to say, that it was to this firm resolve, and the clear foresight which prompted it, that her ultimate success is mainly to be attributed.

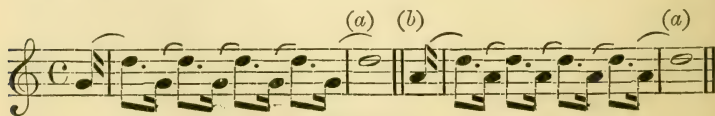
Mdlle. Lind's voice was not by nature a flexible one. The rich sustained tones of the *soprano drammatico* were far more congenial to it, than the rapid execution which usually characterises the lighter class of *soprano* voices. But this she attained also, by almost superhuman labour. Her perseverance was indefatigable. Among the *Cadenze* with which she was accustomed to embellish her favourite *Airs* was one adapted to a Movement from *Beatrice di Tenda*, introducing a scale passage ascending chromatically to the upper E flat, and then descending in the same manner. She once, while at the zenith of her career, told Fröken

Signe Hebbe that she had practised this passage all her life, but that it was only quite lately that she had succeeded in satisfying herself with it; adding, that she never allowed herself to indulge in singing such difficult passages before the public, until she had thoroughly mastered them, but preferred simplifying them to running the risk of an imperfect rendering of the notes.

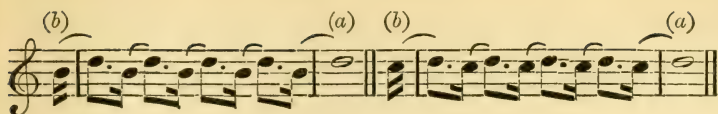
Another remarkable feature in Mdle. Lind's singing was the shake, which she delivered, at will, either with unapproachable brilliancy, or in the form of a whisper, more like the warbling of a bird than the utterance of a human voice.

Though it is necessary that a perfect shake should always begin with, and lay the metrical accent continuously upon, the written note, it is notorious that most shakes fail through want of attention on the part of the singer to the upper auxiliary or unwritten note. The general tendency is to let this note gradually flatten, until, in very bad cases, the distance between the two notes is diminished from a tone, to little more than a semitone. So well is this fact known, that the late Mr. Cipriani Potter once told the writer how he had been taught, in his youth, to separate the notes so widely that "a cocked hat could be thrown between them." Mdle. Lind devised a cure for this corrupt delivery of the shake. In teaching, she *began* by impressing the *upper* note upon the ear, as the most important, both as to strength and duration, at this early stage of the process; leaning, as it were, upon it, and slurring up to it from the lower interval. She employed for this purpose, first, the leap of a fifth, then that of a fourth, and so on, until she reached the semitone, continuing the shake exercise between the two intervals, *whatever their distance*, for some time, before proceeding from the wider intervals to a lesser one; always adhering to the upper note as the most important one; and always making beginners practise it with extreme slowness.*

The following exemplification of this particular exercise, written, by herself, a few years ago, for the guidance of a young vocalist, has been found among her music:—



* Cf. p. 70.



At a later period of instruction, the notes marked (a) and (b) were to be omitted, and the succession of intervals blended into one continuous exercise, thus :—

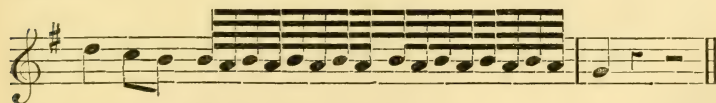


But it was not until after considerable advance had been made, that the exercise was allowed to be sung with any degree of quickness.

When, at last, after diligent practice, the perfect shake was attained, it was sung with the rhythmic accent on the real or written note, thus :—



not thus :—



The various effects we have here attempted to describe would have been impossible, but for that skilful management of the breath of which we have before had occasion to speak when treating of Mdle. Lind's studies under the guidance of Signor Garcia. Her chest had not the natural capacity of Mdle.

Alboni's, or Signor Rubini's; but she renewed her breath so rapidly, so quietly, so cleverly, that the closest observer could never detect the moment at which the lungs were replenished; and, by the outside world, her extraordinary sustaining power was attributed to abnormal capacity of the lungs. The apparent ease with which she attained this difficult end was due to an artfully-studied combination of the processes technically termed "*costal*," and "*clavicular * breathing*"; in the first of which—used only after the completion of a distinct phrase of the vocal melody—the lower part or "base" of the lungs, *freed from the last remains of the previous breath*, is refilled, to its utmost capacity, without undue precipitation, yet with sufficient rapidity to answer all practical purposes; while in the second—used for the continuation of phrases too long for delivery within the limits of a single inspiration—the lungs are neither completely *emptied*, nor completely *refilled*, but *replenished* only, by means of a gentle inhalation, confined to that portion of the organ which lies immediately beneath the *claviculæ*, or collar-bones. The skill with which these two widely different processes were interchanged, when circumstance demanded their alternate employment, was such as can only be acquired by long and unwearied practice, untrammelled by prejudice either for or against any special method whatever; and it is not too much to say, that it was to the sustaining power, acquired by this careful management of the breath, that Mdle. Lind owed her beautiful *pianissimo*, and that marvellous command of the *messa di voce* which enabled her to swell out a *crescendo* to its utmost limit, and follow it, without a break, by a *diminuendo* which died away to an imperceptible point, so completely covering the end of the note that no ear could detect the moment at which it faded into silence.

And no less complete was Mdle. Lind's command over the difficulties of articulation than over those of vocalisation pure and simple. Her delivery of the difficult—we had almost said, impossible—passage in the grand *Scena* from *Der Freischütz*—*Täuscht das Licht des Monds mich nicht!* †—though so clear and

* Within the last few years, an attempt has been made to invest the term, *clavicular breathing*, with a mode of filling the lungs, pernicious, to the last degree—a process which, we need scarcely say, was never practised, either by Mdle. Lind, or Rubini, whose method of breathing seems to have been closely analogous to, if not absolutely identical with, her own.

† "Does not the light of the moon deceive me!"

distinct that not a syllable lost its full meaning, was nevertheless so soft and smooth that it could scarcely have been surpassed in Italian. We do not hesitate to say that she was the only great singer by whom we have heard this famous *cruz* surmounted without a trace of harshness in the delivery of the words. On one occasion Madame Birch-Pfeiffer left her, alone, practising the word *zersplittre* ("to shiver to pieces"), on a high B flat, in the opening Recitative in *Norma*; and, returning several hours afterwards, found her still practising the same word. And she continued to practise it, until she succeeded in pronouncing it quite perfectly on the high note, though few even of the best German vocalists attain a better pronunciation than *zersplättre*. But she never erred in the delivery of even the most difficult word in any language whatsoever. So perfect was the mastery she exercised over larynx, throat, lips, tongue, teeth, soft palate, each and all, that never a syllable was stifled at its birth, never a vowel-sound corrupted in its passage through the longest groups of mingled leap, arpeggio, or scale. It was this high quality that lent so potent a charm to the complicated "divisions," the rapid passages of *fioritura* of which Lablache, in describing them to Madame Grisi, said that "every note was a pearl." The purity of the vowel-sound, by which the pearls were strung together, secured their perfect equality of tone and *timbre*; and, whether the most rapid notes were sung *legato*, or *staccato*, they either ran on velvet, or rang out sharply and clearly as the touch of a *mandoline*. The *technique*, in either case, was absolutely faultless, and its perfection was entirely the result of hard work, indefatigable practice, unwearying study. To the end of her career, she never sang in the evening without preparing for the performance by practising for a long time, earlier in the day—generally, *à mezza voce*, to avoid fatiguing the voice unnecessarily, but, never sparing the time or trouble. And herein lay the secret of her victory over difficulties which tempt so many less courageous aspirants to despair.

Undoubtedly, the "method" thus diligently cultivated was, in many points, subjective. Mdlle. Lind felt, but could not always explain, the principles upon which she worked. We possess, however, a letter written by her to Fräulein von Jaeger, which enters into some particulars connected with our present subject of consideration, so curiously interesting, that we cannot refrain

from publishing them, though the communication bears a date far later than that at which the purely narrative portion of our work comes to a close.

“Ems, June 8, 1855.

“And what is my good Gusti doing? Is she working as industriously as ever at her singing?

“The chief thing that I have to say, to-day, concerns that part of Friedrich Schmitt’s ‘Singing-school’ of which you wish for an explanation.*

“I do not think you have rightly understood the point. Read the paragraph again, and it will surely become clearer to you.

“Naturally, he does not mean that you are to attack a note twice; but that, before you sound the note, the larynx must be properly prepared in the position in which the forthcoming sound lies, whether high or low. The result of this is a firm attack; and, as soon as you have sounded one note, you must spring so nimbly on all those above—or below it—that no rift can be detected between the sounds; and, in this way, the completion of the phrase is accomplished without a break. For instance, the notes



must so hang together that they make one whole; and this results from binding and striking them, at one and the same time—if I may so express myself—though it is almost impossible to explain this clearly in words. But I have often spoken to my Gusti about this, and shown it to her. It lies in the flexibility of the larynx, and must therefore be practised. Sing your exercise, then, so that this flexibility of the throat may be quickly developed. The attack of the single notes will thus be improved; and the string of notes will follow.”

Madame Goldschmidt is quite right, when she says that “it is almost impossible to explain this clearly, in words.” No one knew, better than she did, that the best ‘Singing-schools’ that ever were published are useless without the aid of a teacher; for until she found a teacher in Signor Garcia, she wandered daily farther and farther from the true path, until, in the end, her

* ‘Grosse Gesang-Schule für Deutschland,’ von Friedrich Schmitt (München, 1854); a work of which Madame Goldschmidt thought so highly, that she permitted her testimonial to be printed in connection with it.

voice but narrowly escaped from utter destruction. When once the truth was pointed out to her, her quick perception and unerring musical instinct enabled her to grasp it at a glance ; and, when once she began to practise upon true principles, the difficulties she had formerly experienced with regard to the method of voice-production were at an end.

On one point she always insisted very strongly. She had an innate hatred of the contortions with which so many vocalists of inferior order disfigure their features when delivering the passages they wish to render most impressive. She was never satisfied with a song, unless the singer "looked pleasant." She regarded singing as a beautiful gift of Nature ; a gift for which those who possess it should feel truly thankful, and proclaim their thankfulness by the expression of their features. She had a horror of careless articulation, even in speaking. And she felt firmly persuaded that the practice of singing, on the true "method," tended to the invigoration of the body, and especially of a weak chest. She even thought that the lives of many persons with a tendency to consumption might have been prolonged, if they had learned to breathe, and sing, in the right way—an opinion which is held by many medical authorities of highest reputation, and the correctness of which is undoubtedly proved by recorded facts.

So deeply penetrated was Madame Goldschmidt with love for her Art, and faith in its ennobling influence, that, to the end of her life, she took the keenest interest in promoting its instruction, upon the true and well-tried principles of the pure Italian School.

The following letter to the late Mr. H. C. Deacon, in whose method of instruction she felt great confidence, is one of the last she wrote upon the subject :—

" Wynd's Point, Colwall, Malvern, July 31st, 1885.

" DEAR MR. DEACON,

" It was very kind of you to let me know about the Examinations.* I am glad to hear that my *sheep* did not badly. If —— would put her mind into her work she might become a singer.

* At the Royal College of Music, where Madame Goldschmidt was then directing the training of the female vocal scholars.

“I can but do my best ; and, with my enormous experience, and a life’s study, I ought to be able to bring out singers.

“Singing is as much moral and mental as it is mechanical. It is the combination of those qualities which alone can form the master and pupil.

“I hope you and Mrs. Deacon are better, and that you will now have some rest.

“Yours sincerely,

“J. L. GOLDSCHMIDT.”

We can scarcely close our present chapter more profitably than by presenting our readers with a summary of the work performed by Mdlle. Lind, in connection with the Operatic Stage, between her first appearance in *Der Freischütz*, on the 7th of March, 1838, and her last, in *Roberto il Diavolo*, on the 10th of May, 1849—a period of little more than eleven years, during which she appeared in 30 Operas, 677 times.

[illegible]

CHAPTER IX.

FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

SWEDEN remained ever the veritable home to which Jenny Lind's heart turned with the affection which is given to no other land but that in which one first draws living breath. "One's heart is in one's own country," she once wrote to an old friend, in her later years, at the time of a visit of the Crown Prince of Sweden to London, "and mine, certainly, is Swedish to the very backbone of my body and soul."

It was, again, in Germany that she found the home of her artistic spirit. There the music in her kindled into its fullest life. There she breathed the air in which her art knew itself to be in its native dwelling-place.

But England was to become the home of her adoption, in whose soil she was to take root. There she was to build herself a home ; to see her children and her grandchildren grow up about her ; and there she was, at last, to find her grave.

And we may well stop, therefore, at the close of our account of her appearances in England, to take note of that which drew her to view this country with special favour and affection ; and to cast a glance, both backward and forward, over those social and domestic ties which now already began to knit her fast to those friends among whom, in after days, she found such intimate companionship.

In doing this, we are still loyal to our purpose of recording the Artist-life of Jenny Lind ; for we have already, at the outset of her career in Stockholm, shown how closely and peculiarly her personal character entered into her artistic effect ; how impossible it was to dissociate the one from the other. The genius which showed itself in her song, was identically the same which discovered itself in her private intercourse. Whether off the stage or on it, it was the same characteristic personality, which

spoke in every detail of her natural life, and was felt alive behind or within every note of her voice. It is essential, therefore, to her portraiture as an artist that she should be known as a woman.

And it is, perhaps, just here that we find something of the secret of that attachment which drew her towards the English and the English towards her. For, as a people, we find it difficult to appreciate Art in the abstract. We want it clothed in flesh and blood ; concrete, personal. We are in haste to relate it to moral and religious considerations, apart from which it is apt to appear to us as a mere pastime. Art that speaks solely in Art's own name always bewilders us. But when it comes to us in the form of one who, like Jenny Lind, illuminates the seriousness of the artist with the inspiration of a pure and noble womanhood, and with the spiritual fervour of one who holds her gifts as a mission from God, then the English people can see and understand what is going forward.

Therefore it was that the effect told straight home on the English public, and they surrendered themselves to her magic with an intensity which belongs to a strong and reserved people who find it difficult to yield, but, when they yield, yield altogether. Mendelssohn was a good prophet when he assured her that she would find in England a welcome of quite peculiar warmth—a welcome that would recognise the special tone of her character. And, in return, she responded to this welcome with enthusiasm. In spite of the ugly incident which beclouded her early appearances, and which revealed to her the coarse grain of a manager like Mr. Bunn, and the passionate malice that agitated much of the operatic world in London, she became exceedingly happy here. “I am charmed, quite beyond words, with England,” she wrote from Clairville, in July, 1847, to her dear friend Madame Wichmann. She made friends quickly ; and she loved the friends she made. And it is of these that we would now speak. For it is in them that we shall see how it was that, in spite of much that she herself had to complain of in us,—in spite of our stupid practicality, our insensibility to artistic ideals, our coldness of manner, our sunless skies,—she yet found here in England a temper that responded to her aspirations, and gave full and encouraging scope to her endowments.

Let us take a look at one or two circles which will specially illustrate the attachments which she formed at this time.

We have already heard much of her alliance with Mrs. Grote, whose friendship for her played a large part in her earliest days among us. The Grotes were fascinated by her ; and they devoted themselves to chaperoning her through that brilliant London Society into which she had been plunged. Mrs. Grote was in the very heart of the literary and musical world. At her house might be found Mendelssohn, Chopin, Thalberg, Lablache. Her husband, the historian of Greece, was in intimate contact with the chief writers and thinkers of the day—with John Stuart Mill, Cornewall Lewis, Milman, Sydney Smith. All that was moving would be heard of, and touched, in the circle into which Mrs. Grote introduced her new friend ; and she was only too eager to take her everywhere and show her everybody.

But that new friend was singularly unlike her busy chaperone. She loathed the bustle and glitter of the big world. She shrank from the public gaze ; she could not endure to be made an object of curiosity. Nor, indeed, could the tempers and minds of the two women have ever fallen closely together. Nothing could be more remote from Jenny Lind's estimates of life than the ideas and principles which reigned in that house. George Grote was the intellectual pupil of James Mill ; he was the depository of the traditions of Benthamism. He was a stiff political economist of the abstract school ; an ardent republican, a hater of churches and creeds. He professed that dry and tough Utilitarianism, which holds Idealists cheap. His wife was a woman of keen and strong intellectual character, delighting in the stir of men and things ; a forcible figure in the thick of the thronging world of cultivated society.

With such intense difference of atmosphere, it is greatly to the credit of Mrs. Grote's kindness, that she succeeded in making Jenny Lind so pleased with her intimacy. She evidently threw herself in, heart and soul, with her young friend's fortunes ; she put her house at her disposal ; she advised and directed her ; she gave up her time to her ; she listened to her confidences ; she introduced her to her many acquaintances ; she took her rides and picnics to Wimbledon, and gave her the free run of the Burnham Cottage, where she could wander freely in the woods, and freshen her voice. She accompanied her on provincial tours, and encompassed her about, in the midst of that hurrying and exciting turmoil, with pleasant companionship. To one, like

Jenny Lind, who was besieged by fears, and suspicions, and dismays, and needed always to feel the succour of friendly advice close at hand, it was everything to have such a constant and kindly refuge to turn to, as Mrs. Grote's house. And that house held in it, also, the presence of one, whose faithful loyalty to her service was invaluable. Edward Lewin, Mrs. Grote's brother, was one of the best and truest friends she ever possessed. He was already well known to her through his sister, Madame Koch, at Stockholm. It was at his house there, that she had appeared in the *Tableaux Vivants*, as St. Cecilia. It was he who went to Vienna, to persuade her to venture on the English journey ; and now that she was come, he patiently attended to her interests ; he looked after her affairs ; he did everything for her that a wise and good man could, in the way of kind-hearted direction, and supervision ; and always with a reserved and unobtrusive devotion, that was as delicate as it was true. He must have done more than any one to smooth her path, and to save her from trouble and blunder, during those two years in England ; and his friendship remained a constant source of comfort and strength to her.

Such was the circle into which she came at the start. But she was very soon to find her way into another home of a very different type, where she passed under influences which affected her whole life and character. She was engaged to sing at Norwich in the September of 1847 ; and in the preceding July she got the letter of invitation, which has already been given,* from the Bishop of Norwich, in which he expresses his desire " to make acquaintance with one whose high character and principles were on a par with her superior talents." In those days, such an invitation to one who was engaged at the Opera, was remarkable enough. English society, and especially English religious society, was strangely and stupidly conventional. The Bishop's act was a striking evidence of the unique position which Jenny Lind had already, from the very beginning, assumed. And it proved to be much more than this. It was an introduction into a household, where she found that affectionate and intimate environment which was so dear to her. Bishop Stanley brought to her the watchful care of a father ; Mrs. Stanley gave to her a motherly devotion, to which she could entrust her tenderest confidences. And, then, there was Mary Stanley, the daughter, her close friend

* Book VII. Ch. IX.

for years, full of character and interest ; and there was Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, the son, whose enthusiasm for her was the spring of an enduring intimacy, which lasted until his death, in the Deanery at Westminster, in 1881.

We have read already the letter in which Arthur Stanley describes, with delicious freshness, her first arrival, in September, 1847.* In that letter, everything has been said that could make vivid the personal impression she produced. We will notice, here, but one little matter in it ; and that is, the startling comparison of her smile to that of Dr. Pusey. The comparison would, no doubt, have surprised no one more than herself. But even those who only knew the face of the great Oxford Doctor in extreme old age, would understand at once the allusion, as they recall the sudden lift of those grey eyebrows, and the beaming kindness of the fatherly outlook from under them, that lit up the whole countenance as with an illumination.

Here, then, in this household, she kindled an interest, and established an intimacy, which had lasting effects upon her future. On the 28th of September, the Bishop wrote a farewell letter to Jenny Lind, which marks the depth and reality of the friendship which these few days had been enough to seal. It will reveal how profoundly the influences, then set moving, entered into the secret places of her life. The letter accompanied portraits of himself and his wife.

“MY DEAR MISS LIND,—

“I am well aware that it is with you a general rule not to accept presents ; but I persuade myself that the enclosed two portraits will be received as an exception, and that when restored to your relatives and friends in your native land, you will, in looking upon them, recall to mind one whose interest in your welfare has been increased tenfold during the few short days you were his guest.

“Believe me, it will be my earnest prayer, that, in the high and perilous position in which you are placed, the God whom you so devotedly serve with such humility and simplicity, may ever bless and protect you, and enable you to carry out more and more the objects you have at heart. Under His guidance, go on and prosper. You have left us ; but we shall never forget you, and I look forward with deep interest to the time when I again

may meet you, as one who has gained the affections of every member of my family : and when I may have further conversation with you on the many subjects of vital importance on which I would willingly have spoken more at large when you were with us. Believe me,

“Yours, very sincerely,
“E. NORWICH.”

There was another Bishop, a guest in the Palace at the time, who both received, and gave, a vital impression. A year and a half later when she returned to Norwich she spoke of the many things said to her by the Bishop of Tasmania, which she had not understood at the time, but had seen the truth of since. His words had clung about her : and they had evidently been on the deep matters of life. And if he had impressed her, she, certainly, in those brief four days, had profoundly stirred him. A letter written to her by him in July, 1849, from Hobart Town, Tasmania, is a touching revelation of the way in which her memory lived with him, amid interests so remote, and so alien. He begins by telling her of his difficulty in addressing her ; for he can no more call her “*Miss Lind*” than he would speak of “*Mr. Shakespeare*,” or “*Mr. Milton*.”

“They are names endeared to English people. And so with you. We know you, esteem you, admire you, and talk of you, as ‘*Jenny Lind*.’ By that name the poor bless you ; and the rich regard you as one who has by her noble example, exalted at once her profession and herself. By that name you are known even in this distant part of the world, 16,000 miles away from your own home. . . . You have had a rare, a most rare gift from God. And He has given you the grace to use it, not merely for your own profit, or the delight of others, but for the suffering children—even as He would have you use it. . . . We may never meet again ; but believe me, dear friend (if I may call you so), I shall never forget you though half the world lies between us, and though it is scarcely possible that I may be permitted to see your face again on earth.

“Believe me,
“Most sincerely your friend,
“F. R. TASMANIA.”

In January, 1849, she was once again at the Palace at Norwich. Mrs. Stanley in a letter to her sister tells how she received a surprise prepared for her by the Bishop.

“She did look so delighted to be here, and when somebody hoped that she would not forget the step up into the library, said, ‘Oh, I have forgotten nothing!’ I took her to her room where the Swedish Bible was open on her dressing-table with the texts inscribed in the Bishop’s best hand. She bent down to read them earnestly; and then opened the book at various places; and then, she returned to the texts, and went slowly over them, drawing her finger emphatically under the words ‘The Lord preserve thy going out and thy coming in, etc.,’ then she broke out into something like Arthur at the Pyrenees, ‘What shall I do? What shall I do?’”

Below the Bishop’s signature in the Bible, he had written out the selected verses, *Psa.* cxxi. 7, 8, and *Phil.* i. 9, 10.*

It is worth while to give all this in detail, in order that we may understand at what level her friendship with the family was pitched. The Bible, with its texts, and its graceful letter, is an index of the depth and the force of the influences which drew her to the Stanleys, and they to her. As we hear of these little tendernesses, as we read the strong words of commendation, as we follow Mrs. Stanley’s affectionate transmission of it all to her listening sister, we can measure what it meant to Jenny Lind to be encompassed with all the home intimacies which she held so dear, and, above all, to find that those intimacies of the heart were so closely concerned with the spiritual fortunes of the soul. She thoroughly sympathised with this high language, which held the religious interests of life so near to the surface, and inwove them into the common texture of daily intercourse. It was a house entirely to her mind, with its warm sympathies, and its simple, earnest pieties. Here is Mrs. Stanley’s report to her sister at the end of this visit:

“Her future will be most interesting to watch. There is such a depth of veneration in her, such a reverence for all that is holy, such capabilities of love and devotion. She said she had no wish to make more friends, she had enough; and her manner is that of preventing any intimacy. One very remarkable thing, which did not strike me till afterwards, is that she treats her superiors as we do royalty—never originates anything, never speaks first, never comes to sit down by you. To her equals and inferiors

* “The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, etc.”—*Psalm* cxxxi. 7, 8.
“And this I pray, that your love may abound, etc.”—*Philippians* i. 9, 10.

nothing could be more courteous or frank. She never speaks of herself, never appears to think of herself; she has just that self-forgetting earnestness about everything, which is *the* desideratum in —. I was glad, however, to hear her say that though she never kept a journal, her memory was strong, and that there was nothing that had ever happened to her of which she had not a most distinct recollection. To some one who was speaking of the world she said, 'The world is one great lie.' Yesterday, Mr. Richmond, the artist, dined here; and it was beautiful to hear him speak of her; it was just with that same appreciation of the peculiar charm of her character and countenance that Mr. Lawrence had; but he said that he would himself shrink from the attempt to paint her . . .

"All our previous impressions of her have been confirmed, and all change in her is for the better."

Madame Salis-Schwabe was another friend in whose house she was made at home, and with whom grew up, during these same years, a lasting and confidential intimacy. Her husband, a rich manufacturer at Manchester, was a man of culture, a refined, and cultivated musician, full of both religious and philanthropic interest. They received Jenny Lind at the time of her visit to Manchester; they invited her to their beautiful place on the Menai Straits. To Madame Schwabe she spoke and wrote freely of things that were on her mind. Already, in 1848, they were on most affectionate terms; and, evidently, from the fun that came bubbling out in the letters, Jenny Lind felt herself to be thoroughly understood, so that she could write with unhindered freedom. Madame Schwabe, too, was a relative of a young pianist of Hamburg, in whose fortunes Jenny Lind had already taken a warm interest, "a very amiable young man, who, certainly, has much talent and much feeling," as she writes in August, 1848, to her friend. His name was Otto Goldschmidt.

Two other friends there were, who, in 1849, called out her special affection—Baroness French, and her daughter Georgina. Her letters to them brim over with touching fondness; and it is delightful to see in them her strong feelings struggling through the English language, which she is determined to use, however uncertain her control over it.

"I don't know if you can understand my miserable English," she writes to Miss French, "but I prefer to write ever so bad

English than the very best French !” “I feel a great deal for you, my dear Miss French. And as I can never change when I once love a person, you may be assured that I shall always and for ever be yours truly affectionate,

“JENNY LIND.”

In these letters comes out that anxious clinging to the love of those of whom she was fond, which was noticeable in her. She is in suspicion lest it should be withdrawn from her ; she needs reassurance of its survival. Was it her harsh experiences in childhood which had left in her this note of fear, lest she should find herself forgotten ?

“Take not away, I entreat you, your kindness and friendship towards me, dear lady,” she writes to the Baroness, “and be assured that I think of you, and remember you with true and sincere affection ! My sister-love and sister-blessing to Miss Georgina. Send me sometimes a few words which tell me about your health and happiness. For such kindness my heart will always feel thankful !”

There are many passages, in these letters, full of the same tender longings. We have touched on them just to illustrate both the intensity of her personal affection, which flowed out with the enthusiasm of a child towards those whom she felt congenial ; and also the pathetic anxiety which seemed to plead against the dreaded relapse into the loneliness of her wandering dramatic career. As she wrote from Paris, “she needed much love.” Yet she found it hard to wholly shake off a haunting distrust of the love given her, as if it was too good and precious a boon to endure.

These letters reveal, also, how intimate, and how loving were the ties that now knit her to the English. Not only had the public welcome been all that Mendelssohn had foretold, but behind that, she had found an entry into hearts which responded eagerly to her own. She felt herself cherished and nourished ; the fountains of affection were freely opened, and she drank at them with thankful delight. True, there was no home that could surpass, in dearness, and in comfort to her soul, that house of the Wichmanns in Berlin, whither her deepest confidence still turned to rest. But yet we can see that there was much in

England to explain the burst of enthusiasm with which she closes a letter, written in 1850, from Lübeck to Madame Salis-Schwabe, after a delightful wandering in Central Europe.

“Ah! Meran! how splendid, how divine it is there! And Switzerland too! how lovely and magnificent! But nowhere can I find England again! I love England with all my soul, and I long to be there again!”

BOOK IX.

FRUITION.

CHAPTER I.

WHY DID JENNY LIND LEAVE THE STAGE ?

How many times has that question been asked ! Who that has ever heard of her, has failed, at some moment or other of his interest in her story, to ask it ?

And, indeed, it is no light question to ask ; to answer it, one must go down to the very roots of her mental life. For it was, in her case, not merely the withdrawal of a great singer from the special field in which she had won her triumphs. Such an one might still have full opportunity of exercising her gift. Jenny Lind herself was to find a noble sphere in the concert-room, in the Oratorio ; she never reaped a more amazing success, nor kindled a more rapturous emotion, than in that historic American tour which followed her withdrawal from the stage.

But she was not only a singer. She was a Dramatic genius of the first rank. It was the combination of this dramatic force with her wonderful song which constituted her unique pre-eminence. This was her natural vocation ; it had been her familiar arena from early childhood. She had been bred up in it ; she knew its innermost secrets. She possessed the genuine power of transposing her whole personality into a character. She had the magnetic influence which penetrated her audience through and through with her interpretation of the part which she was playing. And all this she sacrificed—sacrificed utterly and for ever, by her own act, her own solitary will, while yet a girl, at the supreme moment of her fame, in the teeth of plea and protest from a desperate public and imploring managers.

Why, then, was it? What were her motives?

At least, it is clear that it was due to no impatient impulse or wilful mood. It was the issue of a deliberate intention, slowly and steadily built up out of her experience, grounded upon her deepest personal conviction. It is this that we must first recognise; and to do so we must go back behind the actual date at which her story now stands, and dig out the earlier years of this her resolution. It will then be seen that the resolution grew parallel with the growth of her European fame. There appear to be no traces of it left in her written records, so long as she was winning her triumphs at home, in Stockholm, or in the neighbouring Copenhagen. In Paris, under Garcia, she was taking close and eager interest in her dramatic profession, watching the Parisian stage for hints and suggestions, noting and contrasting the acting capacities of Rachel and herself.* She spoke then of a strong desire to feel the boards again under her feet. Everything indicates that she was then looking forward to an Operatic career as her natural profession, and was spending pains upon her histrionic as well as upon her musical education. On her return, she threw herself into her parts with unhindered freedom; there is no hint of a recoil.

When, then, can this recoil from the stage be first detected? At a most remarkable moment. It is in the full swing of her first Continental successes: it is in the very heart of her intense enjoyment of the superb opportunities that were suddenly opening out before her. It is on the Rhine, in the September of that great year of her Berlin triumphs, 1845, that we, for the first time, encounter the motive to leave the stage in a positive shape; and, what is most noticeable, is that already, at this earliest manifestation of it, it has taken the form of a fixed and definite determination.

We hear of it from Mrs. Grote's MS. *Memoir*, whom, it will be remembered, she met at Frankfort for the first time during that September. To her, she quietly confided her intention. She spoke of her intense dislike to the *entourage* which a theatre necessitated; of the exhausting fatigue involved in dramatic singing; of the physical risks; and over against all this distracting environment, she set her own simple tastes and humble needs.

* Book II. Ch. II., p. 77.

Mrs. Grote, as she listened to the tale of trouble, evidently felt that this intense distaste for the character of the life came from no superficial worry, but belonged both to the physical and spiritual realities of her nature. She sums up her conclusions in her private Note-book :—

“Owing to a highly excitable nervous temperament,” she writes, “she appears to be ill-suited to the conflicts which attend a triumphant career, and will, I fear, cut short her scenic life and retire to Sweden to lead a quiet and tranquil existence as soon as she has the means of doing so.”*

Evidently, the writer of these words was sure that this intention sprang out of no transitory mood of Jenny Lind. All its outlines are steadily fixed ; and Mrs. Grote as she listens, sees reason to fear that it will most certainly be carried out.

And, moreover, Mrs. Grote recognises the reality of the reasons given. She evidently agrees that this nervous structure *is* too excitable to bear the strain of a triumphant career. She fears for the loss to the stage of gifts so delicious ; but she cannot deny or refute the cogency of the justification.

And, then, the reasons ! They are suggested, here, in their most natural and most frequent form ; and they well bear special notice, for they mean much. It is not the drama as such, which is condemned. She sees nothing wrong or disreputable in it. It is only the conditions which belong to a triumphant dramatic career which seem to her so intolerable, as she looks from out of the midst of the turmoil of a Continental tour back to quiet memories of her Swedish home. We can imagine what it would mean to her—this incessant irritation of the *entourage*, acting upon nerves that were already lacerated by exhaustion.

And then, is not the phrase in which Mrs. Grote sums up the significance of what she heard, full of obvious force ? The European triumph had thrust her out into the public arena. She would now have to push her way forward in the very thick of that rough battle which the fierce competition of the theatrical world made inevitable. No wonder, that a profound recoil should have, now, taken place, as the full pressure of a Continental

* From Mrs. Grote's Note-book. Cf. the record of it in the MS. Memoir of the life of Jenny Lind, Book IV., Ch. VIII.

career broke out upon her! Who can fail to give intelligible meaning to the "conflicts that attend" on such a career? Who can doubt the strain that it would throw on her "nervous structure"? We have seen her temperament, we know its ideal cast, its lofty tone, its sacrificial flame, its haughty purity. How would it ever endure the fret, and the worry, the fever, and the sting, of those petty jealousies, those angry spites, those mean competitions which, by some sad fate, seem bound to swarm about the green-room of a theatre, and, perhaps with even special fury, beset the musical drama?

And, then, there is the wretched finance! This delicate, nervous artistic life of the drama is all netted in the meshes of mercantile speculation. It is being *exploité*; it must be made to pay. It is in the hands of those for whom it is a remunerative enterprise, a financial concern. Each individual gift has its price, each has to come into the market; each artist feels himself the prisoner, or the prey, of some commercial transaction. That which should be a temple of art is turned into a house of merchandise, even if it escapes becoming a "den of thieves." Such a situation is inevitable to the theatrical career. But what a bitter warfare for such a one as Jenny Lind to find herself waging—she, who held her voice as a boon from God, endowing her with a prophetic mission! What fretful disputes! What weary wranglings! What pettiness of detail! How she would loathe it! Every fibre of her frame would repudiate these narrow and nasty necessities. Nor was she happy in her management of such affairs. As we have seen, in the Bunn incident, which was agitating her so profoundly at the very moment of her interview with Mrs. Grote, she was apt to hastily rush into a bond; and, then, at once, to regret it, and, perhaps, attempt to undo it. She would consult, and take advice, and be persuaded; and, then, react afterwards, and desert the advice which she had accepted. All this was natural enough for a young girl driven to fight for her own hand, amid the mob of managers, of strange tongues, and peoples, competing for the chance of driving a good bargain with her, of reaping a profit out of her. It was natural enough for a spiritual genius, beating about in unknown waters, tangled in alien winds. How could she comprehend the rigidities of business? But, natural and intelligible though it were, it was bound to bring her trouble

which might well make her sicken of a career which involved matters so odious, and so disturbing.*

Moreover, she was already tired of the incessant strain involved in the very act of performing. She had been hard at it for so long. She had known all that its richest successes could bring her, ever since childhood: and the uproar of applause could throw no deceptive glamour over all the painful and exhausting fatigues, that are inevitable in a career which draws so desperately upon the emotional resources, and which must be subject to such violent recoils as the drained forces slowly recuperate themselves.

And then, in vivid antithesis to this warfare of a public career, there was the hope of tranquillity in Sweden. Here was a most forcible factor in the decision. Throughout all that period in Germany, we have heard notes of her home-sickness. Again and again, it comes over her, as we have seen, like a veritable illness.† She had nothing in her of the Bohemian. At the root of her innermost being, lay the domestic instinct—the craving for the security of fixed and sure family life. And how lonely, in contrast, was that restless pilgrimage over Europe which was the normal condition of her theatrical life! True, she had a wonderful way of winning admittance, at each city, into some private house, where she was surrounded with affection. But yet how transitory all such visits must be! Ever she must hurry on,—she and her one companion, to fulfil engagements in this strange place and in that; there was no rest for her feet; no constant refuge into which to retreat. All was in movement; nothing stood still. She was never more than a passing guest.

As we picture the dismal instability, the arid homelessness of such a wandering existence, we can hardly wonder that all the splendour of her triumphant career could never expel or stifle in her the passionate desire to escape and be at peace, in some tranquil harbour amid the home waters—some still and unchanging retreat nestling under the familiar pines.

This deep and passionate longing showed itself, during the

* Let any one who ever knew Jenny Lind, turn to a book such as 'The Mapleson Memoirs' (London 1888); let him learn there, in its rollicking gossip, the characters, the conditions, with which theatrical management concerns itself: and his chief wonder will, surely, be how she tolerated such an environment for a single day.

† Book V., Ch. I., p. 213.

very time of which we are now speaking, in two most remarkable letters, already quoted in this work, which will prove how deliberate her intention had become. In the letter written on November 24th, 1845, to Madame Erikson, it will be remembered that she says :

“I wonder if I dare let out that next autumn I shall come home quite quietly, and settle down, caring nothing for the world. You will call this a crime ; but please reflect how difficult it is to stand all this roving about, *alone, alone*,—ever to have to rely on my own judgment, and, besides, so absorbed in my rôles. Oh, it is not easy !”*

And to Josephson she wrote on December 1st, 1845, in the very thrill of the joyful excitement at her growing powers, and at her frequent meetings with Mendelssohn :

“I have the old home-sickness all the same ! And my only wish is to get into quietude away from the stage. And a year hence I go home, and remain at home, my friend ! Ah ! how I shall enjoy life ! Ah ! peace is the best that there is !”

Always the moments of European success are those at which this note of home most emphatically occurs. Here, for instance, is an illustration—one more added to the many already familiar to us. It occurs in a beautiful letter of hers, written from London, in June, 1847, to a young friend in Sweden, Miss Behrens, now Madame Lamm, who had lived on the opposite side of the courtyard, in the Bonde Palace, when Jenny Lind lived there with the Lindblads. They used to talk to each other by the open windows : and, now, Miss Behrens has sent her a drawing of her old window in the courtyard. She writes in return, out of the very heart of her London triumphs :

“MY GOOD KIND FANNY,

“You must not conclude, from my long silence, that I have forgotten you. I cannot do that, with any one to whom my heart has, at any time, been drawn ; nor could I become cold and indifferent towards them.

* Book IV., Ch. X., p. 174.

"Thanks, my good Fanny, for the dear little drawing you sent me. I only wish I could fully express the pleasure it has given me.

"It appears to me to be a sacred act to stand in thought before that window, where I have stood so often : and to go over, in spirit, all that time I lived behind it. For the people with whom I lived then (I mean, the Lindblads) are, and will remain for ever the dearest to me on earth, and the best objects of all my thoughts !

"And you will now meet them soon !

"How are you, yourself ? Are you still the same child as of yore ? With the laughter as then ? And are you conscious of your good luck ? Do you know what it means to be 'at home' ?

"Thank God, I shall now soon come back to it ; for where the heart is, there the whole self yearns to be. I am right grateful to God for having preserved in my breast this love for my native land ; for it might have happened that I never again should have wished for Sweden after the heavenly—yes ! the heavenly career which I have had. If you knew, Fanny, what a sensation of the nearness of a higher power one instinctively feels, when one is permitted to contribute to the good of mankind, as I have done, and still do ! Believe me, it is a great gift of God's mercy !

"I am in excellent health ; and have been so ever since I set foot on foreign soil ; and this I look upon as the greatest of many gifts.

"But the paper is coming to an end—so I end also. Farewell, until we meet again ! and greet thy parents from yours affectionately,

"JENNY LIND."

"Do you still have the same room ?"

There is the secret of her heart laid open—its instinctive, its solemn, its religious hold on home-affections. This it is which does so much to create the passionate desire for withdrawal from that sad, lonely pilgrimage, as of a stranger and a sojourner, which the Drama necessitates.

We have sketched the inner temper with which she came to her determination. Let us now trace out, by more exact steps, the growth of the resolution to act.

The desire, then, was present in her, during the autumn of 1845. Already, by December, it had taken a fixed and deliberate form. We can pursue it unfailingly after this, point by point. Let us follow on its track.

On July 4th, 1846, she writes to her dear friend to whom she opened her soul so often, Madame Amalia Wichmann :

"I am fully determined, that next summer, or at the very latest, next autumn, I will leave the stage. I will meanwhile make use of the interval ; and if I could, indeed, get things so arranged this spring, it might be wiser to nurse up my powers for the approaching winter"

Here we have her resolutely scheming how to bring about her determination ; she is engaged in fixing the dates. Everything is rapidly settling itself in her mind.

Again, we have already read a letter written on her birthday from Frankfort, to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, which gives exact precision to her determination.

"I am longing to get away from the stage. I think, now, that I shall be ready in six months. I cannot do otherwise : it is stronger than I."*

In the November that followed the writing of this letter, it would seem that her Berlin friends were alarmed at her resolution, and the result was a letter of strong appeal to her from the influential critic of the *Voss'sche Zeitung*, Herr Rellstab, whose high opinion of her we already know. The letter is lost ; but it was one that (she confesses) greatly pleased her : and it was, no doubt, one which put, in the most forcible and effective manner possible, the claim which the world had to enjoy the manifestation of dramatic gifts so special and so elevating as her own. But in a letter to Madame Wichmann, written on November 28th, from Carlsruhe, in which she mentions having received this appeal from Rellstab, she still says : "For all that, I am firm." The considerations, then, so many and so strong, which should keep her on the stage, have already been laid before her, in as masterful and earnest a form, probably, as they could ever be thrown into ; and, yet, though she has weighed them, she is not moved.

On January 20th, 1847, she writes a charming letter from Vienna, introducing Schumann and Madame Schumann, in the

* Cf. Book VI., Ch. I., p. 238.

warmest terms, to the favour of the Wichmanns ;* in which she ends—

“Yes ! when shall I see you again ! Ah ! how this longing for peace grows in me beyond all bounds ! But time flies on fast : and, surely, no creature were ever so utterly happy as I,—if only I were free !”

That longing, that was rising in her beyond all bounds, came, we must remember, in the very heart of one of her most bewildering hours of dramatic glory. The enthusiasm for her at Vienna rose even to frenzy. There was nothing that was not possible for her, there : everything was at her feet. But, for all that, it cannot check her deep desire for peace.

“Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound ;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now, peace laps her round.”

Again from Vienna, on February 13th, came an eager, and indignant reassertion of her will. Madame Wichmann has heard a rumour that she is meditating an engagement at Paris ; and the answer she gets is clear enough :

“MY VERY DEAREST !

“What is it that has come to you ? *I go to Paris ?* Never, in my life ! Who can have told you this ? And how should I ever have bound myself to such a decision, without telling you !

“They have, indeed, made me every kind of proposal from Paris—but not for one second, did I ever think of it !

“From off the stage I go ! I have no other want in the world than that !”

Nothing, then, disturbs her intention. In 1847 it will be remembered, how strongly she asserts to Her Majesty, as she speaks with her after the private concert at Buckingham Palace, her resolution to leave the stage.† Evidently her London successes, happy as she was in them, had done nothing to shake her resolution.

In October when, as we know, she was singing at Berlin, it

* Cf. Book VI., Ch. III.

† Cf. Book VII., Ch. VIII., p. 295.

was with the clear and general understanding that it was the last time of her appearance on the stage there.*

On November 4th, Mendelssohn died. How much that meant to her, we know already. His purity, his exaltation, his fervour thrilled her into high response. And, then, his belief in her was a perpetual appeal to her to trust her great gift, to put out all its powers, to live for her Art, as in holy service. Through him, too, she had entered on those higher levels of the Oratorio, into which she could pour without hindrance her full spiritual force. But we cannot resist asking how this influence of his bore on her present intention. In pressing her to the work of Oratorio, was he consciously working for her withdrawal from the Opera? It would appear to have been wholly otherwise: for we have already seen that he was still, to the very end, possessed with the hope that he might achieve an Opera which she could interpret. So far was he, then, from fostering her determination to abandon the stage, that he had, it would seem, hoped for a development of her powers there, in which he might assist. What would have been the issue of such an attempt if it had succeeded? Would it have led further? No one can say. But, now, he is gone: and she looks out, from her old home, towards that Europe which is now empty for her of its mightiest presence, of its noblest life: and she finds herself strangely calm,—calm with the wonderful security and sweetness of home.

She is surprised, herself, at her own content. The suspicion that, after all the brilliant turmoil of Continental glory, it should seem tame and poor, disproves itself. She sees opportunities of work which will fully occupy her. All this had its effect in deepening her resolution, in confirming her desire for peace. And yet, the particular work itself which she chiefly "set herself to do," was not quite what we might have expected. For was it not the endowment of the Theatre School? And how could this chime in with her purpose of leaving the stage? Here she is, bending her mind to the training of others for the career which she was herself longing to abandon. She is trying to save poor children from her own earlier experiences; but she is making their road smoother towards that life from which her own later experience was compelling her to recoil. How did she quite reconcile this double-mind?

* Cf. Book VIII., Ch. I., p. 310.

Probably, the changes that came over this her scheme, as she worked it out, represent the gradual sense of this cross-purposing. But, at any rate, it remains absolutely certain that, at the time she purposed to assist the Theatre School, she had no moral reproach whatever to make against the drama itself : or against the profession of acting. This can have been, in no degree, the reason for her own withdrawal. It is important to keep her motives clear. She had a profound sense of its dangers—of the thorns that beset its roses : but she passes no condemnation on it itself.

There was, however, another circumstance, besides the interest of the Theatre School, which might have been expected to colour, to some degree, her decision about the stage. She had, as we already know, at the close of this season in Stockholm, become engaged to Herr Julius Günther.* This engagement meant a great deal to her. On her return to London, almost immediately after the exchange of rings, she spoke of it to Mrs. Grote with great enthusiasm ; and, in the Note-book, in its record of a picnic at Wimbledon, Mrs. Grote writes : “ Jenny talked with me for a whole hour about Günther.”

But Herr Günther was the tenor at the Theatre Royal. His whole life was cast with the Opera. Such an engagement must, at least, have suggested closer ties between herself and the theatrical world, which she was so bent on abandoning. And we cannot but wonder how such a marriage, if it had taken place, would have suited the resolution which it is our main object to discuss. The Theatre, and its interests, and its fortunes, would have been kept close at hand, encompassing her about with constant insistence. But, whatever the external likelihood of this, there is no sign that her gladness in the engagement produced any wavering in her will.

She passed through her second brilliant London season with the firm conviction that it was to be her last. And happy as that season was, there can be little doubt that, deep within her, the religious convictions, which her English surroundings fostered and developed, were steadily increasing their hold upon her : and, as their pressure grew, her repugnance to the theatrical mode of life, to the fever and restlessness of the dramatic career, grew also, and bred in her a yet deeper longing for the spiritual peace

* Cf. Book VIII., Chapter II.

of privacy and home. All this would be continually backed by the encouragement of her new companion, Mdle. Ahmansson, by whose strong piety she was much impressed, and who would always be throwing her influence into the scale against the Opera. So it worked : it began to tell deeply upon her thought, and feeling, and speech ; and, as it did so, it began to disturb her hopes of the future. For it drew her on to ground with which Herr Günther, far away at Stockholm, had no familiarity, or sympathy. It is not for us to enter upon such private affairs. Enough to say that, throughout this period, the letters that passed between them seem to have revealed more and more divergence in spirit and in aim ; until, by the autumn, it had become clear to both, that a union was becoming less and less possible. There was not sufficient harmony between them, as to the motives and principles by which life should be directed. And, at Dublin, which she reached, in her provincial tour, on October 8th, the crisis came : the engagement was broken off by the consent of both.

Here, then, ended the prospect of a marriage which, though it would never have broken her decision to leave the stage, would have, at any rate, linked her with its fortunes and surroundings. There could be no doubt, now, that when the separation came, it would be complete. And, by force of circumstance, it happened that the next pressure, which fell upon her from outside, tended to emphasise the completeness of this proposed separation. It came upon her in this fashion. During the provincial tour, recorded in Book VIII., Chap. V. (p. 338), she went to Newcastle, accompanied by Mrs. Grote ; and stayed there, in the house of Mr. Joseph Grote, brother of the historian. Mr. Joseph Grote had a brother-in-law staying in the house, a young captain in the Indian army, called Claudius Harris, who was, entirely, mastered by the charm and the goodness of the wonderful singer, whom he found to be so startlingly unlike anything that he had been ever accustomed to associate with the stage. He followed her, with the enthusiasm of youth, to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin. But she was touched by finding that they had religious interests in common.

Later on, towards the winter, she was singing at Bath, which was his home : and she took the opportunity of calling upon his mother and sister, and of asking after him. He immediately rushed there from Mrs. Grote's cottage at Burnham Beeches,

where he was staying : saw her frequently : and, soon after, pressed his claim upon her affections. True to her Swedish training, she told him as soon as he made his offer, that " he must tell his mother ; " and when he said, " Do not be angry with me : I have already talked to her about it," she felt the true Swedish delight in this recognition of the parent's authority.

Unluckily, this readiness to consult his mother had its dangers, as well as its gains, as she was, afterwards, to find to her cost.

For he had been brought up in a strict Evangelical system, which thrust the stage outside the pale of religion. His mother had a strong influence over him ; and to her the drama itself was a thing to be condemned and avoided. " She detested," we are told, " acting, actors, and actresses." Thus Jenny Lind's splendid dramatic powers wore to him, probably, the character of perilous temptations, rather than of gifts from God.

It was on this last point that collision was inevitable. It was one thing for her to find the conditions of theatrical life intolerable ; it was quite another to have the moral rectitude of her entire career challenged in any way. And it is most important for us, in defining her motive in leaving the stage, to see how her happiness in this engagement was gone, so soon as it became clear to her that she was asked not merely to abandon her profession, but to be ashamed of it. At first, this difference of motive did not disclose itself. When she stayed at Norwich, in January, 1849, she spoke to Mrs. Stanley of the engagement with a quiet confidence in the prospect before her.

" I want a support. I am quite alone," she said, " and just when I want help, the finger of God brings me this heart that can feel with me about all works of charity, just as I do. I never could marry any one who did not think with me about this : I should say to him ' Good-bye ! good-bye ! ' "

" We wish," she said again, " to live quiet and uninterrupted somewhere. I want to be near trees ; and water ; and a cathedral. I am tired, body and soul ; but my soul *most* ! More my soul than my body ! We are to be married on the 7th of March " (the anniversary of the *début* as Agatha).

She was rejoicing in the feeling that the decision, which had been making for years, was now finally sealed. " She was free," she kept repeating to Mrs. Stanley ; she was never to sing on the

stage again. Yet she was dreading how far she might be worked upon to save her old manager, and his people from ruin.

What had her Norwich friends to advise, at this crisis of her abandonment of the stage? It has been made absolutely clear, by what we have seen, that they had nothing whatever to do with initiating her intention. It stood firm, and decisive, long before she reached England, or knew them. Nor had they anything to do with bringing it to a head. The crisis with Her Majesty's Theatre had already taken a violent stage before they learned it from her lips. Their conversation with her, at her earliest visit, had all turned on her power to purify the drama by her influence, and example. That was her hope. "*Voilà ce que j'espère!*" she had exclaimed; and they had strongly encouraged her in this high aim.* It had been all on a different tack, then; and her deep desire to leave the whole career behind sprang from sources utterly independent of the Norwich influence.

But now that the desire has issued in act, now that the resolution is taken, no doubt, the weight of the Stanleys' inclinations would all go to back it. The Bishop had, indeed, bravely broken though the conventional scruples of religious people in receiving at his palace, as a friend, one fresh from the boards. Mrs. Stanley had a hearty, and intelligent appreciation of Jenny Lind's dramatic powers, as she shows by a most sympathetic account of her acting in the *Sonnambula*. Nevertheless, the old Evangelical tradition was strong; it is felt even in the cordial records of the intimacy which sprang up between the whole family and Jenny Lind. When, then, she confided to them her resolution, they could not but sympathise, and approve. Thus, in her conflict with Lumley and his protestations, she would have behind her the full support of the Stanleys' affectionate friendship.

So it stood. The situation might seem to be a clear one.

But, nevertheless, a storm of trouble fell upon her. The storm broke through the concerts which were to be her compensation to despairing Lumley.

We have heard already the story of the concerts: how the first fell so far short of its expected effect, that she was compelled to modify her resolution if she was ever to save Lumley's finances; and how she, in-order to redeem her pledge to him, offered him six last performances on the stage. It was this offer, which

* Cf. Book VII., Ch. IX.

brought to the front the intense repugnance felt to the stage itself by Captain Harris and his relations, and she found herself forced to choose between her lover's refusal to consent to these appearances, and her word given to Lumley. What was she to do?

Most providentially, at this critical juncture she suddenly won the help of a most wise and resolute adviser. Mr. Nassau Senior, the well-known writer, and at that time a Master in Chancery, and a close personal friend of Mrs. Grote's, had been asked by that lady to put his legal knowledge at the service of Jenny Lind, in the anxious matter of marriage settlements. This he had already done in the month of February; and now, on the 16th of April, 1849, he found a letter from her, transmitted through Mrs. Grote, asking to see him. He went the next day to her cottage, and after she had walked up and down the room for some time without speaking, she sat down opposite him and fixed on him steadfastly for a minute or two "her wonderful grey eyes" (as he calls them), and at last asked him if he could stay a couple of hours. He stayed; and she poured out to him the whole story—how she was pressed by people who, according to her own graphic delineation, "think the theatre a temple of Satan, and all the actors priests of the Devil," how they required of her "not only to abandon her profession, but to be ashamed of it,"—"to go down to Bath, among people who care for nothing but clergymen and sermons, as a sort of convert or penitent." In the meantime "poor Lumley and my colleagues tell me that it is ungrateful in me, after having acquired such fame as an actress, to desert the stage as if it were a disgrace;—that if I do so, then, instead of raising the profession, as I had hoped to do, I shall sink it lower, as I shall seem to fly from it like a degradation."

We see, in all this, how the artist, and the woman, were battling within her. Here was love brought very near to her; but yet the love clashed with every instinct that made her an artist. To follow it, was to turn her whole past history, into which she had herself thrown such lofty motives, such pure inspirations, such religious elevation, into a reproach, a scandal. It would make a breach in the continuity of her life; it would set her at war with herself. No wonder that she cried, "I see that, any way, all my happiness is gone for ever."

But Mr. Nassau Senior brought to bear upon the situation the excellent experience of a wise lawyer. He was absolutely clear that, under the circumstances, her first duty was to fulfil her engagement to Lumley, and, if Captain Harris treated that as a sufficient reason for separation, then to break off the marriage, which was bound to be so obviously unsuitable.

She saw this to be the true course ; and, she, finally, signed a letter, addressed to Mr. Senior, begging him to see Mrs. Harris, and to tell her that, after consulting her friends, she found that they considered her bound, in honour, to her profession, to the public, and to Mr. Lumley, to perform for a few nights at the Opera ; that, if Mr. Harris considered his principles to be hurt or dishonoured by this,—then she could not be responsible for the consequences.

Even this letter did not quite end matters. Captain Harris after all persuaded himself to agree to the six performances ; and Mr. Senior was called in, not to convey ultimatums, but to draw up settlements ; the marriage itself was fixed for May 16—by special licence. But, then, with the settlements, the old bitter question reappeared. Though she was, herself, determined, as we well know, to leave the stage for ever, yet her adviser naturally refused to make this a legal condition of the settlement. His client ought *not* to be fettered. As a woman with a profession, and owning money, she was bound to be left free ; she must be given full liberty to use her vocal powers as she thinks fit. There could not be an express proviso against her ever acting. And moreover, it was also imperative that, apart from the question of the stage, she should have full power to make her own engagements to sing, and complete control over the disposition of her own earnings. This, as we know, was a vital matter, according to her mind. To her, her earnings were a sacred trust for which she was answerable. So her adviser insisted. Captain Harris could not agree to this. The freedom demanded for the wife, seemed to him “unscriptural.”

Mr. Senior was leaving for Paris on May 10th with Mrs. Grote ; but, before going, he earnestly recommended Mdle. Lind to allow no change in the settlements, out of which he had already expunged every word against which any complaint could be made ; and he begged her, if all was broken off, to come, without a day's delay, straight to Mrs. Grote at Paris, where she would find

counsel and comfort, without which, in her loneliness, she could not stand.

Off to Paris, to Maison Fenci, in the Champs Elysées, he went with Mrs. Grote, to await anxiously the issue. Letters arrived on the 13th, the 14th, and the 15th, which, though full of fluctuations, and uncertainties, spoke of negotiations, conducted by Mrs. Stanley, which ended in a mutual release of both from the engagement.

But, even now, would she be firm in her promise to leave London, and come to Paris? Anyhow, a room was got ready; and, on the 16th itself, at about seven in the evening, when Mrs. Grote was sitting, with a headache, over the fire, there was a tap at the door, and in came Jenny Lind.

She had got her passport the moment after her decision had been taken, and had come as fast as steam could carry her. She was free; and free in a manner honourable to both. She seemed to pant chiefly for rest; she felt tired "to her very bones."

* For our account of this affair, we are greatly indebted to a private record made by Mr. Senior, which the kindness of his daughter, Mrs. Simpson, has allowed us to see and use.

CHAPTER II.

WANDERINGS AT EASE.

WE have, now, reached the date at which we broke off the story of our heroine, after her farewell to the Opera, while we paused to recall her social intimacies in England, and, then, to recover the thread of those inward motives, which led, from far back in her life, to her final act in abandoning the stage. We are, now, in full possession of her mind and can set out, once again, with her, on the path along which her career, for the future, carries her. It is needless to enter upon the inward troubles that necessarily followed the severe crisis through which she has passed. Gradually her old self stole back to her. She began to delight in the scenery of Paris, which, in May, is enchanting. She had long walks in the Tuileries, and drives in the Bois de Boulogne ; and "could have listened for hours," writes Mr. Senior, "to the nightingales. She has paid great attention to the habits of singing-birds, and told us stories of their shyness and coquetry and of the manner in which she used to get them to sing by pretending not to attend to them."* She called on Meyerbeer ; she gave a musical lesson every morning to a Swedish girl, Miss Ebeling.

She sang for an hour at the piano, at a five o'clock tea, ending with the farewell song in the *Vestale*. "You have sometimes asked me which is my best part—it is the *Vestale*," she said to Mr. Senior. She went to the *Prophète*, but got quickly tired of it, and came home after the second act. She sang one evening at the house of the Swedish minister, exciting, according to Mrs. Grote's diary, "the most extravagant admiration."

Altogether, she found herself enjoying the blessed sense of freedom from anxiety and the hurry of work, and was beginning to welcome the many experiences which Paris could give. But,

* From private record of Mr. Nassau Senior.

suddenly, in June, a sad event threw her into grief. She had met Madame Catalani, and had sung to her in a way that delighted that renowned singer ; * but, on Mrs. Grote calling to leave cards, before their departure from Paris, Madame Catalani was found to be dead, stricken suddenly of cholera. Mdlle. Lind was profoundly distressed ; the shock quite unnerved her ; she could not rest until they had all got away from Paris, and its horrible cholera.

It was thus that the whole party fled to Amiens, including her guardian, Judge Munthe, who had come from Stockholm to consult and advise. With him she continued her journey through Brussels to Cologne. And here a crisis occurred, which she shall tell in her own words. They were written in a long letter, to Madame Wichmann, from Schlangenbad, July 11, which shall be given almost entire ; for it reviews the whole matter which we have been following out, and it reveals her inner feelings and convictions after all that she had gone through. It begins by many apologies for not writing before.

“ Really I could write volumes ! But it is just this which makes writing, to me, so detestable—that, in reality, one can convey so little by it ! I have lately gone through much, my dearest Amalia, and should like to recount it to you from my innermost heart ; but not to put it all down on paper Things and experiences approached me which deeply affected my peace of mind. Everything in my innermost heart remained undecided for a long time. I did not know what to write. I was very near to marrying. But again it came to nothing ; and I believe this was the best, for there were things that did not please me, and I should probably not have been made happy.

“ Oh dear ! I am once more myself : and I feel that I have many other duties, and great duties, to fulfil towards others—though the finest, the most sacred of all—I mean, a mother’s love, is forbidden—nay ! denied to me !

“ I could have wished for this feeling : for it would have given me the resting-place, of which I stand in need : and where, I fancy, I could have achieved something good, owing to the varied experiences, which through life I have gained already.

“ But dearest soul ! I am happy all the same ! Inexpressibly happy : for have I not been favoured by fate with much more than I deserve, such as is vouchsafed to few here on earth !

* See Lumley’s ‘ Reminiscences,’ 1864, Chap. XVII.

"I left London for Paris, where I tumbled into the most fearful cholera epidemic. Thither my dear guardian came, in order that I might have a trusty soul about me. Then on June 13th we went to Brussels, and from there to Cologne, and have looked at the Rhine. Old father Rhine! how glorious it is, and ever will be! Well, I had meanwhile sent my Swedish lady to London to pack up; and to have my things sent to Sweden. But one day I went to see a renowned doctor at Coblenz, to consult him about my shattered nerves. He examined my head, and also my heart (which are, both, terribly fatigued), and then told me that, unless I nursed myself properly now, I should be liable to break down completely when I took up work again. He has utterly forbidden me to sing for six or eight months: and has sent me here for a fortnight, in preparation for four weeks at Ems. After Ems I am free until after October. But I wish to spend next winter in Sweden, where I have many matters to arrange.

"Dear, kind, Amalia! could not we meet somewhere? Are you not in need of Ems? Could we not go to Switzerland? . . . or shall I come to Berlin or will you come to Ems? or are we not to meet at all???? I have just received a letter from London, confirming the news of ———— reappear-ance! I am much surprised at this. May a gracious God preserve me from such a calamity as to come before the public as an old lady! Rather bread and water! While in Paris, I saw Meyerbeer, and his new opera. I was glad to see him again, for he has always been very good to me: but I prefer his earlier operas.

"Will you please remember me to old Frau Beer? And how is dear Professor Werder? Has he completely forgotten me? And old Frau Schroeder?" (the porter's wife at the Wichmanns' house). "I love a person like that immensely! I know nothing more beautiful than such a faithful old being, going about in a family, who really lives only in taking interest in what concerns her master's family, and in feeling for them and with them! Greet this dear old soul; and also good Nanke: and Frederic (the man-servant). It was my happiest time when I saw all this daily before me! If I send no greetings to my Professor, or my beloved brothers, it is because it goes without saying. Everything that I have written here to you, is meant also for the father and his sons. God protect you all!

"Send a friendly answer, and then I shall know that you *never* could have doubted that I remain for ever and ever,

"Your faithful, and sincerely loving,

"JENNY LIND."

The doubt that she refers to, arose from the long silence, for which the early part of the letter overwhelmingly apologises—an apology that has very frequently to be repeated in the course of Jenny Lind's correspondence.

The doctor's verdict shows how merciful it was that she had not had the strain of another opera season in London laid upon her. The fatigue of the shattered nerves may, no doubt, have been partly due to the agonies of the conflict with Lumley, and of the decision in the matter of her marriage. But, still, the tired heart and tired head, of which she spoke at Norwich, were evidently no fancy of her own, but very serious facts. She had been hard at work for so many years : and was now thoroughly exhausted.

On July 14th she wrote to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer one of the confidential outpourings, which tell so much. In it, she says—

“What do you say of my having left the stage? I cannot tell you in words how happy I feel about it. I shall sing in concerts so long as I have a voice ; but that only gives me pleasure ; and in this way I shall be able to work at least five years longer ; and that is necessary for me, as, for the last twelve months, I have sung only for institutions and charities. Without a beautiful goal, one cannot endure life. At least, *I* cannot. I have begun to sing what has long been the wish of my heart—Oratorio. There I can sing the music I love ; and the words make me feel a better being. See ! dear mother ! my career, in the future, will take this direction ; and my favourite idea be realised.”

From Schlangenbad she wrote to Madame Mendelssohn, apparently for the first time since his death. And soon after this letter, she paid her a visit at Creuznach on the Rhine : and another affectionate letter followed the visit : so that her long silence, since the death, was entirely explained, and the old memories came to a kind and satisfying close. She hoped still to work on behalf of the Mendelssohn scholarships.

To Ems, for the present, she went from Schlangenbad : and, according to reports that reached Mrs. Grote, appeared soon to be in excellent health and in high spirits, enjoying a dance whenever opportunity offered. It was from Ems, on the 8th of August, that she wrote a long letter again to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer full of the deepest personal interest. In it, she discloses her own

interpretation of the strange animation that had followed on her exhausting struggles. Here are some extracts :—

“DEAREST MOTHER B.!

“You ask me, ‘Are you, then, going to be married?’ I answer, ‘No! never!’ I have, indeed, greatly wished for it, for few have more strongly than I, the real inner feeling of a wife : and a deep blessing it would have been to me to have called a child ‘my own.’ And I had got very, very near to it lately in England, my dear mother ! but——”

And, then, she tells how many things told against it—how the young man was too young, and too gentle ; and how his mother was impossible : and how her whole art was a shut book to him : and yet how he touched her just because he embodied the English character, with its religious purity : “Ah ! dear mother, I love with my whole soul the English character !” But it has ended ; they have parted, and, now, it seems to her as if the affair had done her good, rather than harm :

“It has passed over my soul like a beneficent storm which has broken down all the hard shell of my being, and has set free many green plants to find their way to the dear sun ! So that, now I am always clothed in green like the fairest hope ! And I see quite clearly how infinitely much there is for me to do with my life ; and I have only one prayer, that I may yet live long, and that, in the evening of my life, I may be able to show a pure soul to God.

“I am going quietly back to Sweden for next winter, to take fresh measures on behalf of my school, and to wed myself wholly to well-doing, for which I am, finally, born, since it is the sense of man’s worth which has ever drawn me most strongly, and has most richly filled my soul ; and, if only I can come at all near my aims in this, then no one is more to be envied than I !

“You see, my future lies clear in front of me, my dear friend and mother !”

She goes on to ask, with devoted affection, for news of Minni (Madame Birch-Pfeiffer’s daughter, who has kindly furnished us with this and other letters), to whom she pledges herself in life-long sisterhood. And, at the end, she closes thus—

“Mother, I am glad and grateful from morning to night ! I do not feel lonely : and have no trace of ennui : and only find

the days fly by too horribly quick. I have a blitheness in my soul, which strains towards heaven ! I am like a bird ; I do not feel the least changed, quite the contrary ; and the ‘*summa summarum*’ is that I have won the greatest profit out of both outer and inner misfortune ; and can thank God that I know what trouble is ! All makes at last for good ! God does not die, dear mother.”

Her doctor, then, advised a grape-cure, at Meran in Tyrol, to complete her recovery : and thither she sets herself to draw the Wichmanns, proposing all sorts of ways by which they might all meet there. “You must not put yourselves out, dearest,” she writes to Madame Wichmann ; “but it would be delicious if you did resolve to come to Meran.” She proposes to be there from the middle of September to the middle of October. And, finally, they did all settle together at Ober-Mais, a village just above Meran. Thither offers pursued her, as we learn from a letter of Herr Büttner, a Frankfort merchant who kindly looked after her many affairs in South Germany, to Herr Munthe, her guardian.

“Mdlle. Jenny Lind has safely arrived at Meran, and is well and happy there. *From everywhere* they try to get our dear friend. A very big offer has come from England, higher than ever, and with every sort of guarantee. Last week an American has gone from here to Meran in order to induce her to go to New York. Well ! such an artist has never before existed ! May heaven grant her good health and inward contentment !”

This was not the first time that America had crossed her mind. Already on the 13th of June, while in Paris, in a letter to Madame Schwabe, she begs her to ask Mr. Schwabe what his views would be on the possibility of her giving concerts in America. But nothing yet is settled. The whole party returned together in October, by way of Voralberg to Frankfort ; and, after parting there with her dear friends, she was taken from Frankfort to Hamburg, where she was to sing in some concerts. She wrote touchingly from there of the joy she had had in the intimacy of the Wichmanns during the stay at Meran together. The letter is dated October 29th.

“MY OWN DEAREST AMALIA—

“... I was greatly overcome when you all were gone ! I am, certainly, accustomed to be alone ; but I knit myself too

quickly to people whom I love, and cannot, then, believe that I must lose them again ! I had got so used to enjoying the happiness of being in your helpful companionship, and of seeing your domestic love, that I was sad indeed for the whole of Sunday ! You dear good people ! To think that you should permit me to be a partner in your happiness ! You cannot think how grateful I am for all this, dearest ! ”

At Hamburg, a summons came to her, through the Wichmanns, from the King of Prussia, Frederick William IV., who had made her his Chamber-singer in 1847,* that she should come to Berlin, and sing to him and the Queen, on the Queen's birthday. Her loyal soul was touched by the message ; she wrote back to Madame Wichmann, with kindled feeling :—

“ How deeply your letter went home to me, I cannot really tell you ! It cannot but move my very heart to think that His Majesty the King should be so gracious to me, and I shall account it the greatest joy if I can succeed in giving even the slightest pleasure to the Queen by my singing. . . . Pray tell Count Redern (through whom the request came) that I gladly obey the King's desire, and will be in Berlin by the 19th of this month (November).

“ Ah ! dear Amalia (so she closes her letter) I long after you all ! It remains true that it is with you, and yours, that I have spent the happiest days in my life ! ”

She sang in several concerts, during this November and December in Hamburg ; and one of these, with full orchestra, in the “ Grosse Tonhalle ” on November 22nd was given by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, of whom she saw a good deal at this time. They did much music together. He played, and she sang ; the memory of Mendelssohn was a strong common bond between them. Mr. Goldschmidt began to persuade her to sing again those songs of Mendelssohn's which, for two years, she had found it impossible for her to touch. He was charged with the musical spirit of his great master : and she recognised this. It was at this time that she received so distinct an impression of his gifts, that it was of him she first thought when, two years later, on her American tour, she found herself in want of one who could make up for the loss of Julius Benedict. So this visit to Hamburg was quietly “ making history ” for her after-life.

* See Book VIII., chap. I.

When the day of departure drew near, she was amused and delighted to find an express messenger sent by the royal authority to convey her to Berlin in the shape of W. Taubert, the distinguished Hof-Capellmeister, who had always been most friendly to her, and in whom she greatly delighted. "I cannot help laughing with joy when I think of seeing that dear man Taubert to-morrow. I confess that it gives me huge pleasure!" So she wrote to "Amalia."

To Berlin she came, under these happy conditions, staying in the beloved house of the Wichmanns : and singing before King and Queen.

In the meantime, another King was pressing her hard to reverse her deep-seated decision, and to feel once again the boards under her feet. The pressure came in a form that would touch her profoundly. It was an appeal from her own King, Oscar I. of Sweden, to give a lift to her old home, the Royal Theatre at Stockholm, at the time of the festivities that were to be held, in the spring of 1850, on the occasion of the marriage of the Crown Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles XV. She was Court Singer ; and in the service, therefore, of the King. And moreover, the appeal was transmitted through her old master Herr Berg, who had come across from Sweden, in November, on this mission, to meet her at Hamburg. The strength of her determination could not be more severely tested. Her innate loyalty, patriarchal in its simplicity, her home affections, her patriotism, her devotion to her old master, her deep instincts of obedience to authority—all radical elements woven into the very fibre of her character—must have all conspired to move her. Yet there is no record or sign of her having wavered for even a moment. We do not know that she consulted her friends. Her indecision, at momentous crises, was apt to betray her into many fluctuations, and to leave numerous traces behind it. But, on this occasion, there is not a note. We only know that Herr Berg was powerless. He had to retire, sailing home again from Lübeck on the 7th of December, whither she courteously escorted him herself. A kindly letter, written on December 25th, in autograph, from the King closed the attempt :—

"The Court-singer Berg has, on his return, informed me of the willingness with which you, Fröken Lind, have declared yourself

ready to appear, next year, at several concerts, in order that by your brilliant talent, you may render powerful assistance to our theatre. I recognise, in this, a fresh proof of Fröken Lind's patriotic feelings, and of her warm sympathy with the advancement of Swedish Lyric Art ; and I consider it a pleasant duty to express how keenly I appreciate this decision which is as disinterested as it is admirable. I look forward to seeing Fröken Lind amongst us again - next spring, and remain with sincere goodwill,

“Yours graciously,

“OSCAR.”

It is, indeed, a gracious letter, for the little word “Lyric,” which occurs in it, is the signal that the original request, that she should allow herself to recur to the Opera, had not been conceded. Not King nor Country could induce her to reverse a conviction which had gone down to the roots of her being.

CHAPTER III.

LÜBECK.

LÜBECK, to which she had gone to accompany Herr Berg homewards, was to hold her yet awhile ; and was to be the scene of that momentous decision which is to form the close of these volumes. She wrote, during her stay there, letters which carry with them much of her innermost mind. Altogether, it is a marked spot in her story.

She seems to have been delayed there by an accident.

“Dearest Amalia,” she wrote on the day of Herr Berg’s departure, “I write with no very bright spirits to you, for I have no chance of seeing you and yours again so soon as I had hoped. My good Josephina has fallen ill. It is nothing dangerous, thank God ! on the contrary, the doctor thinks that, after it is over, she may be better than she was before.

“But you will understand well enough, that I cannot, and will not leave her. So that I shall not be able to be with you, my dear ones, by Christmas Eve, but must wait for the New Year, to knock at your door. . . . Ah ! write me some few words, before that, dearest, and say that you are still good to me, and how it goes with them all.

“Your grateful, and loving
“J. L.”

There she stayed : and, from there, just at this same moment, she wrote a long, and personal letter to her old friends, of whom we have heard before,—Baroness French and her daughter. She had suddenly had a letter from them, and this reminded her of her long silence ; and her heart is touched : and she offers eager and characteristic apologies.

We leave her English just as she wrote it, because she herself apologises for its “funny” style, in the letter, and it will serve to show what was her command over the language at that time. The

sentence on Madame Catalani shows how deeply that swift death had impressed her :—

“Lübeck, the 6th of December, 1849.

“MY DEAR MADAM,

“I wish you really could see how pleased I am to receive a few kind words from you and Miss Georgina. Accept my very best thank for the last letter. I must confess that I have safely got the one you were so kind to write me when I was at Ems. I was for a long time so very low-spirited. Madame Catalani stood always before my eyes, and her smiling face does still follow me very often. I thank you a thousand times, my dear Baroness, that you still remember me so very kindly, although I have not given you any sign of life since long ago. I have long wished to write you a few words, but I had dropped your address at London, and did not know whether you were to return to that place or not. I very often think of my dear Miss Georgina, who I really love a great deal! I hope that blessed sweet young lady is in perfect health. I wished very much to have the happiness of seeing you and your daughter very soon again, my dear Madam, but I have no idea of going to England at present. You are very kind in asking about my head and health—I feel myself rather stronger, my head is *very* naughty at some times, but seldom to the *highest* degree. My nerves are better, and I feel *much less* agitated and more quiet than before. I believe that my having left the stage may be the chief reason for this happy change; my whole nature and my way of feeling was always very opposite to that sort of being, who can bear the calumnies of a theatrical life. Can you understand my ‘funny’ English, dear Madam?

“My good Miss Ahmansson, who is such a valuable and solid friend to me, is not at all well! She is ill at this moment—she has got a sort of low ‘fièvre’ with small red (rouge) spots over her body (excuse my bad English, I don’t know how to express myself in this medical case). It is nothing dangerous, but we are kept up in this little place for four weeks; and, it is really a good thing, that I don’t much care for the world and its amusements; for I should, if the case was contrary, feel rather lonely and tiresome; but so, I am happy with my music, my little dog—my books—my study—and the great number of sublime remembrances. We intend to go from here to Berlin, as soon as Miss Ahmansson will recover; we remain in Berlin a few weeks, I should think, and then we probably go to Russia; I must try to get money; I wonder how I will like *that* part of the world, and how that part of the world will like such a thing as myself! In the month of May I return to Sweden, as I suppose, only for a short time,

because my doctor will most likely get me to Ems once again ! I have sung (*chanté*) a few times, and my voice is grown stronger and better.

“ I hope now, my dear Baroness, you have got plenty of news from me ! Will you kindly forgive my so much speaking of myself—but I do this only to persons I love and respect. Take not away your kindness and friendship towards me, dear respected Madam, I entreat you ; and be assured that I think of you, and remember you with true and sincere affection ! My sister-love, and sister-blessing to Miss Georgina. Send me, sometimes, a few words which tell me about your health, and happiness ; for such kindness my heart will always feel thankful !

“ I am,

“ Dear Madam,

“ Your most affectionate,

“ J. LIND.”

“ Little Beauty (her King Charles dog) is *quite* well ! ”

This letter is full of her most instinctive feelings. There is the old hunger to be assured, by visible token, that affections for her are still strong, with the haunting fear lest they should have ceased in absence ; while, after all, it turns out that she herself, whether through lack of time, or possibly, through a dim sense of vague distrust, fails and forgets to keep communication constant.

Then, again, how noticeable is her sense of peace in having left the agitations of the stage behind her ! It is her old familiar manner of expressing her repugnance, such as we saw it at the first, when she opened her heart to Mrs. Grote. It is not the Drama as such on which she passes judgment. But “ the calumnies ”—the warfare, the strain, the anxiety—which the career involved—*these* are wholly opposite to her nature. She cannot bring herself to contemplate a return under their yoke. So she remains very happy, with her music, her little dog, her books, and her store of splendid memories.

But she needs money—not for herself, but for her great scheme of home charity. It is for this that she is contemplating Russia. What the overtures made to her on this matter were, she does not say ; but, as we shall see, the Russian trip is, very soon, to be discarded in favour of a new proposal from the West. She writes, on January 8th, from Lübeck, to Madame Wichmann :—

“ I am not to go to Russia after all, for Russia is thrown into

the background by another big plan. But I shall come to you as was planned at first, though it be for only a short time."

The "other plan" is indeed a big one. It is the great American tour. Through the person of his agent, Mr. J. H. Wilton, who has planted himself at her side, Mr. Barnum has come into action, and is pressing his trip with the decision, the vigour, the imagination, the practical confidence which he knows so well how to throw into a scheme.

We remember how the idea of America had floated before her ever since she left London; and tentative American gentlemen had hovered about her, in her Meran retreat. But there is nothing floating, nothing tentative, in Mr. Barnum's conception of what is to be done. He sees, and knows, exactly what it is which can be achieved. He is absolutely resolute; he has complete command of resources; he is ready to give the most positive pledges, and his offer is not only generous—it is magnificent. Everything that she has dreamed of, will be possible to her, if she is free to apply to her schemes on behalf of poor children the splendid fruits which Mr. Barnum is prepared, confidently, and without reserve, to promise her. Three days later than his last letter, she writes to say that the thing is done;—the contract is signed. It was the largest contract, probably, that had then ever been made for such a purpose; and had about it the stamp of that boldness which is so characteristic of its American author, who was the first to perceive the new and immense scale on which the world's amusements could be carried out, now that steam, by sea and land, had knit the vast population of the wide earth together into one mass, which could be dealt with as a single whole. This is why Mr. Barnum's name is noticeable. He has gone high and low, in his actual range; he has sometimes brought near to man a splendid gift like this voice of Jenny Lind; he has, at others, dropped to providing them with food for the stupid gaze of mere blind wonder. But, always, he has understood the condition of his day. Always, he has seen that the same resources which have made the face of the earth a single market, can be turned to the purpose of making it also a single fair. Just as each of us now draws upon the whole world for food, so each of us may draw upon the whole world for joy. The railways, that hurry up to us the one, can equally convey the other. And as this new fact enlarges the scale of the world's

market, so it will enlarge the scale of the world's fair. Enormous accumulations of population, and wealth, all united under the network of a world-wide commerce, can all be touched, at one time, by a single pleasure. Amusements, therefore, can now be universal, popular, democratic. They need no longer be confined to the few who can afford to pay high for them, paying higher because they are few: for they can appeal, now, to a far larger purse than the wealthiest clique could ever possess—the deep purse of the multitudes upon multitudes, who, through minute subdivision of the general expense, can be cheaply brought together to taste enjoyment. The American tour of Jenny Lind was one of the very earliest manifestations of this modern characteristic.

To this contract Jenny Lind engaged herself, while seated alone, in the Hôtel du Nord, Lübeck, with no one but Mlle. Ahmanson. She was accustomed to mistrust her own judgment, and to take much counsel; but, here, she seems to act with free decision. No doubt, she was in communication with Herr Munthe, her guardian; from Lübeck letters passed easily to Stockholm. But she herself carried on the necessary correspondence, putting herself, by the help of Mr. Benedict, into communication with Mr. Bates, of the firm of Baring Brothers, London, from whom she obtained assurances of Mr. Barnum's stability and position. Belletti, too, was in London at the time, and both to him, and to Benedict, she wrote constantly, as the negotiations went on.

Here is the contract itself, in its chief points. It is preceded by a letter from Mr. Barnum to his agent, authorising him to enter into the engagement with Miss Jenny Lind, including also a "tenor and a pianist." For the pianist, Julius Benedict was secured, the musician so well known to all in England; instead of "the tenor," she herself pleaded for, and obtained, the help of her old helpmate, and counsellor, Giovanni Belletti, the famous baritone, who had been one of the first, in quite old days, to inspire her with a sense of what a high artistic style might mean.

The contract is made between J. H. Wilton, as agent for Phineas Barnum as the one party, and Fröken Jenny Lind, as the other. In it, she agrees to sing at one hundred and fifty concerts, including Oratorios, within the space of one year, if possible, or eighteen months, counting from the day of her arrival in New York; the concerts are to be given in the United

States and Havannah. She is to have full power regarding the *number* of evenings or concerts in each week, at which she would sing, as well as over the number of pieces sung by her; only that the concerts were not to be less than two a week, nor the pieces sung less than four. All was to be regulated in accordance with the preservation of her health, and voice. There is an express stipulation that she shall in no case have to appear in Opera.

In consideration of these services, she is to have all expenses paid for journeys and hotels, both for herself and for a lady companion and a secretary; besides this, she is to be allowed a maid and a servant at her own disposal, and a carriage and pair; and £200 (or 1000 dollars) for every concert or oratorio in which she sings.

“A guarantee for all this is to be deposited with Baring Brothers, in London, before her departure.”

There is a special and noticeable stipulation, that Jenny Lind shall “have perfect freedom whenever she feels inclined,” to sing for charitable purposes, independently of her present engagement; only she is to consult him as to times, and places, “with regard to their reciprocal convenience”; and in no place, may she so sing, until after two concerts have been given there under her engagement to him. The remaining stipulations are of the usual type. Finally, she is pledged to start for America from Liverpool by the last steamer in August, or the first in September, 1850.

So it runs; and it is signed and sealed, by the two parties, on January 9, 1850, in the presence of the Consul for Sweden and Norway, Mr. C. A. Nölting.

On the basis of this contract, she sailed for America; but two days after her arrival at New York Mr. Barnum, on his own initiative, tore it up in her presence, and proposed to her a new form of it, with several amendments made to meet her wishes. Her astonishment and delight at this generous treatment are recorded in Barnum’s ‘Autobiography,’ p. 109;* and Mr. Frith, in his memoirs,† has told his memory of her own version of it, given him at a dinner-party where he met her. The chief alterations were (1), a half share of profits whenever the receipts

* Authorised edition, Buffalo, 1889.

† Cf. Frith’s ‘Autobiography and Reminiscences,’ Sec. Ed. 1887, vol. ii. p. 318.

of a concert were above 5,500 dollars; (2), a careful stipulation in view of the American climate not suiting her voice; and (3) her right to give up after sixty concerts—or again after one hundred concerts, with fixed penalties in either case.

Of this last right, she availed herself at the close of the ninety-third concert. Mr. Barnum himself wrote to her, proposing to relinquish the remaining seven concerts, which would complete the full hundred. They parted the best of friends; and she, then, gave forty more concerts on her own speculation, *i.e.*, nineteen during the month of June and July, 1851, in New England, and twenty-one more during October, November, and December, in Canada, Illinois, &c., winding-up with Boston and Philadelphia, at which town she sang, on December 13th, the last concert that she ever gave under her maiden name of Jenny Lind.

Such was the general issue of this Lübeck contract. The offer, made and secured, was certainly magnificent, and it may be well here to recall the motives with which she accepted, and fulfilled it. None of it was intended to be taken for any personal use. She was set on other aims—above all, on her endowment of a hospital for poor children. She carried out her intention with care and fidelity. Apart from the concerts on behalf of special charities, and apart from her own endless gifts to charitable purposes during the royal progress through the States, the entire sum gained was thrown into a “private or separate fund,” which was kept clear and distinct to the end of her life, and was finally left by her will, to be administered by trustees, for certain definite purposes. Only twice did she ever consent, in after years, to dip into the capital for her own benefit; in the first case, it was for the sake of a small purchase of land, the value of which could be realized and was, as a fact, returned to the fund. In the second instance she bought the cottage with its plot of mountain land on the Malvern Hills, at which she spent such happy holidays during the last few years of her life, in which she died. The purposes laid down by her will, for the final distribution of the fund, which in its original form stood at about £20,000, include a sum of 50,000 Swedish crowns to the University of Upsala and another equal sum to the University of Lund.* These moneys are to take the shape of scholarships

* To neither foundation did she give her own name. That at Upsala was named after Geijer, that at Lund after Bp. Tegnér.

to poor students under a scheme passed by her trustees. The balance of the fund, after the various deductions, to which it was liable before and after her death, have been discharged, will go to a Children's Hospital at Stockholm, of which she so often has spoken.

The interest of the fund, during her life, was largely pledged to the innumerable pensions for which she made herself responsible, in her native land.

We must, however, go back, from these afternotes, to the hotel at Lübeck. There she remained, after the contract was settled, apparently with great contentment. She saw her way, now, ahead for the next two years; she had full proof that the abandonment of the drama would not cut her off from adequate opportunities of exercising her art. A career was assured her, in the concert-room, which would fulfil all her aims, both as an artist, to enrich the world by her splendid gifts, and, as a woman, to endow the poor by her generosity. She might look forward, with security, and peace. Nothing which she valued was lost, as she felt; while much that she detested, had been thrown aside. She records her satisfaction to Madame Wichmann in a letter written on January 12th:—

“Hôtel du Nord, Lübeck.

“January 12, 1850.

“BELOVED AMALIA!

(First page entirely personal.)

* * * * “I now wish to give you a clear idea of my future plans, so that you—and all yours—may know the truth and be able to distinguish the facts from mere reports.

“I have decided to go to America. The offer from there was very brilliant, and everything was arranged so nicely, that I would have been wrong in declining it; and since I have no greater wish than to make much money in order to found schools in Sweden, I cannot help looking upon this journey to America as a gracious answer to my prayer to Heaven!

“I shall be able to gain there in the course of one or two years a very large fortune, and, after three years, should not require to sing a note unless I wished to do so. My heart resisted my going to England at the present time; and indeed it is heavily weighted and I often have a hard time of it; now I need not think of England and I feel quite relieved, since three days ago I signed the contract. Herr Benedict (son of the M. Benedict you saw at Meran) comes with me, and you could not meet with a

more honourable man or better friend, and at the same time with a more reliable musician. An old friend of mine, Signor Belletti, goes also. He is a distinguished singer, and we have known one another from old times in Sweden, for the last twelve years. In short, nothing could have been arranged more admirably. I gave over at once any plans as to Russia, and did so gladly; for Josephine could not have stood a Russian journey So now we remain—and more particularly Josephine—here in Lübeck until we take the first steamer leaving for Stockholm, which I hope will be in April. Then I go home—sing there a few times in concerts (as I have promised my King to do), make arrangements in view of my long absence from Sweden, and leave Stockholm again the last day of June or the beginning of July, in order to go through a ‘Milch Kur’ somewhere (only not too far away). This I must have concluded by the middle of August in order to leave for Liverpool, there to take the steamer for America the first days of September! It would be something soothing and strengthening to my feelings, if I could pass the latter weeks of my stay in Europe in your company, my beloved friends. I therefore need not say further, how I should rejoice loudly (Germ.: ‘himmelhoch jauchzen’) were such a prospect open to me. I should much like to go to Salzburg! but more of this when we meet at Berlin; for I fancy I shall come to you at about the end of February, or beginning of March. I shall probably soon pay a visit of some days at Hanover, in order to sing for the good Crown Prince; I have been so much urged to go there, that I mean to comply with the request.

“Well! I hope I have now told you something about us, and that, besides, you know now that we do not go during the winter to Sweden. Greet my beloved revered father! Greet the brothers also, and the good Schröder! When shall I receive the letter from her? How good it was of Hermann to write to me! and how clearly do I see the scene on Christmas-eve at your home! We also had a Christmas-tree! Good people here are fond of us. Next Thursday, the 17th, I am giving—a concert, you think? Nay, a children’s ball! and I look forward to it with a right royal joy!

“Farewell, beloved soul. Preserve to me your inestimable love, as I remain for life

“Your ever grateful and loving

“JENNY.”

Her Christmas-tree! That was what she could never miss: all through her life, she loved, like a child, the home-feast, the children’s fun of Christmas-tide. Those who knew her can

recall no scene to which she could more deliciously abandon herself with brimming joy than a children's dance at Christmas. All the old Swedish merriment and motion would bubble up in her at such a time : and her face would laugh all over with exuberant humour, and her whole body seemed to dance. She had a gaiety that was infectious : and no wonder, that she managed to make even a Lübeck hotel merry with her radiance. "Good people here are fond of us," she writes ; and moreover it may possibly have added to the pleasure of the Ball that young Mr. Otto Goldschmidt came over to it from Hamburg, and danced with her many a time. The painful memories of the last English visit are still heavy upon her heart ; and she is profoundly relieved to think that she is not called upon for the present to face scenes so charged with recent trouble. All, therefore, is smiling. The American tour offers just the escape which she needs : and, in the meantime, she is pleasantly employed in a series of concerts, in the North German towns, one of which becomes the opening of a friendship which had a deep interest for her, and which accompanied her path far on into life. She sang at Hanover on January 29th, and the King and Queen* returned "enraptured, and overpowered" from hearing her in her Swedish songs ; and her Majesty the Queen has graciously put together for this book, from her diary, her own record of the intimacy which that concert initiated. She tells how "her relations with this gifted and noble-minded artist form one of the pleasantest recollections of her life." It was not, indeed, the first time that she had heard her sing : for she had been present in March, 1845, when she sang '*Norma*,' and in June, 1846, when she gave '*La Sonnambula*'—

"I shall never forget," her Majesty writes, "the touching and elevating impression which the incomparable singer produced on all those present, even on those least easily moved, by her exalted conception of these parts. She made of '*Norma*,' in the most wonderful manner, a sublime female figure and prophetess, so that the part became, throughout, a perfect and glorious new creation. No eye remained dry while listening to the magic of this divine voice which stirred to the innermost even those who sang with her. In a word, such emotions can never be repeated."

* *I.e.*, of Hanover.

So it had been ; and, now, in 1850, their Majesties saw an opportunity of making acquaintance with one whom already they so highly admired.

"Several times," the Queen records, "the King and I had the unspeakable happiness of hearing the lovely 'Northern Nightingale,' as he always called her, sing to us at home, in a small and intimate circle ; and we were, of course, from that time forth, quite under the fascination of her lofty and religious spirit. For my dear husband especially, with his deep feeling, his vivid imagination, and his great mental gifts, these days of musical delight remained for long in his memory, as a source of unclouded joy.

"From Hanover, Jenny Lind went to Göttingen, and then came back to us, to say good-bye. She told us, with real delight, and in the joyous childlike manner so peculiarly her own, how greatly the fresh enthusiasm of the young students at the University had gratified her. They had unharnessed the horses from her carriage after the concert, and had dragged it to the hotel with endless shouts of joy : and, then, had serenaded her, so that she had had to raise her voice in thanks to them from the balcony. Enthusiastic shouts of applause had gone up again and again from a thousand throats, together with a perfect shower of flowers."

The concert, to which the Queen refers, was given on February 4th. Jenny Lind had sung for herself on the 2nd and she gave this second concert for the poor. It was, indeed, one of her wonderful triumphs ; she swept the students into a storm of rapturous enthusiasm by her delivery of Mendelssohn's 'Rheinisches Volkslied,' throwing into the last stanza, with its outburst of arch and ringing delight—"O Jugend, o schöne Rosenzeit!"—an energy, and a glow, which were absolutely irresistible. The F-sharps that occur so frequently in the song would lend themselves to the most exciting capabilities of her voice ; and then her look of archness, her surrender of herself to the swing and the motion of the music as it broke out on the high notes, her speed, and her thrill, and her power of personal magic—Ah ! no wonder that the Göttingen students lost their heads that evening.

She was elected, by the enthusiastic students, a member of a famous guild of theirs, known as the "Burschenschaft Hannovera," which, at that particular date, was enjoying a period of special success. She became a "Sister-Associate," and was presented

with the red, white, and green ribbon of the guild. Her portrait was hung up in their Assembly Room. On her leaving Göttingen on February 5th the whole guild accompanied her to Nordheim, a distance of four hours, where a halt was made at the inn "The Sun," and addresses delivered, in return for which she sang several songs for a farewell. She sent off to a small shop in the town, and bought green and white ribbon, which she tore up into small shreds and gave each student a piece. So freely and delightedly did she surrender herself to the glow and the fun of this scene.

A few days later she received a silk ribbon, of the guild colours, on which were inscribed the thirty-two names of the students who had sent it. She wrote, on the 13th February, the following reply :—

"GENTLEMEN,

"I accept, with sincere gratitude, the ribbon which you have sent me : and shall preserve it faithfully to my dying day.

"Even without this outward token, the 5th of February, 1850, would have remained engraven on my memory with indelible letters of gold ; but, nevertheless, I regard the ribbon with pride and joy, well aware of the honour thereby conferred upon me. Oh ! that the sun may often shine as softly upon us all as it did on that day, though such moments cannot often be a mortal's lot ! Let us then retain their memory, long after youth has forsaken us !

"And so I once again stretch out my hand to you all, even from a distance, as a loving sister ; in the hope that you will accept indulgently these poor and inadequate words of mine.

"May Heaven protect you all ! That is the prayer of your grateful, and deeply moved

"JENNY LIND."

She was faithful to her word : for the ribbon was found, preserved among her memorials, after her death. The escort to Nordheim, with its boyish gaiety is still vividly remembered by those who took part in it.

She came back to Hanover to sing for the poor on the 9th, after a concert on the 7th at Bremen. "The Good-bye," which she then said to the Queen of Hanover was but the beginning of a friendship which so well illustrates her character, and has so much of interest in itself, that we venture to insert, at this place, all

that the Queen has kindly recorded for us of this after-intimacy, even though it carry us far beyond the limits of time set us in this book. The personal warmth and affection of the Queen's memories will more than compensate to the reader for the breach that we are compelled to make in the continuity of our story.

"Our second meeting with Jenny Lind," continues the Queen, "took place several years later * in the island of Norderney, where she, in company with a dear old friend from Hamburg, spent the season with us."

"This was the highest point of our friendship with this gifted soul; for she came to us daily in the morning, telling us stories out of her full life, or interchanging ideas with us whereby we could fully estimate the depth and purity of her feelings, the greatness of her mind. Often in the midst of our conversation, she jumped up and sat down at the piano, and her singing at that time was more full of soul, if possible, than at other times.

"What a powerful effect the following little episode had on us! My youngest daughter, Mary, then scarcely three years old, was on my arm while I stood beside the piano. The child listened attentively to the heavenly song, then suddenly she threw her arms round my neck and burst into tears! 'That is my greatest triumph!' cried Jenny Lind, greatly moved.

"Oh! those happy hours, spent with her, flew but too quickly by, but the remembrance of them lives to this day, unchanged, in my heart.

"In the afternoon, when we took our walk on the shore, Jenny Lind sometimes accompanied the King on horseback. She rode very well; and took great pleasure in these excursions. She also seemed much pleased when we visited her, and her dear old friend, in their pretty fishing-cottage. She frequently came to supper, after which we generally had some music; and I even had the delight of singing duets with her, of which I was not a little proud.

"For our sake, Jenny Lind remained in Norderney till the end of our stay there, and then returned with us to Hanover. On the steamer that took us all to Bremen, she was in such ecstasy at the beauty of the North Sea, that she began to sing Taubert's song 'Vöglein, was singst im Walde,' and when she came to the line, 'Ich muss nun einmal singen,' her voice sounded clear as a bell over the noise of the waves. We were all completely electrified by the overpowering impression, and the tears ran down from my dear husband's eyes. In Hanover, our two

* In the autumn of 1854, two years after her marriage with Mr. Goldschmidt. Her father, Mr. N. J. Lind, was with her during this visit.

fellow-travellers rested some hours under our roof, and when the sad hour for parting struck, our hearts were quite heavy.

“The next time we met was in Düsseldorf, at the great musical festival of the Rhine, when the *Elijah* was performed under the conductorship of her amiable and talented husband in 1863. It was in this *Elijah* that we heard for the last time the voice of our dear Northern Nightingale. The magnificent scene between the widow and Elijah, which she sang with Stockhausen, was one of the most powerful and heart-stirring performances we ever heard: and the excellent conducting of Mr. Goldschmidt contributed greatly to the perfection of the whole performance.”

The Queen records how the friendship, thus begun, lasted on through the troubles which fell on the Throne of Hanover in 1866, to their final meeting in London in 1876.

Such was the depth, and warmth, of that intimacy which sprang up during those winter months in 1850, when the Hôtel du Nord in Lübeck was the centre of so much quiet activity. It illustrates the character of the attraction she exercised over people of high cultivation. They were drawn towards a personality which broke through her song, even as it mingled with it; and which spoke to them of that which would, when the music had died away, abide as an enduring basis of friendship to which they would turn in time of spiritual need.

But we must return to Lübeck, and pick up the thread of our story again. She sang on February 9th at Hanover for the poor; at Oldenberg on the 12th and at Bremen on the 20th; again at Hanover, for charity, on the 25th; and at Brunswick on the 27th, where she received two illuminated addresses. So she passed to Berlin.

By the opening of March, she found herself ensconced in the house which was so dear to her, in the old room so crowded with earlier associations, encompassed about with that home-warmth which she cherished with all the powers of her soul. Everybody in the house was taken to her heart, from her “father” at the top, to the servants, and porters, whom she remembers in her letters. She sang on the 8th for charity: and she seems to have been persuaded to throw in another concert, for the same good purpose, on the 13th, postponing her concert for Herr Hendrichs until the 18th, after a rapid journey to sing at Dresden on the 15th. She was in excellent force at this moment. “My voice is

behaving well, thank God," she wrote from Berlin on the 13th to her guardian, Herr Munthe. "And what a joy it is to see the people so satisfied! Always the houses are crowded. And what an amount I have got together for the poor, by singing during these few weeks! Yes! Praise be to God!" Such was her own simple account of what was happening. Let us hear from others what they were thinking. In the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, at Leipzig, a notice appears of the Berlin concert of March 8th. The writer goes, that he may once again offer himself to the wonderful magic of her voice and presence. He can tell of the crowd, of the price of the tickets, of the excitement: but of her singing itself, he will not speak a word. What could be said, has been said; and as to the strange, overwhelming power of her tones, no words can ever avail to portray it. Only so much will he say—that, far from the strain of time having told upon it, it is fresher, and stronger than before.

"And, then, the unspeakable charm of the rendering, the deep truth of the expression, the wonderful grace of the nature so profoundly harmonious and artistic—that is all unchanged!" The mastery with which she sang the Italian pieces from the *Puritani*, and the *Turco in Italia*, made him regret all the more that she does not sing "the German music, which she loves; for in the rendering of this music, which depends, above all, on feeling and inner spirit and taste, she is unsurpassed." She was altogether magical "in her singing of Meyerbeer's duet 'La Grand'mère'—and the *pianos* at its close could not possibly have been rendered more gracefully and more exquisitely. But the crown of the evening was her rendering of the songs—Schumann's 'An den Sonnenschein'—Lindblad's 'Schlottfegerbub,' and Taubert's 'Ich muss nun einmal singen.' Those who have once heard her sing these, can never forget them!

Here is another delicate record of the impression she produced on a cultivated hearer on the Berlin visit. It is a letter written by Professor Jüngken, a famous physician attached to the Court of Berlin, in answer to inquiries about her from her anxious friend, Professor von Jäger, in Vienna.

"For a month," he writes, "the town was on the stretch for the arrival of Jenny Lind. For a month had the Wichmanns engaged her her rooms; at last, she appeared! We saw her first at a brilliant soirée at Count Redern's which all the royalties

now in Berlin honoured with their presence. The Lind, as soon as she caught sight of me, came across to me, and her first question was 'How are the Jägers? They have written to me about you. Tell me a great deal about them!'

"Two days after this, we heard her at a concert. She is, certainly, a marvellous apparition, with an attraction that is irresistible. Her voice is very beautiful; her deliverance is noble; but her play of expression!—that is positively bewitching. She will sing no more on the stage; but, then, there lies in her eyes, in her mien, an expressiveness which is equal to the most perfect acting. It is a delight indeed to listen to her; but a still greater delight to *see* her sing. Her deliverance of her songs is, undoubtedly, unsurpassable, and it is peculiarly her own. I have heard greater artists than the Lind; and, for instance, the Rossi (Madame Sontag) stands on a grander level of art. But I have never heard but one Lind, nor any artist who knew better how to fascinate.

"A day before her departure, Madame Wichmann was good enough to ask us to tea alone with the Lind, where we delighted ourselves for a couple of hours with her in the highest possible degree, and learnt to know what a really charming and dear child she is. I had to tell her everything about your family, your fortunes, your affairs, she would know it all."

Nor did Herr Rellstab fail to offer his tribute. Indeed, he proudly welcomes the wonderful singer back from her European fame to the scene of those first triumphs, which he had himself so enthusiastically saluted. Berliners cannot forget, he writes, in the *Berlin Zeitung* on the 10th of March, that the first tones of that world-famous voice, which nows rings, like a bell, wide over land and sea, were heard, by those outside her native home, at Berlin on that day in December, 1844, when she sang to us her 'Norma.' She returns now as to a genuine home—to be greeted as a daughter whom they had seen, with joy and pride, go abroad to try her worth in the world, and who now comes back to them, decorated with every gift of fame and honour—a yet more perfect artist and woman than before. He then goes on to tell how her very first notes recalled him to the unique peculiarities of her gifts.

"The sorrowful *andante** in the aria from the *Puritani* gave her an opportunity of revealing that utterly magical sweetness of

* *I.e.*, Qui la voce.

her voice, that pathos in its ring, that smoothness in its phrasing, that dying-away and vanishing of the *pianissimo*, which the supreme artist delivered with the most absolute precision."

He notices how half at least of the spiritual effect of her singing is lost, if she is not seen as well as heard.

"For it is her peculiar charm, in which no other artist can touch her, that the expression of the melody seems to play around her very life, to breathe itself over her features, to stream forth through her eyes. . . ."

"The singer's voice has gained in power, her execution in certainty; yet, perhaps, the strain and effort were a little more marked than they used to be, in the high notes, and at passages of the strongest colouring, where, of old, it was so perfect that one never used to notice that the difficulties were difficult at all. One hardly can say whether it be a habit that has crept in, or the custom of singing in very large spaces, or the different taste of a different public, needing stronger material, that has drawn the artist to just exceed, here and there, that fine line, which, for us, marks the limit of the purest beauty, and which she, formerly, clung to with such absolute and unerring self-command."

She sang Meyerbeer's duet 'La Grand'mère' with our old friend Fräulein Tuzec, and here "she gave us," says Herr Rellstab, "the most fascinating and innocent and playful grandchild on whom a grandmother has ever looked down and smiled."

In the Rossini aria, brilliant as was the execution, he missed the spiritual and tender qualities, which are found to perfection in her singing of the 'Lied,' in which she seems to create the music, and to reveal herself as a poetess in musical expression. Each song is given a living colour of its own.

In one of these she made us feel as if a "maiden was talking to children—to children such as we all would wish to be for ever."

In the national ballad, which she sang on her recall, "it was," says Herr Rellstab, "as if she were once more greeting her own home with her mother tongue—so full of heart-blessings were her tones; and everything seemed bathed in the fresh flood of pure mountain air."

Our Berlin critic has lost, as we see, nothing of his old enthusiasm. And he follows her, song by song, through the second and third concerts, with a devotion that knows no bounds. He proclaims her absolute supremacy now as a concert-singer, no less

than before as a dramatic artist. And it is now, in this context, that he, again and again, calls attention to her creative dramatic intensity, by which she spreads about her song the colour and atmosphere of the scene which it embodies, lending to this purpose her whole frame, so that features and motions and look and expression all combine with the music to convey a single and overwhelming impression. In this, it is remarkable how he repeats the very words of Professor Jüngken, in conveying that which so struck them both.

He tells us how, in giving Weber's song from *Oberon*, 'Ocean du Ungeheuer,' with orchestral accompaniment, "she managed to bring before us the whole majestic scenery of Nature with its terrors and its charms," so that no one could tell whether it is eye or ear which was most captivated. "Both look and tone can never be forgotten, with which she wove a woeful image round about the words 'Wo die Fluth ein Leben raubt.'"

On the 20th of March, he wrote in the same journal a criticism of her concert on behalf of Herr Hendrichs.

After brief thanks to the other performers whom he cannot stop to praise in presence of the one overwhelming impression, he goes on to assert that, of all the three evenings, the great singer reached, in this last, her highest level. In the aria from Mozart's *Figaro* (the last air of "Susanna") * she filled the music with the sense of moonlight, and the stillness of the garden, and the scent of flowers. The soft depth which she put into the words "notturna face"—the light play of the hovering breath, made one say "This is not Susanna who waits for Figaro—it is Juliet who looks for Romeo!" so powerfully did the artist's ideal work upon the real, to draw from it a beauty beyond its own.

Her second piece was a little spring ballad—sung for the first time by her—"Song of the Bird and the Maiden." †

And she followed this with Mendelssohn's *Suleika*.

"That Eastern wonder-dream, with its violets that peep, its stars that twinkle, its roses that yield their perfumes, its holy river with its rushing stream—was it all real? And he who could forget the 'Forget-me-not!' must be one who, in the poet's words, 'Can never be remembered in life or death.'"

* *I.e.*, "Deh vieni, non tardar."

† *I.e.*, Mangold's "Zwiegesang."

After "the roses, and violets," of the German she gave an Italian aria, which was full of sunlight and sparkle, as it ran laughing from her lips. And then yet once again the critic cannot but ask himself what it is, beyond all the marvellous technical skill, which breathes through every form, and gives light to every colour, in this supreme singing? And, once again, he is compelled to give the old answer, "The simple truth can express itself quite simply; it is the purity of soul which speaks through all the artistic form." It is for this he gives her thanks with all the thousands who share his feelings. And with this he wishes her God-speed to that far land to which she goes across the ocean—and a happy return once more to this her home.

She was off on the 20th to Hamburg, bent on a purpose, of which the record has been supplied to us by one who was deeply interested in its success. Madame Clara Schumann has kindly written down, out of her diary kept at the time, the following account of what occurred. The picture given by her of Jenny Lind's swift and vivid appearance on the scene, from entry to exit, is warm with affection, and coloured with the reality of life. The words bubble up out of a thankful heart, with all the quickened insight of a free delight; they can best be left to tell their own tale in their own native freshness and unaided force.

"March, 1850. Hamburg.

"Wednesday, the 20th.—I was just lying down a little after dinner and reading in a letter about Jenny Lind's appearance in Dresden, when she herself came in, having only just arrived from Berlin. I was very pleased and so was Robert, who, however, had had a sort of presentiment of her coming all day. She was most amiable and said she had come from Berlin so quickly, as she wished to sing at my concert in Hamburg; she was not a little astonished to hear that it was over, for Robert had written to her that we were going to leave on the 23rd, from which she concluded that the concert would take place on the 22nd. She immediately offered to sing at my concert in Altona,* which was fixed for to-morrow, a proposal I of course most gladly accepted. I felt inclined to smother her with delight and gratitude.

"On *Thursday, the 21st*, Lind called on us for a small vocal rehearsal, but which turned out something more, for she sang a good many of Robert's songs, and how she sang them, with such truth, with such deep feeling and simplicity, how she sang at

* Altona, adjoining city to Hamburg.

first sight 'Marienwürmchen,' 'Frühlingsglaube,' from an album unknown to her,—that is a thing never to be forgotten ! What a grand, heaven-inspired being she is, what a pure, true artist's soul, how all she says refreshes one, how she always hits upon the right thing and expresses it in few words ! in short, never perhaps have I loved and revered a woman as I do her. These songs will for ever sound in my heart, and were it not wrong, I should say that I don't wish to hear these songs sung by any one else but herself. I need scarcely mention that Robert is equally charmed with her ; for a composer it is a special delight to hear his songs rendered as coming from the depths of his own heart. She left, and each time she left, I stayed behind in a state of intense excitement, her notes and words continuously quivering in my soul.

"The Soirée in Altona on the evening of the 21st was splendid. Rarely, I should think, you would find so much combined as to-day,—a crowded hall, tremendous enthusiastic cheering, the exquisite singing, my own performance not so bad, Robert's beautiful second trio with Boie and Kupfer,—in short, nothing was wanting to make it all perfection. How she sang, how the 'Rheinisches Volkslied,' by Mendelssohn, how the 'Sonnenschein,' by Robert, no—that cannot be described ! Robert said to her : 'That really makes the sun shine on one's back ;' such freshness, such childlike innocence and simplicity ; one must hear that again and again,—and the audience indeed insisted on an encore. And how she sang 'Der Himmel hat eine Thräne geweint,' with such intelligent rendering, putting her very soul into it !

"It cannot be expressed in words what a heavenly impression is made by such rendering of such songs !

"Otten called on us, and urged us to give another *matinée* at Hamburg to-morrow, and to persuade Lind to sing. But much as I might wish it, I should nevertheless not like to do it for my own benefit. I proposed her giving concerts at which I would play, or our giving a *matinée* together for the poor ; but she disapproved of all this, and said, she would only sing if I were to give a *matinée* for myself, and she would then leave for Lübeck in the afternoon, instead of in the morning. She pressed me hard and I accepted, for who could have resisted so tempting an offer ? Evidently she wished also to obtain a pecuniary advantage for us, for later on she expressed her great satisfaction on hearing that the *matinée* would be very well attended. She also insisted on high prices, but that I did not approve of, and she at last gave in.

"Towards evening dear Jenny came to us, and we again had a vocal rehearsal, which as before turned out something grander. She sang the 'Nussbaum,' 'Widmung,' 'Frühlingsnacht,' 'Stille

Liebe,' and a good many others besides, also from Robert's opera *Genoveva* in the last act.

"I should have preferred a thousand times spending the whole evening with her in this way to having to go to a party. Jenny Lind was also invited, but she wished to devote her last evening to her hosts (Madame Brunton and Frl. Seminoff); altogether she does not like going into society, it is even difficult to get at her at home, and quite *impossible* for the curious.

"She takes the greatest care of her voice; she does not dance, and drinks neither wine, nor tea, nor coffee. She is in every way an ethereal being! She was most attentive to me in other things besides singing so very kindly at two of my concerts, staying on here on purpose for them, &c.; so, for instance, she never suffered me to go to her for a rehearsal,—further, she always fetched us to the concert, and so on! On the other hand, what pretensions are made by inferior songstresses!"

"Saturday, 23rd.

"Matinée. Exceedingly full, great cheering. Jenny Lind had seated herself behind the lid of the piano, whereupon a general commotion ensued, for few only could see her and yet every one wished to see her. She again sang most exquisitely,—Mozart's aria from *Figaro* with enchanting simplicity (Frl. W. might have learnt respect for the composer from her)—besides songs by Mendelssohn, four songs by Robert, winding up again with the 'Sonnenschein' twice over. To-day she gave a proof of how she takes in everything that she sings, by singing the latter part of the 'Frühlingsnacht' by heart, the leaves having got into confusion in being turned over. All Robert's songs she sang in the manner which I had pictured to myself as ideal, but in which I had never dreamed to hear them sung. She does not pass by any delicate point, which others overlook completely; in the same way it is a real pleasure to watch her, when others are performing, for nothing escapes her, not even the softest, most subtle harmonic change.

"After the matinée Jenny Lind would on no account allow us to take her home, but said good-bye to us at our house, and the parting pained me very much indeed. Robert has a warm admirer in her! She whispered to me one day: 'What a genius your husband is, how much I reverence him!' How pleased she always was on noticing that she had sung his songs to his satisfaction! But let this suffice, for words are but a poor reproduction of the feelings."

Nothing can be more engaging than this picture of her. These days were, indeed, singularly happy. She was in the full tide of

her power. She moved from triumph to triumph. She was free from all the harassing turmoil and distracting emotions of the stage. She had left behind and shaken off the agitation and distresses of the heart, with which the last year had been so clouded. She was at her own disposal : she could come and go as she chose. She saw her way ahead along a road that teemed with promises. She was ever close to affectionate friends : and new intimacies were springing up all round her. Her great gift was there, to use for the ends to which she loved to dedicate it : she had but to lift her voice, and the poor on whom her pity alighted, were relieved with boons, or her fellow-artists, whom she admired and revered, were released from their anxieties. Wherever she went, she carried blessing with her. And life was young in her : and spirits were high : and she revelled in the liberty of movement that was now so easy, and so possible. There is a sense of springing vivacity left upon us by the memorials of this time. We can feel it in the rapidity of her musical insight which so struck the great pianist : and in the irresistible zeal with which she throws herself into the congenial task of doing her best for her friends. And, yet, how noticeable, in this record of Madame Schumann, is the touch of domesticity which she noticed in Jenny Lind ! Still, with all this gaiety, she held herself aloof : she suspected and disliked "Society" ; she reserved to herself a private corner, which it was almost impossible to penetrate, where she hedged herself in against all but the chosen few ; and even they had to approach it with care and caution. This was eminently characteristic. Her enthusiasm for Schumann's genius, which had begun under the guidance of Mendelssohn in 1846, who had first shown her the beauty of his *Lieder*, seems to have let her, instinctively, inside his music : and even Madame Schumann was surprised at the speed with which she took possession of his songs, and at the delicate security of her interpretation of his mind. "Ah ! who was it that made that sun shine ?" she rejoined when the composer said that her singing made him feel it warm on his back. She felt her whole being move under his sensitive hand ; and she knew all the vibrations of his sentiment. At the very close of her life, while she lay on her death-bed at Malvern, in weakness and misery, once as her daughter opened the shutters and let in a ray of morning sun, she just let her lips shape the first bars of the old

song she loved, 'An den Sonnenschein.' They were the last notes that she ever sang on earth.

Everything conspired to be good at this particular time. From Sweden came a grateful acknowledgment of a kindness which she had been able to do on behalf of Lund University, where an effort to establish a large institute for the "Academic Union," had come to a block for lack of funds. The building was for the use and pleasure of the youth of the university: and the cause touched her; and, with the sanction of Herr Munthe, she had lent them 10,000 crowns to save the scheme. A thankful recognition of this act was drawn up and signed, on March 14th, by the representatives of all the "Academic Nations" of Lund. "That the building can now be continued without interruption," it declared; "and that it will be ready, in all probability, for the Oscar Day this year (Dec. 1), the Academic Union have to thank principally a name which is full of good omen wherever it is heard in the whole civilised world, but nowhere has it such a musical sound as in the ears of the young men of Sweden."

This pleasant piece of gratitude would have greeted her probably at Lübeck, whither she got back about the 26th of March to find Mdle. Ahmansson much better than when she left her. "My little dog, too," so she writes to Madame Wichmann, "was so affectionate to me; and jumped up at once on to my lap, and lay there as quiet as possible! . . . Just think, dearest," she goes on, "that I sang twice in Altona and Hamburg! The Wieck-Schumanns were there, and they were too delightful, and too remarkable, and too gifted not to kindle love and admiration. And I count it a special honour to have been allowed to sing a couple of little songs at their concerts."

A bracelet had come, it appears, through the Lord Chamberlain, from Berlin as a tribute for her singing. "The thing is pretty, and artistic;" she goes on in the same letter: "and it cannot but be a great pleasure that their Majesties should have personally chosen the gift. But my singing has ever received such appreciation, and reward, that it was a kind of recreation to be allowed just once to sing freely on an occasion like that.—But kings, and queens, and such like, must always put a high value on their pleasures!"

The happy time at Lübeck is running rapidly out: and she is close on the date fixed for her return to Sweden. She writes yet

once again, in her own English, to Baroness French in return for letters received from her on February 6th :—

“How kind, how very kind of you not to forget me ! I remember so well how pleased I was when I first had the honour of meeting you (in the carriage, when we were going off to Manchester), and how I felt sure that it would be very easy to love you, and your dear, dear daughter !

“I am, thank God, much better than before I left England ; I feel only very seldom that bad head-ache ; and what deliverance I cannot tell ! Our doctor here has so perfectly understood my whole constitution that he has made me a different person in that respect that my head is restored !! We are now waiting for the Swedish boat to take us to Sweden . . . in about fourteen days. I intend to remain in my dear country till about the end of June ; and then, we are going to Schlangenbad and Ems ; and from thence to London (for a few days only) for Liverpool. And *there* is the great point ! From Liverpool we will be saying farewell to Europe for one or two years. . . . I will keep you in a very constant memory. . . . A kiss on dear Miss Georgina’s forehead from her friend Jenny ; and for you, dear Madam, the expression of my sincere love, and deep attachment.

“Your devoted

“Lübeck, April 10th, 1850.

“JENNY.”

One other letter, full of her innermost heart, she wrote to Augusta von Jäger, the Professor’s daughter, of whom she was very fond, and who had sent her a water-colour picture of Meran, where such happy days had been spent with the Wichmanns.

The letter will show how deeply she was moved, at this time, by an evangelical piety, which had stirred her during her last English visit, and which woke in her a vivid sense of human sin, and of the peace to be found in God’s forgiveness. She was full of eager desire to speak to others of the peace which she had found for herself ; and her affection for Augusta von Jäger prompts her zeal, as a messenger to her soul.

“MY OWN DEAREST GUSTI,

“Whenever I hear anything of you, and of Vienna, my whole heart goes out to it ; and I feel how deep and fast my soul clings to you !

“I call it friendship indeed, my dear Gusti, that you should, in spite of my long long silence, still prove true in thought of me,

and not only in thought, but had also made for me so precious a remembrance. You cannot think what joy I have taken in it. Would that I could speak my thanks in words ! At any rate, believe most assuredly, that I not only have 'a little tiny bit of love' for you, but that it must ever have a profound part in my own life-story, without my even troubling myself to bring this about ; for were I never to hear from you again, or were I never to let you hear of me—still it would remain through fair or foul, through life and death. And I believe, and hope that you think so of me—do you not ? . . . How glad I shall be to get to Vienna, and spend some evenings with you ! Ah ! much, very much, must one live through, before one learns to fasten on the Life, the Higher Life. Much—very much—should I like to tell, in quiet, to you, my dearest friends—you and your mother—that I might share it with you ! My life is so full, so beautiful, so wonderful, so great, that I often feel a lively desire to share all its memories with those whom I love ! I have for long had the most eager wish to earn, somewhere, a great deal of money, so as to endow a school for poor lost children in my own country. And the invitation to America came as a direct answer ; so that I go there in this confidence ; and I pray God in Heaven, out of a full heart, that He will guide me thither, as ever before, with His gentle hand ; and will graciously forgive me my sins, and my infirmities. I shall have much to encounter ; it is a very big undertaking, But since I have no less an aim before me than to help in widening God's kingdom, the littlenesses of life vanish in face of this !

"My dearest Gusti, my Bible was never more necessary to me than now—never more truly my stay ! I drink therein rest, self-knowledge, hope, faith, love, carefulness, and the fear of God ; so that I look at life and the world in quite another fashion to what I did before. Would that all men could come to this knowledge, and that we all daily feasted on this Divine Book ; and would that my own Gusti would take all her trouble to this Book ! Then first should we all know how to taste the true life !"

She tells her of her plans, and closes thus :—

"You see how little peace they let me enjoy. But I am very, very happy ! There is nothing I want ; and everything goes well with me. My voice is better than ever. I have long left the stage ; and I firmly believe that this decision has brought my soul happiness and peace. And now, farewell, my own sister ! Heaven send you its blessing ; may my image bring you always courage and joy, for indeed I mean you well ! Let me, some-

times, have a word or two from you ; and count ever on my true attachment, and on my unchanging love. For life,

“ Your sister,
“ JENNY.”

Already, she had intended to have been at home ; but the Baltic ice still delayed the steamers, so that it is May before she is off. She gave three concerts before leaving the town in which she had found herself so entirely at home—one on the 6th of April, for the poor of Lübeck, another on the 20th for the widow of the orchestral director, Bach, and yet another on the 26th for the pianist Schreinzer. On the 7th of May, she wrote a very affectionate letter to her great friend, Madame Schwabe. She is to sail on the morrow. She apologises much for not having written before, and tells of herself, and all her plans. “ I am much better than ever before ; my head is incomparably better, and my whole being is in good order.” She has greatly enjoyed singing to the Germans, who are so wonderfully alive to the touch of music. She is impatient to see America, and the Falls of Niagara, and the Atlantic Ocean. Alas ! she will not get any stay in her beloved England for a long time ! She asks for her friend's prayers. Young Mr. Goldschmidt has been over from Hamburg, and has played in a concert, and tasted a little spring air, and heard the nightingales. And so good-bye !

It is a bright, hopeful letter, during a time of special cheerfulness and ease. She had thoroughly enjoyed it. Her health was renewed, her voice was at its finest, her spirits were high, her soul was at peace. High and low, rich and poor, artists and public—all were at her feet. She had carried out her dearest aims with unhindered liberty. She revelled in her new-found freedom. So home, with a glad heart—home yet once again, for a triumphal passage over the familiar scene, before she launched out on to the great ocean, to the far land, where a wholly new life awaited her into which she passes out of our sight, beyond the range set us in this record of her artistic career.

CHAPTER IV.

HOME ONCE MORE.

SHE reached Stockholm on the 12th of May, in our old friend "The Gauthiod," and was welcomed home by an immense crowd, who had assembled on the quay to greet her. She was to sing at six concerts in the Royal Theatre, on the 24th, 28th, and 31st of May, and the 3rd, 5th, and 7th of June ; and, besides these, there were to be two State Concerts during June in honour of the wedding of the Crown Prince. The tickets for the concerts were put up for auction, but all the profits went to the Royal Theatre.* It was, we remember, on its behalf, that the King had invited her to return and sing. On the concerts themselves, the *Daily Allehanda*, her old friend, wrote that it was enough to say that—"she was the same as ever."

"Though Mdlle. Lind may not appear again in any rôle on the stage itself, yet it is only the costume which we miss ; for if you will only go and see and hear her sing, in the *Puritani*, or as the woodland child in *Vielka*, or as the passionately sorrowing Donna Anna, or, again, as Jenny Lind herself, impulsive, naïve, and charming, pouring out her wonderful music in Taubert's little Lied—then come back and say whether you have ever heard such dramatic singing, or seen a more living representation in look, manner or expression of each several character whose mind and feelings the artist proposed to paint in song."

Fröken von Stedingk was faithful as ever, in welcoming her back, and warmly defended her resolution to leave the boards.

"In the spring," she writes in her diary, "I met Jenny Lind

* The profits came to 21,805 crowns (over £1,200). The fee of 1,000 crowns, which she consented to accept, was given by her to the Sick and Burial Association of the employés in the tailoring department of the theatre.

again. Many were blaming her, just then, for the decision she had taken, and which had, no doubt, been painful to her—the decision to quit the stage. I could not possibly disapprove it, knowing as I did the convictions on which it was based, however much I might, personally, be the loser. She now sang only in concerts. Thus she closed her theatrical career at the very height of her triumph ; she deliberately renounced the admiration which everywhere followed her, and this in consequence of a resolution which in my eyes, makes her more worthy of honour than ever.

“Many suppose this resolution to be the result of Pietism. Jenny Lind is as God-fearing as she is pure, but had Pietism been the cause, she would not herself have gone to the play, which she declared that she liked to do, to see others act. No ! but she had felt how physically and morally wearing was the work in the service of dramatic art, so that, for instance, for several days after a performance of *Norma*, her nerves would be so shattered that she would be unfit for other useful mental occupation.”

Fröken von Stedingk attended the Queen Dowager's *soirée musicale* in the spring, and she tells us how, when Jenny Lind was taking leave of the Queen Dowager, “Her Majesty asked her to choose for herself one of some magnificent bracelets set before her. But she, with tears in her eyes, begged to be allowed the favour of having sung once before the Queen, without any more reward than the tiny bunch of forget-me-nots which were in a vase on the table. The Queen then gave her the simple flowers, which seemed to make her happier than diamonds ; and this little incident, which I witnessed, well illustrates Jenny Lind's way of feeling.”

Nor was it only the Court which desired to do her special honour at this parting.

In the course of June, she received a tribute which embodied, in a distinct and remarkable manner, the profound feeling with which the entire body of her people were touched, by the splendour of her generosity. A medal had been struck in her honour, to which almost every one of distinction in Sweden, from the King downwards, subscribed ; the committee of presentation included the names of the

BARON DE GEER,
COUNT B. VON PLATEN,
G. ALBERT EHRENSWÄRD,
J. L. ASPELIN,
A. F. LINDBLAD,
J. A. FRÖST,

JULIE LÖFVENSKIÖLD,
ELIZABETH BERZELIUS,
F. VON DARDEL,
J. N. BORELIUS,
BARON BERNHARD VON BESKOW,
CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

The Address with which the gift was presented is singularly graceful ; and it fitly closes the record of public tribute given in this book, in that it recalls, yet once again, at the end of her artistic life in Sweden, the tone and temper which we noticed in all the earliest records of her appearance.

A spiritual and moral force animating Art ; a spiritual and moral service for Art to render—these are the two poles of her Artistic belief : and it is these which the following Address notes with felicity and fervour.

“ To Jenny Lind.

“The lovers of music at Stockholm have, during the present spring, as well as during the winter season of 1847–48, enjoyed a succession of memorable feasts, at which they have admired alike the Artist’s genius, and the nobility of heart wherewith she has dedicated her triumphs exclusively to Charity and Benevolence, and has thereby testified that the aim of true Art is something higher than to please, and to astonish.

“Having been privileged to witness these festivals of Art, where the beauty of the soul found its expression through the medium of song, the lovers and friends of music are desirous that the great artist, on leaving her native country, should carry away with her some outward token of this period of her life, of which the inner memory, which is at all times the companion of virtue, will follow her through life, until that other world is unveiled to her of which she has been the messenger to us through the language of music.

“The undersigned have received the agreeable charge of handing to her this simple souvenir,” &c.

The medal was struck both in gold and silver and bronze. On its face was the bust of Jenny Lind, draped, with the left shoulder brought rather forward. On the back was a design in which the figures of Charity and Patriotism stand on either side of the Genius of Song, while a symbolic figure of Gratitude, bearing a wreath of Immortelles, kneels at the foot of the throne, and inscribes the date of the gift, made by Jenny Lind, out of the profits of her last operatic season in Sweden—December 3, 1847, to April 12, 1848. Inside the laurel wreath that encircles this design are given the names of the chief characters in which she sang,—Norma, Lucia, Agatha, Amina, Susanna, Alice, Maria,

Adina. Below the group of figures runs the inscription : " In memory of the friends of Lyric Art in Stockholm."

The gift was one which went home to her heart. She recognized in it her own people's appreciation of her career—their warmth of affection, their delight in her glory, their grateful sense of her loyalty to them. Those three medals were zealously treasured by her to the very close of her life, as a precious token of the bond of kinship which knit her so fast to the land of her birth, and to her childhood's home : and so fully did she acknowledge the appeal made, in the design, to her patriotism that, on her death, she left the medals to be committed to the National Museum at Stockholm, where now they lie, a pledge of the unbroken bond to her country, which no long years of separation had served to weaken or annul.

Before she left Stockholm she twice sang some Sacred music, on a Sunday, at Evening Prayers ; once on June 8th, in the Jakobs-kyrka, and, again, later in the St. Clara Kyrka.

In the London house, at Moreton Gardens, where her last years were spent, there hangs a most graceful picture, in water-colours, of the west gallery in St. Clara, as she stood to sing the solemn solo in the *Elijah*, " Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun." * Her upright figure, in its elevated pose, is beautifully caught, thrown out against the floods of mellow light that pour in through the western window. Something there was in her, at that moment, as in the church of that very parish where her troubled infancy first felt the light, she was delivering, with all her dedicated powers, to the praise and honour of God, the message of radiant hope which awaited the righteous—something there was, which arrested the artist's eye, and interpreted to him its significance. He left on the paper a record, which conveys, at a glance, the rapt, upward look, so familiar to those who knew her ; and he spread about her the glow of a sunlight, which seemed a symbol of that shining glory of which her voice rang out the promise.

In that church she sang for the last time in Sweden under the maiden-name which was hers by birth. The service was on June the 25th, and on the 27th day of the month she started from Stockholm on her great venture.

* She was peculiarly fond of singing this Aria for Tenor on private and domestic occasions, such as this in the Stockholm Church. Few pieces are more intimately associated with her memory by her own children.

CHAPTER V.

DEPARTURE.

SHE left her country with a happy sense of the goodwill that was faithfully following her career, as it opened out into paths that carried her far afield. She had a few engagements to fulfil on her way across Europe, before she joined her companions, Benedict and Belletti, who were awaiting her in London.

She crossed quickly through England, only sleeping a couple of nights in London, and reaching Crumpsall, near Manchester, the home of her faithful friends the Schwabes, in time to rest a few days before fulfilling her engagements at Liverpool on the 16th and 19th of August. Both Mr. and Mrs. Schwabe accompanied her ; and she had, therefore, the comfort of affectionate intimacy to help her through the racket and distress of the final start.

The two concerts were to raise money towards paying for the new hall of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society in which they were given. The first of these, on the 16th, was noticeable only for "causing an excitement," according to the *Times* of August 19th, "to which the musical annals of Liverpool can find no parallel." "The enthusiasm went far beyond fever-height." She sang her famous pieces, '*Qui la Voce*;' '*Und ob die Wolke*,' from the *Freischütz*; '*Non parentar*,' from the *Flauto Magico*; a Duet from the *Turco in Italia* with Belletti; and, then (after a new Song by Benedict, called 'Take this Lute'), the Norwegian Echo Song, accompanying herself.

So far she was on old ground; but, at the second concert, a very different and a vital departure was made. It was her first singing of the *Messiah*, in which, in later years, she proved herself incomparable.

The excitement of expectation was intense. On August 19th, the *Times* critic* reports that as he writes his despatch, on Saturday 17th,

* *I.e.*, the well-known Mr. J. A. Davison.

"The rehearsal for the *Messiah* is now proceeding at the Philharmonic Hall, the precincts of which are besieged by a mob anxious to obtain a glimpse of Jenny Lind. The greatest curiosity prevails about this performance; for Mdle. Lind has never sung in an Oratorio of Handel's since her arrival in this country. Monday night will show whether she will achieve the same success in the *Messiah* as in the *Creation*, and the *Elijah*."

As to the rehearsal, he records with warm commendation that,

"Mdle. Lind was, as usual, the first to arrive, the last to depart, and the most attentive to her own music, and to the indications of the conductor. If every one were as painstaking and zealous at rehearsals as Mdle. Jenny Lind, the critic would have much less to complain of."

On the 20th, the critic telegraphs the result for the *Times* of August 21st.

"Jenny Lind's singing surpassed anticipation. Her energy, and brilliant execution of 'Rejoice greatly'; her expression in 'He shall feed His flock'; her tenderness in 'How beautiful are the feet'; her fervid devotion in 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'; and her fine rendering of the last air, 'If God be for us,' which made it a new and unexpected feature, raised unbounded enthusiasm. In the Recitatives, besides the excellence of her vocalisation, the pointed, articulate manner in which she pronounced the English words, excited general admiration."

After praising Belletti, and the chorus, and criticising the band, he tells how, at the close, the National Anthem was sung,

"Jenny Lind giving the two principal verses. The scene that ensued defies description. The walls of the building reverberated with cheers. Hats, sticks, handkerchiefs were waved in every direction. The platform of the orchestra was covered with bouquets and wreaths, many of which fell upon the head and the shoulders of the songstress. It was a leave-taking such as even Jenny Lind has rarely experienced."

In the *Times* of the 22nd, Mr. Davison contributes a detailed criticism of her delivery of the numbers in *Messiah*. He has much to say, which comes with the authority of a most skilful and experienced judgment.

"Mdlle. Lind's performance, in the *Messiah*, has," he considers, "enhanced, if possible, her reputation. 'Rejoice greatly' is a veritable *Bravura*, not a mere senseless display of roulades and *fioriture*, but a gush of melody in which the exultant feeling of the text is expressed with a power that springs from inspiration. The elaborate divisions of the Song demand the greatest flexibility, while its peculiar vocal character can only be expressed by a voice at once strong and brilliant, combined with a free command of the upper notes. These physical requisites are among the peculiar gifts of Mdlle. Jenny Lind, whose well-known intelligence and reverence for the text enabled her to employ them with the finest effect."

"The air 'He shall feed His flock' requires a simplicity which derives effect from the innate and unobtrusive beauty of the music. This divine melody fell from her lips like soft water from a spring. The reading of the words was perfect; and the shake at the end,—the legitimate and only ornament introduced—was executed with a finished neatness and a command over the *sotto voce* which afforded the fullest satisfaction to the ear."

Again,

"'For now is Christ risen' had in it something of positive inspiration. The termination—strictly according to the text without even a concluding shake—was far more effective than all the singer's art could have made it, exercised without that feeling of veneration which teaches that to touch such music is to spoil it."

In conclusion, he considers that—

"The depth and sublimity of the music exhibited Mdlle. Lind's talents in a totally new light."

So triumphant was the first historical opening on the field with which she so intimately identified herself in later years. It was a wonderful passage from the atmosphere of the *Figlia* to that of the *Messiah*; but the English knew, now, at what level her supreme gifts lay; and they welcomed her on to the ground of their famous Oratorio with a heartiness of recognition which she cordially recognised. It was to the English that she specially loved to sing the music of the Oratorio.

Her last day at Liverpool was taken up with visits to view the new wing of the Southern and Toxteth Hospital, due to her last year's singing; and with receiving there a silver tea-kettle and a pair of silver candlesticks





Mademoiselle Lind from a photograph by Kilburn. Aug. 1850.

On the evening before sailing, her Swedish heart was at work ; she could not let herself go on this new and strange experiment without desiring the sanction and the blessing of the “old folk at home.” Back to father and mother her thoughts were travelling ; she must feel herself covered by their authority ; she must let her last words be to them. So, on the evening before the start, she sat down and wrote the following letter, with its buoyant hope, with its tender daughterly humility.

The daguerreotype, to which she refers, is the one from which the picture on the opposite page is taken. It was engraved in the *Illustrated London News* of the day : but the present picture is taken fresh from the old plate, which has, by diligent search, been recovered, and used.

“Liverpool, 20th Aug., 1850.

“MY DEAR PARENTS,

“May these lines find you in the enjoyment of good health. I have been very well since I left Sweden, and am now starting for the New World. For we leave to-morrow morning at half-past ten.

“I have been eight days in England, and have sung here in two concerts, both of which have been most successful, and the English public has greeted me as if I belonged to them. I am met everywhere with heartiness and love. Oh, may I succeed in deserving them more and more !

“I have been to see the steamer which will take us over to America, and nothing grander of its kind, I should think, could be found in any country. The vessel is 300 feet by 80, and is decorated so magnificently that one can fancy oneself in a rich private house.

“I look forward to the sea—the ocean !

“When I have got across, I shall let you hear again. As my mother wished to have a Daguerreotype of my poor features, I have sat for one in London. I hope it will have succeeded. Farewell, good mamma and papa ! Think of me with friendliness, and give me now and then your blessing, for a parents’ blessing is something good to travel with. Let me hear occasionally how you are at Pommern.* Remember to look into the books which I gave you, while stopping with you there—and may the Lord Himself enlighten and bless you ! Thus prays most sincerely

“Your attached
“DAUGHTER.”

* A small place taken by her for her parents.

There is a quaint touch of parental authority in the last sentence of the letter, which blends curiously with the beautiful and child-like simplicity with which she asks for the parents' blessing on her going-forth. The whole letter is a delightful foil to the following account of the wild popular excitement that was fermenting, at this moment, round the girl who was herself engaged in writing those plain, quiet, humble messages, so full of domestic affection and simple piety, to the two wondering parents in the old country.

*Jenny Lind's Departure for America.**

“Liverpool, Wednesday night.

“Jenny Lind is gone—gone amid a scene of triumph which was not more a tribute to her own surpassing work and talent, than to the art which it is her honour to profess and to which she does so much honour. Ere these few hasty lines are before the reader, this incomparable songstress will have performed one-fourth of her voyage to the United States, where, we are assured, a reception awaits her which will cast in the shade even the splendid ovation which has just attended her departure from among her European admirers.

“Fresh as I am from this magnificent display of public feeling and sympathy, I can scarcely enter into details. With ears still deafened with the booming of cannon, and the shouts of the thousands who were assembled on either side of the Mersey, and eyes dazzled by the gay effect of innumerable craft, which were illumined by the sunlight as they ran to and fro on the river, or followed in the wake of the *Atlantic*, I can scarcely give you a sober description of this extraordinary scene.

“The authorities foresaw there would be a great demonstration, and took their precautions accordingly. Fancy what must be the interest excited by Jenny Lind, when the police thought it necessary to notify to Mr. Barnum's agent, that if the lady took her departure from the quay at the hour generally expected, they could not ensure the safety of life and limb. We doubt much whether any sovereign was compelled to change the programme of his movements for such a reason. Yet so it was; and much hurrying to and fro was there in consequence. Instead of leaving at nine or ten o'clock, as had been arranged, Jenny Lind was obliged to slip out privately at a quarter to eight, and go down all manner of back streets to be able to get to the pier unper-

* From the *Illustrated London News*, Aug. 24th, 1850.

ceived. In this she was successful; and while the intending sightseers were disposing of their muffins and coffee, the little woman whom they were all going out to see had quietly gone on board the *Atlantic* in a river steamer; but not until after she had been annoyed (during a few minutes' stay on the pier) by a crowd of idlers who pressed round her in the most rude manner, and could scarcely be kept off by the police.

"When at last the hundred and fifty passengers who had engaged all the berths were received on board, with all their luggage, and had taken leave of all their friends, and when the sound of a gun booming across the water from the bows of the steamer announced that all was ready for departure, what was certainly a 'great scene' commenced. The immense floating mass began to move, and, as if by magic, all the craft that had been playing about on the surface of the river, formed into lines, and made a sort of procession. As the *Atlantic* steamed up from her moorings, past the Albert Docks, she turned her head inshore, in the direction of the town, and slowly passed in front of the magnificent line of quays, amidst the enthusiastic shouts of thousands of human beings who lined the shore, not merely on the Liverpool side, but also all along the Cheshire coast, from Birkenhead onwards to the mouth of the great arm of the sea. Salutes were fired from the shore, and were returned from the *Atlantic*; and the whole scene,—such an army of craft of all sorts and kinds floating, with pennants flying—such a shouting—such a roaring of cannon—such a bright sunlight (which broke out suddenly, as if to afford presage of fair weather)—was really one of the most extraordinary sights we ever witnessed. Every eye was strained to get a sight of Jenny Lind. There the little woman stood on the paddle-box, with her arm in that of Captain West, and waving her handkerchief enthusiastically in return for the greeting of the crowds who had assembled to witness her departure."

Such was her farewell, as she passed from the Old World to the New, travelling out over the unknown waters, to discover whether Music had power to draw towards her the hearts of these immense populations in far-away cities, with the same security with which it had knit to her the affections of all those to whom her voice had spoken, in the land that lay about her home. So she sails, wafted out, for her adventure, on the wings of all the favouring hopes with which it was possible for that Old World to send her forward. Those ringing cheers, those crowded boats, those fluttering handkerchiefs, those straining eyes, which followed her

out of Liverpool, spoke to her of all the wonderful days in Europe that lay behind her—days that had never once failed to bring her their unceasing tribute of praise and welcome and love, as often as she invoked them, ever since she first babbled out her earliest speeches as a little child on the boards of the Stockholm Theatre.

And this unfailing triumph had never limited itself to a mere admiration. Always it had been an admiration that was transfigured, by its own inward force, into genuine affection. Always it had felt the power of her personality; and had understood her deeper motives, and her serious intention. She had never been wholly misunderstood in her desire that, by her Art, she should touch the finer issues of the religious consciousness, and enlarge the resources of a human charity.

All this was behind her, to forward and cheer her, as she tempted the new Atlantic seas. Nor did the promise of high fortune belie itself. The pledge was redeemed in a measure that ran over and over. It is not our present part to follow her in this adventure, nor to tell the familiar tale of the boundless enthusiasm that awaited her every step from the moment that she touched American shores. Our special part ends at this point, where the old European career, in its special sense, closes. Up till now, her Dramatic and Artistic life had developed, step by step and stage by stage, in an orderly sequence of gradations. She has now touched the final level on which her future career is to move; there is no new fashion it is to take. The platform of the concert-room is the ultimate spot of vantage from which she is to reach the world of men. It is needless to expand a record which would merely repeat in detail the same typical success. We have seen enough already to prove that, in her abandonment of the stage, she had not surrendered her chance of delivering her Artistic message. On the contrary, though her marvellous histrionic gift was put aside, she found a freedom of scope, a glad outlet, for her singing, which rather increased than diminished the exercise of her sway. The fervour that accompanied her concert-singing was in no degree less than that which, of old, had besieged the doors of the theatres. The opportunities which it offered her for beneficence were, at least, as magnificent as before. Moreover, in the Oratorio, she more and more found the most congenial and adequate of all the fields in which she could

exercise the full force of her powers, and attain the noblest realisation of her ideal.

We send her out, then, on her American visit, with no sense that her career, in touching its final level, has less triumph in store for her than any of the steps which led to it. We shall leave her to go ever forward, still encouraged, from New York to Savannah, with the same passion of devotion, the same thrill of a unique experience, which she had evoked already in Stockholm and Berlin, in Vienna and London.

But, though we do not follow her steps farther, we cannot part with her without recording a message or two which she herself sends back, as from the new land, to those who watch after her in the old countries. And the messages are to those who have been our companions through this book ; and we shall be glad to feel that they receive good news from her, and that they and she are still undivided, though the Atlantic rolls between.

And as her last letter, at the moment of leaving Europe, had been written to her parents, so let the first that we quote from America be due to the same filial loyalty. It gives her simple enjoyment and wonder at the great voyage.

“ Boston, 27th September, 1850.

“ MY DEAR PARENTS,

“ It does seem strange to be so far from home, so far from Europe ! I trust these lines find you in perfectly good health. I take for granted that you have been informed long ago of my safe arrival at New York, 1st September.

“ The voyage was in every respect extremely interesting. True, eleven days on the sea is a good deal, but the sight of the ocean, under all its various aspects, was oh ! so grand !—the rising and setting of the sun, moonlight, the new stars, the rainbows, the phosphorus, porpoises and seals, storm, fog, and then again a surface calm as a mirror. All these changes we could watch in turn. We had a magnificent boat, and a particularly clever, attentive, and charming Captain. I was not ill in the least, but kept wonderfully well all the time. I went on deck to have a look at the storm ; it was splendid ! We lay deep sunk in the trough of the waves, the colossal ship floating like a tiny eggshell on the immeasurable expanse of the waters. The ship's guns were flung hither and thither, ropes as thick as my waist came sweeping in piles across the deck, the waves, as high as big houses, of the most intensely beautiful light green, dashing towards the bridge with such violence as to overthrow and injure three sailors and one of

the officers. After the storm, which lasted twenty-four hours, it turned fine, and then we had all kinds of glorious sights.

"I sat up, quite on the very edge of the prow, close to the old man blowing his horn (the 'old man,' I must add, was of wood !), with a few friends and the Captain, who made it their business to take care of me, and I really felt elated by the superb spectacle before me.

"We gave a concert (on the ocean !) for the crew, and once or twice we had a merry bit of dancing ; and in this way time flew by quickly enough.

"New York, as to its situation, reminds me very much of Stockholm.

"I was met with quite an astonishing reception. I have already given six concerts there, in a hall with room for 11,000 people ; it has been crowded each time, and we shall most likely be able to give about forty to fifty concerts in New York alone.

"Here everything is done on a large scale. The first ticket sold the day before yesterday in this city for to-day's concert (the first one given here) was sold for as much as——625 *dollars* ! The tickets, you must know, were sold by auction. It is amazing what heaps of money they seem to have here.

"My health is, as usual, thank God, in excellent condition ; my voice is fresh and strong, and I am looking forward extremely to some plan—after this '*tournee*' is over—for enjoying peace and rest ; for, indeed, in these two matters, so precious to us, human beings, I seem to be given but a very small share, torn and bothered as I am from morning to night. Still, it is touching to see such good-will and kindness ; people seem not to know how to do enough to show their favour and the genuine interest they take in me.

"I wish I could send home to Pommern some of the lovely flowers and the splendid fruit which are continually sent to me. The peaches are delicious, and grow here in great abundance. We have still warm weather, and ever a divinely blue sky.

"*October 1st*—Time does pass ! I shall now soon be thirty years of age ! How happy I am to become an 'ould hag' ! Every day I see round me numbers of new faces,—so many, in fact, that I find it a bore—but I am going to try and terminate my engagement as quickly as possible—*perhaps* in a year ! When we meet I shall have heaps to tell you, which now I have no time to relate. It is already more than three months since I was taking part in the country dances round the maypole at Pommern. It does seem so strange !

"I wish I could soon hear that you both are well. Now, pray do take care of yourselves, so that still many a green spring and

many a chirping bird may gladden your soul ! Rest assured that all I have said or written has been done with the truest and best intentions ; and pray remember with tenderness your far-distant
“DAUGHTER.”

That letter will, certainly, bring relief, and joy to the little house at Pommern, where she had so lately “danced round the maypole.” She, like her own favourite skylark, is ever—

“ True to the kindred points of heaven, and home.”

The next of the letters repeats how freely and cheerfully things are going. It is written from Boston, on October 2nd, 1850, to her Guardian, Herr Munthe.

“ I have given eight concerts, and hitherto the success has been unparalleled. I devoted the first two in New York to charities, because they had raised such enormous prices (by auction)—that I considered this to be a plain duty. My agreement with Mr. Barnum has been quite altered ; and Mr. Barnum has shown, and is still showing himself, extremely generous, and reasonable ; and seems to have made it his first object to see me satisfied. I understand that we rarely make less than \$10,000 at a concert. Hitherto the receipts have varied between \$12,000, \$14,000, \$16,000 ! And thus my share for six concerts is about \$30,000 ! ”

Good news, this, for the kindly old judge at home ! His warm heart would kindle over the triumphant success, even though he foresaw a big job ahead for his prudence and his wits, when it came to the dispensing of these vast sums in accordance with the scruples and the anxieties of her beneficence.

On November 8th she wrote again from Boston to her Guardian a letter full of her characteristic temper.

“ It is indeed a great joy, and a gift from God, to be allowed to earn so much money and afterwards to help one’s fellow-men with it. This is the highest joy I wish for in this life ; everything else has disappeared from the many-coloured course of my path on earth. Few know, though, what a beautiful and quiet inner life I am living. Few suspect how unutterably little the world and its splendour have been able to turn my mind giddy. Herrings and potatoes—a clean wooden-chair, and a wooden-spoon to eat milk-soup with—that would make me skip like a

child, for joy ! And this—without the slightest trace of exaggeration, or that sort of thing.

“Benedict and Belletti are kind and pleasant. Benedict and I play nice little duets on the piano, and the time goes quickly and happily.

“The bird-song, ‘I know not why I am singing,’ and Herr Berg’s song with the long-sustained notes, and the Norwegian echo-song—these are the standing pieces which I must sing at every concert.”

This speaks straight from her heart. It holds in it her deepest motives—motives, strong from the first, but which have gained in strength as she developed. Her original sense that her singing was God-given has been intensified by the more positive religious influences which had flowed in upon her through her English Evangelical friends, and expresses itself, now, in the desire for inner peace in the quiet recesses of the soul : while the hope of beneficent service to her fellow-men has become absorbing. Still, with all the growth, there is no change whatever in the “Jenny” who would “skip for joy over the herring and the potatoes, and the clean wooden-spoon.” That declaration is instinct with her very breath. She never lost, either the spontaneous simplicity of plain living, or the buoyant gleefulness of the dancing child.

And, now, to part with her best friends with whom we have seen her spend such happy days, and to whom she pours out her fondest affections—the Wichmanns. They are not forgotten in the novel whirl of American affairs.

“My dearly beloved Amalia,” she writes from Philadelphia on December 5th, 1850, to Madame Wichmann, “I feel so great a desire to write you some lines that I cannot keep silence any longer. I long to know how you all fare ; and would like, too, to tell you something about myself ; for I know well how great an interest you take in my fate. I will no longer restrain myself ; for I find my thoughts all flying to you with such love and confidence that I feel grateful and happy in the mere act of communing in spirit with you. And, surely you have not forgotten me !

“What are they doing in Germany ? I am in great anxiety over the situation there. Will there really be war ? Where will you go in that case ? For God’s sake, write me a line about that.

“If all goes ill in Europe you might come to America, and

fetch me away. How is Otto? * Is he stronger? I was so glad to see him in Baden; and fancied that in him I saw you all.

“ . . . I and all of us are extremely well. My head is quite re-established; and my voice is better than ever. The climate here is very good. Nearly the whole autumn we have had a clear blue sky, such as we had at Meran, when it was at its best. . . .

“ Mr. Barnum behaves extremely well towards me: and I could not wish for anything better.

“ In the month of July we hope to be back in Europe, for we hope to see the Great Exhibition. Ah! if *you* were to come there! You, Amalia, have never been in London; how interesting it would be to see it! Think it over, dearly beloved Frau!

“ If you see Taubert, tell him, please, that they will not listen here to anything but his song ‘I must be singing.’ Since I got a very nice translation of it in English, I have to sing it at every concert. Greetings to all my friends—Herr Taubert—Professor Werder—Magnus—Madame Mendelssohn, etc.

“ I wept for joy the other day, when the Prussian Envoy, Herr von Gerolt, brought us greetings from Her Majesty the Queen of Prussia. When next you meet His Excellency Herr von Redern, pray tell him how truly grateful I feel for this mark of Her Majesty’s sympathy. Greet him at the same time.

“ Faithful love to you all!

“ From yours ever gratefully,
“ JENNY.”

So we leave this sweet and delightful friendship which played so deep a part in her early years of European success. It has remained her constant support throughout—a harbour, in which she never failed to find refuge and peace.

One thread out of her old life, which we have already tracked into the new, is alas! soon to be slit. It is a thread woven deep indeed into the tissue of her memory and her soul. The long and curious story of her mother which we have followed through so many incidents, ends at last during the American trip with the news of Fru Lind’s death. What a strange and unanticipated change had come over the scenes of poor Fru Lind’s life since, pinched and driven by the hard days, unsuccoured and unsustainable, she had been forced to put out her new-born child with the Parish Clerk of Ed-Sollentuna, and turn from her hurried sickness and nursing to fight her way alone against a baffling

* Otto Wichmann.

world ! “That child will bring you help ! mark my word,” the old grandmother had said to her : but she little knew the full and wonderful sense in which those words would prove themselves true. Now, in 1851, lifted out of all anxiety by that child’s help, transplanted into a kindly and peaceful home which the child had given her, in company with the husband whom, in spite of all his weakness in those earlier times when she had to struggle on alone, she loved with an affection that he warmly returned, she could sit and rest among the quiet country-sights, and could sweeten her sourer humours, and could soften her asperities, and could come to kinder terms with the human earth about her, as she caught all the echoes of that praise with which the wide world outside was welcoming that child of hers, once so forlorn, of whom, with all her tough bitterness of disposition, she had always been so proud ; and could hear of the uncounted wealth which was being poured in upon her, in measures that must have made her breathless as she listened to their tale. No fairy god-mother could have worked a more marvellous transformation ; and yet all had been done by the earnest, intelligent, devoted steadiness, the “incredibly hard work,” of that tiny scrap of a child who once sat in the porter’s window at the Widows’ Home, and sang away to her cat “with the blue ribbon round its neck” ; and who, now, knew not how to escape from the thousands who thronged to hear her in lands beyond the sea where her name was already familiar and dear as a household word. She, by God’s grace, had done it : and now at the end of all, she is the very same “Jenny” who trotted off by her mother’s side to the Opera-House, to try their fortune with old Crœlius. Still she loves to think of the “milk-soup and the wooden-spoon” that belonged to the old simple days of childhood ; and her heart drew closer to her mother, now that the Atlantic rolled between them, than it ever could in the earlier days when the roughness of the surface-life harshened the home, and forbade those springs of gentleness to flow between a mother and daughter whom so much held estranged. Certainly, it was with a bitter pang that Jenny Lind heard, in December 1851, of her mother’s death. Some words which she wrote about it in 1852 tell how “everything had become smooth and nice” between them ; how her mother had become so much quieter and more reasonable ; how she had hoped to “surround her old age with

joy, and peace and tender care." "Now it is too late! Peace be with her soul."

Too late, perhaps, for all that she yet planned to do; but not too late to have done much to secure that "peace" to her declining days, which was the gift most sorely needed by that disturbed and harassed heart.

Perhaps, now that she has herself taken leave of her friends, we may give one last picture of her, as she was seen in the thick of her American work, by the sympathetic eyes of Mr. Parker Willis, an American author, whose reminiscences of 'Famous Persons, and Famous Places' were published in 1856.

He has most graphically described a typical day's work in New York, with its mingled glow and grind.

"It was the morning after her last concert (in New York), and among the business to be attended to, in the winding up of a visit to a city where she had already given away \$30,000 in charity, was the result certified in the following report:—

"The undersigned, a committee named by Miss Lind to divide the appropriation of the sum of \$5,373·20 cents, the proceeds of a morning concert, have distributed the said funds as follows:—

New York, Nov. 26, 1850.

C. S. Woodhule. B. Raird. R. B. Mintum. Wm. H. Aspinwall.
John Jay.

	\$
To the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor	1000
Widows with poor children	300
Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum	300
Female Assistance Society	300
Eastern Dispensary	250
Northern Dispensary	250
Eye and Ear Infirmary	250
Hebrew Benevolent Society	200
Prison Association	200
Destitute children of seamen	200
Homeless and destitute boys	100
Swedes and Norwegians in New York	273·20
Swedish Bibles and Testaments	200
Brooklyn Orphan Asylum	250
The poor of Williamsburg	100
The poor of Newark	100
The poor of Jersey City	100
Temperance societies	500
St. George's Society	500

5373·20

“There was also another matter which formed an item in the ‘squaring up’ of the New York accounts on that day. A paragraph had reached her making mention of a Swedish sailor who had perished in endeavouring to save the lives of passengers on the wreck of a vessel. Jenny Lind had sent to the Swedish Consul to make enquiries whether he had left a family. His widow and children were found by the Consul,* and Jenny had sent him \$500 for their use. This was mentioned by M. Habicht to a lady, who mentioned it to us, and by this chance alone it became public.

“But while all these sufferers were receiving her bounty, and she was settling with banks and managers for the payments—what else was her life made up of on that day?

“It was now half-past nine in the morning, and three servants of the hotel and two of her own had been ordered to guard her room till she could eat her breakfast. But well-dressed ladies cannot be stopped by men-servants: and her drawing-room was already half full of visitors on particular business who had crowded past insisting on entrance.”

He goes on to describe vividly the “lady-beggars,” to whom she hurriedly offered \$20 or \$30, as the shortest way to be rid of them; and how this is rejected with indignant protests. “We did not expect this pittance from *you*!” “Excuse me, I came for a donation, not for alms!” etc., etc. Then there are the “applicants for musical employment; passionate female admirers; a dozen ladies with albums; some who had worked things for her; one who had come indignantly to ask why a note containing a poem had not been answered.”

So the audience would go on; and Mr. Willis cannot wonder, that in the evening, when he goes to a party at a lovely villa ten miles from town to meet her, he should find her looking fatigued. But she received him with a merry inquiry as to where he came from, in reference to some spirit-séance, to which he had lately taken her. He told her in answer that they had been inquiring of a spirit whether Jenny Lind had any talent which she would have developed but for the chance possession of a remarkable voice? and if so, what was it?

“‘And the spirit said, it was working frocks for poor little children, I suppose,’ was her immediate anticipation of the reply, uttered with an expression of arch earnestness which confirmed

* The Chevalier Charles Edward Habicht.

us in the opinion we have gradually formed, that a love of the comic and the joyous is the leading quality in her temperament.

"During the time that we remained near her, there were constant introductions. And in these she bandies no compliments. If a remark is made which has no rebound in it, she drops it with a monosyllable, and without ever gracing its downfall with an insincere smile. She affects no interest which she does not feel; and puts an abrupt end to a conversation which could only be sustained by mutual pretence of something to say; she differs suddenly and uncompromisingly when her sense of truth prompts her to do so; and repels, instead of even listening silently to, complimentary speeches. At all times, she is particularly honest and simple."

He describes how he took leave of her :—

"She had withdrawn from the crowd, and was sitting in one of the deep alcoves of the saloon; one of the trellised windows, which looked out upon the park, formed a background to her figure. She sat in a posture of careless and graceful repose, with her head bent on one side, her eyes drooped, and her hands crossed before her, in the characteristic habit which has been seized by the painters who have drawn her. There was an expression of dismissed care replaced by a kind of childlike and innocent sadness, which struck us as inexpressibly sweet, and which we mentally treasured as another of those phases of expressive beauty of which that strong face is capable. And as we looked on her, there suddenly appeared through the window behind, half concealed by her shoulder, the golden edge of the just-risen moon. It crept to her cheek before she had changed the attitude in which she indolently listened to her friend as he talked; and for a moment the tableau was complete. It was so startling, and yet so apt and so consistent, that, for an instant, it confused one's thoughts. . . . But the taking of a step forward disturbed it, . . . and we could only then call her attention to the bright orb lifting behind her. The moment after she had said 'Good-night,' and was gone."

That shall be our last vision of her. For we, too, must be saying Good-night, and be going.

LAST WORDS.

THIS Memoir of Jenny Lind has touched its appointed close, now that she has finally and for ever shaken herself free from that theatrical career into which she had been thrown from her very infancy, and within which she had developed and matured all her artistic capacities. We have seen how she had deliberately and spontaneously cast it all away behind her, at the very moment when her wonderful histrionic powers were at the very height of their fulfilment. We know that she did this in obedience to the rooted convictions of her innermost self—convictions which had grown up within her secret will until they had become an imperious call on her spirit which no resistance or plea from without could break down, and no alluring fame or promise of wealth could beguile. She had done it in spite of all the world could do to prevent it. And now that it was done, she has found, as we have seen, that the path of Art is open as ever to her. She still can exercise her allotted mission to mankind ; still can appeal to men through her marvellous gift of song ; still can wake to finest issues all the nobility and purity and joy that lie asleep in human souls until the kiss of music breaks their sealing slumber.

Such would be, for years to come, her public career, full as ever of magnificent opportunities triumphantly used. And, just in order to verify our words to the minds and imaginations of our readers, we will venture to give a rapid glance, before closing this volume, down the long line of musical events which marked the life that now lay ahead of her. But, first, we must recall one domestic fact of primary importance. The life ahead, however artistically continuous with the life which had preceded it, was now carried on under vitally changed conditions ; for on the 5th February, 1852, at the house of Mr. S. Grey Ward in Boston, she was married, by Bishop Wainwright of New York, to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. We remember the beginnings of their intimacy :

how they had met again and again at Lübeck and Hamburg ; how they were drawn together by the common memory of Mendelssohn ; how close were their musical sympathies. So it was, that when it appeared probable that Julius Benedict would part company with her in the midst of the American tour, communications began to pass between her and Mr. Goldschmidt's family, without his knowledge, pressing the expediency of his coming out to take up the part of pianist as soon as it was vacant. He was then still young, but she had an enthusiastic admiration of his talent, and especially delighted in his sympathetic power as an accompanist—a gift on which she set the highest value. "Whether he accompanies me," she wrote to Judge Munthe in October, 1851, "or I accompany myself, it is absolutely the same thing."

The venture was made, and with entire success. He arrived at the end of May, 1851, and brought to her, in the thick of the loud and racketting distractions, the touch of that serious Art which they had both learned to revere in the great master gone from them. He helped her to fight through the noisy turmoil that beset her. The intimacy quickly deepened, and in him she learned that she could find "all"—so she wrote—"that her heart ever yearned after and loved." The letters that she sent home immediately after the marriage, on the 16th of February, to his parents and to her dear friend, Mrs. Stanley, who had known her so well in her old trouble, prove how profoundly her whole being, in all its deepest motives and aspirations, had gone out into this happy union. And we know a little, from our record of her career, all that it would mean to her. It meant that the old life of the wandering musician, carrying wares from east to west, with its homelessness, its isolation, its insecurity, was all to end. We know too, how she had hated the condition of the unattached and unsteady wandering—the lodging with its forlorn emptiness, the inn with its naked publicity. The friendships, formed by the way, warm and intense as they had been, could but be as passing gleams, as broken suggestions of that reposeful home for which her spirit pined. And now the release had come ; she was lifted clean out of the tumult and the loneliness ; she was received into the warmth of endearing affection, and into the happy honour of wifehood.

And this promise of good things with which this marriage

opened to her was never to fail her. For the remaining thirty-five years of her life, whatever troubles they might bring with them to her, as to all, she was never to miss the sense of this sympathetic understanding, of this secure loyalty, of this delicate trust, always there at her side. With her rigorous idealism, with her artistic emotion, she could not be herself without putting to full proof the strength of the tie that bound them. And it bore every test with a quiet steadfastness which nothing could seriously weaken or disturb. It was knit fast by entire community of interests and tastes, as well as by the more intimate sympathies. Both shared the same religious convictions ; both enjoyed the same type of work, of amusement, of society ; both found their delight in the same circle of friends ; each had a heart-whole admiration for the other's gifts. Moreover, outward circumstances favoured their union from first to last ; and no loss, or damage, or misfortune, broke for a moment the even tenor of their days. To those who had the privilege of intimacy within their inner household for the last twenty or thirty years, it seems difficult to imagine how any marriage could have brought to her more steadiness or smoothness of tone and harmony and habit.

With their marriage the American tour came to a close. They gave, together, during May, 1852, three farewell concerts in New York, and then, after lingering in England through June, for Mr. Goldschmidt to be introduced to her old friends there, they crossed to Hamburg ; and after touring in Switzerland, etc. settled finally at Dresden in the autumn, where they remained for the next five years. It was there that a son was born to them in 1853, and a daughter in 1857.

In 1858 they were finally drawn to England, and decided on establishing their home there. After some years in Argyll Lodge, a villa looking out on Wimbledon Common, where their third child was born, they bought some ground and built a house, which was named Oak Lea, on the fringe of Wimbledon Park, at a spot where, in her early London seasons, she used to ride down with Mrs. Grote to picnic and listen to the nightingales. In 1874, finding themselves too remote from the musical life of London, they left Oak Lea and bought a house in Moreton Gardens, which was their home until her death.

Such, in briefest outline, was her married life ; and even these

few lines are enough to reveal the contrast between its steady quietude and fixity, and the old helter-skelter days of incessant disturbance.

And now let us sketch, with a like brevity, the record of the main musical engagements which occupied their married years, just to convince ourselves how richly she continued to fulfil her artistic career. In all the work here recorded she enjoyed the active co-operation, and often the leadership, of her husband.

She sang during the early half of 1854 in Dresden, Berlin, Leipzig, Vienna, and Pesth. In 1855, after concerts in Hamburg and Bremen, she made a most brilliant tour from March to May in Holland, singing at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Leyden, Utrecht, the Hague, Haarlem, Dortrecht, and in Friesland. In the June of that year, she began her visits to the Lower Rhenish Festival at Düsseldorf, which she repeated in 1863 and 1866. From December, 1855, to June, 1856, she made a round of England, Scotland, and Wales, accompanied by a strong band of supporters—F. Lablache, Weiss, Ernst, Sainton, Swift, and Piatti—and had a most extraordinary success.

It was in the midst of this tour, on March 11, that together they gave a most famous concert in Exeter Hall, on behalf of the Nightingale Fund, to which they paid in the whole of the receipts—£1,872. In recognition of this, besides a special vote of thanks, they received as a memorial a beautiful bust of the Queen, presented to them, at the Mansion House, by the hand of the Lord Mayor.

In December, 1855, they gave a musical evening at Windsor Castle before the Queen; and both appeared at a royal performance in Buckingham Palace in May, 1856. In the June of that year, under the leadership of Sterndale Bennett, she introduced to England Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* at a concert of the Philharmonic Society in the Hanover Square Rooms.

In 1857-58, besides singing at Dresden, Prague, Breslau, Königsberg, Danzig, and Posen, she made a momentous appearance in the *Messiah*, at Halle, for the completion of the Handel monument.

In 1859 she went round the chief Irish towns, assisted by Belletti and Joachim; while in 1861-62 she sang in concerts and oratorios in England and Scotland, with the assistance of Belletti,

Sims Reeves, and Piatti; besides giving three oratorios, for charitable purposes, at Exeter Hall during the time of the International Exhibition.

Besides these, *Elijah*, given on October 22nd, on behalf of "London Over the Border," and in special succour of a hard-pressed and persecuted clergyman struggling with the misery of North Woolwich, roused an immense enthusiasm. "What was written of this remarkable exhibition," says *The Times* in its notice of the performance, "years ago, might be re-written now without a syllab'e to withdraw, without an epithet of admiration to change or modify."

In May and July of 1863 she took part in the historic revival of Handel's music to the *Allegro* and the *Penseroso* of Milton, and this music she sang again in the autumn at Liverpool and Manchester.

In the years that followed she would sing whenever a special occasion arose. It might be in the *Messiah* for the Clergy Fund Corporation in January, 1865; or at Cannes at her one Concert on French soil in 1866, for the Civic Hospital; or the Musical Festival at Hereford in 1867; or in Mr. Goldschmidt's *Ruth* in 1869, in Hamburg and London; and again at Düsseldorf and in London in 1870 and 1871. She took an intense interest in this oratorio of her husband's. In April, 1871, it is pleasant to see her take part in one more concert with Madame Schumann at No. 14, Hyde Park Gardens. In May, 1873, she sang in Northumberland House before it was swept away by the new improvements; and after helping the Turkish Refugee Fund in February, 1877, and singing on behalf of the Albert Institute in a Royal Concert at Windsor in May, 1880, she made her last public appearance at a concert given for the Railway Servants' Benevolent Fund at the Spa, Malvern Hills, on July 23rd, 1883. From 1876 to 1883 her main musical interest lay in leading and training the sopranis of the Bach Choir; while from 1883 to 1886 she threw all her energies into her work for the School of Singing, in the Royal College of Music.

Such was the after-life. And we part from her, then, in mid-career, in the full confidence that all will be well with her, and that half her triumph as an Artist is to come.

Yes! The voice—the perfected use of the voice—will remain to enthral and to exalt. But yet, we must confess that something

is gone, which will never be again—the freedom of the Actress to place at the disposal of her voice all the resources of her imaginative passion. This is gone for ever ; and the question may still haunt us, Did she never regret the decision taken ? Those accumulated stores of experience gained from childhood, exercised and trained by twenty years of work and of success—was it nothing to her that these were thrown to the winds ? Did not the gift itself within her, so instinctive, so deep, stir at times and yearn for an outlet ? Did she never, in all the long years, feel for the warmth and the inspiration of some heroic hour, when she had drawn men, spell-bound, into the sway of the passion to which she alone could give expression ? Is it possible that any one should possess the power, and not, at times, desire to use it ?

The answer is absolute. No traces of such a regret are recorded, even by those most intimate with her, to have ever crossed her mind. Far from falling under even the passing influence of such a regret at the step once taken, she does not appear to have been even moved by the impulse from within now and again just to liberate her pent-up skill. Not that she recoiled from the Stage itself with any repugnance or moral condemnation. On the contrary, she would often go to the play ; and would take an interest in this or that new actor or actress. She was, on these occasions, a rather merciless critic ; and she would be very severe on any defect in technical training, or any stupidity of mannerism. All this came from her genuine appreciation of dramatic Art : she still recognised its high capabilities ; she had not withdrawn her sympathies from it. And yet it never crossed her imagination that she might herself find joy in wielding the strange dominion again. She found a childlike delight in private, sometimes, in letting loose her marvellous gift of merry mimicry. Once, for instance, when quite alone with an intimate Swedish friend, she began to revel in making her laugh with the most whimsical imitations of the various celebrities of the Stage at that day ; and, after overflowing with brilliant fun over it, she exclaimed : “ You see, I have not lost my old art ! ” as if she was glad to feel it was there. But, nevertheless, nothing seemed ever to suggest to her : “ Would you not love to exercise that art as of old ? ”

Her fixed and unwavering sentiments are given in a very vivid letter, written, years after, to the same Herr Forsberg, of the

War Office, to whom she wrote on the death of her mother.* His deep interest in the theatre had led him to send her a poem called 'Thalia' in honour of the drama, which might wake up old memories. She, in answer, tells him how she came to see that all the tears shed on the stage were sham tears; and how, unsatisfied by success, she opened her Bible and there came upon these words (written on the margin of some text, by herself, as we suppose) "my newly-found Lord, who first taught me to shed the genuine tears." Her new religious experiences seem to have made the emotions of the Stage feel hollow, and superficial.

She, then, recalls the physical agonies that it entailed, of which she is vividly reminded by a scene of home-happiness. "Walter" (her son), she writes, "is just at this moment rushing into the room dressed up in my jacket of the 'Figlia,' in which he is acting coachman, and is supremely happy: he has got a huge hat on, with a real cockade, and is offering to take me for a drive in his carriage, which is made out of chairs piled up on the table! I cannot refrain from comparing the present purpose of the jacket, and the anguish I felt when it covered my poor limbs. There is Walter, quite enchanted: and I was trembling all over while I wore it!"

This is, of course, an after-view which needs many qualifications; but it embodies the permanent impression left on her memory—a memory of bodily and mental misery. The Art was exercised at too heavy a cost. It took too much out of her.

In estimating the cost, we must remember her mode of acting. There is one form of the dramatic gift which lies in the power of self-abandonment, of absorption in a character foreign to the natural self—in a character taken up, assumed, worn, penetrated, as a study, by the intensity of the imagination. The actor leaves himself behind; and only imagines what that other character would feel under given circumstances. Such an actor keeps his own inner store of emotion unused; when he acts, he is not himself, but another person. But Jenny Lind has told us herself that she worked on the exactly opposite method. She carried herself into her parts. She could not act any character which she could not adopt for her own, or imagine herself to be. For the time, she was it. This is what limited her range. This is what debarred her from acting an evil character. She could not do it merely as a scientific impersonation; she must picture

herself as inside the part ; she must surrender herself to the sway of the evil passion to be portrayed.

Now, such a method would, no doubt, have overwhelming effect on happy occasions ; but it is terribly expensive. It draws on the private resources ; it exhausts the personal powers ; it carries all the tumult and pain of the Drama in within the secret recesses of the self. Such a process tears at the heart of life. It spends more than it can reclaim.

No wonder, that, as she looked back, the prevailing thought was mainly of the tortured nerves and exhausted vitality which such acting as this involved.

And not only did she escape from the torture of exhausted nerves : but more than that. She evidently felt a positive gain in inner freedom. Something there was in her deepest self, which sprang up into a liberated life when once she found herself a musician only, and not an actress as well. That is why she could never even feel as if she missed any fulfilment of her full powers.

And this element in her which found itself free was just that in her which constituted the very core of her artistic gift. For in herself, as in her art, she was a passionate Idealist. She had none of the realistic instincts, which delight in burrowing inside the crust of facts and incidents, ugly and repellent though they be, in order to drag out their inner secret. Her native tendency was, not to dig beneath the coarse rind, and pluck out its mystery, but to escape and soar away from all that was common and gross ; she was like her chosen emblem the skylark,—

“ That singing still doth soar, and soaring ever singeth.”

Perplexities, shocks, obstacles,—these did not evoke in her a wish to master them ; rather they jarred against her conscience ; they drove her to indignant protest, and anxious inquiry. That was her temperament, and therefore it was that she was not sure of herself in the stress of action, in the thick of facts. She could not trust her own judgment. She was greatly subject to changing impressions, and to inconsequent influences. She lost her confidence. The field of active life was not her true ground. She was an Idealist. Only when aloof from the shift of bewildering Circumstance, did she rise to her full supremacy, and move with perfect consistency, and absolute security of foot.

She was an Idealist ; that was her dominant self. And, therefore, it was, that she felt herself free and self-possessed when she had, once and for ever, cast out the theatrical interests which were dragging her in a cross direction. The Stage compelled her to be in constant contact with all the whirl, and noise, and jar of circumstance. It pinned her down to all the pettiness, the dishonourable inferiorities, of a restless conflict with a hard and unworthy environment. It imprisoned her within those jangling conditions from which her instinctive idealism was ever urging her to take wings and fly away. It could not go on. And, when once the effort of escape was over, she could not but feel herself rescued as from a prison. Her innermost being could put itself out, now, in music, with as little jar or fret from external accidents as was humanly possible. She could pass straight on to the concert platform from her inner musings, and could there deliver herself of her full message, just as it burned within her to give it, with nothing to consider except how to set it free in that form which her own inward judgment commended to her.

Music, then, gave to her idealism uninterrupted scope, while the accidental and external conditions of the Drama were incessantly traversing it ; and it was, therefore, the musician that gained, at the cost of abandoning the actress. But yet further ; behind the idealist lay the woman, with certain deep-root instincts which only won their freedom through the surrender of the Stage. Of these instincts we have spoken already. They were, first, the domestic instinct, with its intense desire for the stability of home. And, secondly, the religious instinct, with its yearning for inward peace. These emotions had no easy way in her, at the very best. The artist in her was very strong ; she had all the ebbs and flows of impulse, the rapid susceptibility to changing influences, the shifts of temper, the sweeps of emotion, which make the artistic nature so perilous, and so difficult to control. She had to get all this in hand ; she had to set herself to master all that aggravates the morbid humours of irritable nerves. It was all she could do so to manage that these deeper desires for stable peace could get forward towards their fulfilment. They needed every succour that external life could supply. And how then would they ever survive, so long as the impulsive and sensitive self was shaken and kindled by all the turbulence of a dramatic career ? How would they have a chance of winning their footing, until she

was released from that houseless' wandering, amid uncongenial strangers, which such a career involves?

It was these twin instincts which suffered most obviously and most acutely, from the disturbance inevitable to the Stage; and it was their imperious pressure which impelled her to cut herself loose from that which hindered their freedom. Two little stories illustrate how she felt herself drawn to what she did. The first is domestic. In America, they tell how, at the very height of that unparalleled triumph, with all that great world ringing with her praise, she visited a young mother, and, after kissing the tiny, rosy baby, according to some Swedish fashion, on its ear and its heel, she turned to the mother and cried—"Ah, how I envy you! you have something to live for!" There is the woman's cry, breaking through the artist. It must not be taken for more than it is worth. She would often acknowledge the sufficiency of Art, hallowed to its highest purpose; and would be alive to the danger that besets Art from the domestic side. But, for all that, the voice spoke genuinely, out of her very soul. The fuller her artistic passion, the deeper grew her longing for a something at the background which should be, not the expression of life, but life itself.

And, then as to the religious motive. Once an English friend found her sitting on the steps of a bathing-machine, on the sands, with a Lutheran Bible open on her knee, and looking out into the glory of a sunset that was shining over the waters. They talked, and the talk drew near to the inevitable question, "Oh, Madame Goldschmidt, how was it that you ever came to abandon the Stage, at the very height of your success?" "When, every day," was the quiet answer, "it made me think less of *this*" (laying a finger on the Bible) "and nothing at all of *that*" (pointing out to the sunset). "What else could I do?" The answer is obviously dramatic; not literal. She is using the immediate situation, in which she spoke, as a symbol of what she intended to convey. She is not giving the actual motives which took her from the Stage; but she is interpreting the inner experience, which, for her, justified the original step, and which made it impossible to regret it. There, as she sat on the beach, she saw one more confirmatory instance, before her very eyes, of that secret which made her abandonment of the Stage so intelligible, and so satisfactory. The Bible, and the Sunset!

There is what she always needed ! There is what she wished at all cost to preserve. Each of them is closed and barred, to all who cannot bring to them a certain spiritual tone : and it was this tone which she found it impossible to preserve amid the disquieting distractions of an actress's life. There is nothing morbid, or morose in this judgment of hers. She is not bringing to bear upon the theatre any exaggerated temper of religious puritanism. Even if, at the moment of the actual withdrawal, she was possessed by influences which disturbed her normal conscience, yet even then she repudiated, with hot indignation, any aspersion which implied contempt for her profession. And her determination to withdraw ran back far behind the time when that special form of religious puritanism affected her : and it lasted on, with undiminished strength, long after she had recovered, again, her more habitual judgment. No ! It was religion, if you will, that moved her ; but it was the simple and wholesome religion of a pious soul, who felt that she *must* retain the plain and primitive peace, which is the secret of all high and noble living—that she must sacrifice all, rather than suffer the turmoil of the world to blind her eyes to those mysterious visions that are thrown open through the gates of a sunset, or are set stirring by the still voices of the Bible. So she deliberately judged ; and for that judgment she alone could know fully the grounds ; and she alone can bear the responsibility. Only, let us be clear what that responsibility exactly involved. It was not that she withdrew from man's service the gifts entrusted to her for his use : for she always felt that her best gift, that of song, gained, rather than lost, by her sacrifice of the Stage. She was not, then, sacrificing her proper mission for the sake of the woman's need of relief, and peace ; rather she felt herself to be paying the price that her full artistic mission to mankind asked of her. And the whole of her after-life seemed to be to justify the decision taken. She never saw any cause to doubt but that what God had asked of her, that she had done. And, certainly, the choice she made did justify itself by its spiritual results. By it she did retain the eyes which could look out into the sunset, and the heart that could read the Bible. By it she did keep herself, to the last, “unspotted by the world,” untouched by meaner motives, untainted by the breath of jealousy, or by the suspicion of earthly ambition. Nothing ever brought low that

strange nobility of mind which was her mark, and her possession. Nothing ever clouded or discoloured that strain of haughty purity, which penetrated her being. Always she was shut away from the fever and the fret, that harries high spirits into disquietude, and vexes them with the miserable sense that they have slipped down from their true estate. Faults she had ; blunders she made ; we have not disguised or ignored them. But they were the faults and blunders to which such a character as we have here attributed to her, is liable. They were of the kind which belong, naturally enough, to the high-strung intensity of her life. They came from the misjudgments of genius ; from the recoil of a noble and trustful innocence ; from the reaction of vehement aspirations ; from the disproportion to which artistic inspiration is so prone. Such failings and infirmities are, themselves, the evidence of the strain laid upon the will by the force of the ideal towards which it is set. Life, for her, was difficult to manage rightly, and smoothly, just because she had kept her spiritual temper unflawed and unbeguiled. Still, through all her perplexities, and bewilderments, she never ceased to walk, with the star of a divine mission clear above her head. She kept the heart and the simplicity of a child. She had the same faith in God with which a child looks for a father's blessing, and trusts in the pardon of Jesus.

So we have watched her pass unscathed from out of the rough and dangerous obscurity in which her days began, through all the temptations with which the most overmastering and bewildering success can encompass and perplex the path of a world's favourite—until we leave her, lifted high above the perils that beset the lower way, secure of herself, secure of a home, secure of spiritual peace.

There are few careers which have a more fascinating tale to tell of rapid and brilliant passage out of darkness into triumph, out of poverty and harshness into a blaze of glory. But there is no career which can leave a deeper impression of the entire supremacy, over all the world can bring, of the spiritual motive. She is given everything ; and yet all is as nothing, if it does not leave her free to sit alone by the sea-shore, and to look at the sunset, and at the old Lutheran Bible, with the pure eyes that can see God.

That was the verdict of Jenny Lind ; and that verdict was the

secret of her peculiar power. Therefore it is, that she has left in men's memories the name of one who, rare and splendid as were her gifts, was yet, herself, greater than her gifts—of one whose voice sang to them as no other ever sung, because it came charged with some high message that “no ear hath ever heard.” In all this, her life was a standing witness against the fallacy that haunts the popular use of the phrase, “Art for Art's sake.” Nothing, indeed, could sunder, or weaken her loyalty to Art. She was an artist of the artists. She was true, in her artistic allegiance, to the very backbone; and would suffer no alien dominion within the frontiers that Art might claim. But with her whole soul, she disbelieved in any attempt to allot to Art a domain separate from the integral and central self; and that integral and central self was spiritual; and, if spiritual, then, of inward and inherent necessity, moral. Art could never be isolated from this animating principle of which it was the expression and the embodiment. It was, in itself, however subtle and delicate its mechanical organisation, yet but a lifeless body, unless it were filled, and penetrated, and transfigured by the breath of this spiritual soul. Here, then, lay its spring of strength. And it is Art itself, therefore, that demands of the artist the sacrifice of all that hinders the purity of its central source. Yes! the very treasures and gifts of Art might have to be surrendered in order to preserve the life itself. The right eye might have to be plucked out, the right hand cut off, rather than that the spiritual faculty, which alone could use the hand and the eye, should be itself ruined, or lost. That, we repeat, was Jenny Lind's unswerving creed: and, under the sanction of that creed, she counted the magnificence of her dramatic triumphs as a very little thing, in comparison with the duty of retaining her highest gift in its noblest exercise.

We have spoken of this act of hers as of a renunciation, a sacrifice; how else could we speak of it, when we recall the splendid fame that she abandoned? And, yet, was there any one who ever bore upon her less sign of effort or of struggle in her surrender? It hardly seemed to have cost her a pang to let it go, so strong upon her was the motive-pressure of the ideal for the sake of which she cast it all behind her. Indeed, she was most strangely independent, not merely of fame, but even of that free and public exercise of her gifts which many a high artistic soul

craves as its essential environment. Not only in the resignation of the Stage, but in after years, also, when she had practically withdrawn from public singing, she seemed to make her surrender with the same ease. She had no instinctive hunger for opportunities of self-manifestation. There was no restless desire to feel her old power at work. The musical ideal was high, and serious as ever ; but she could nurse it alone, or with the few who knew. And the firmer the ideal, the more rooted grew her horror of all the friction and the harshness of publicity.

So she lived, without a passing shadow of regretful ambition, for thirty-seven years after her great decision. At home in England, her adopted land, she saw grow up, about her feet, her children,* and her children's children ; and to the very last, she found her deepest joy in the simplicities of children's feasts, and in the sweet homeliness of country-scenes. So she lived, quiet and aloof, in honourable dignity, in freedom and in beneficence, unvexed by clamour, untraversed by intrigue. The affections of friends she had ever about her, intimate and reverential : and the repose of home ; and the trustfulness of wedded love. This was the background she vitally needed in order to secure herself against the ruin of unrest, and to retain, in their integrity, her native nobility of soul, her spiritual solemnity, her perfect purity of tone. So she remained to the very end, original, separate, exalted ; leaving, when she died,† to all those who loved her, the impression of something unique and incomparable,—

——“the memory of what has been
And never more will be.”

Never more here, on earth ! Never more will men listen enthralled by the sound of that singing in which the very soul of poetry and holiness seemed to have found for itself a living vehicle, a spiritual body.

No ! Never more here ! But all the gifts that were in her, penetrated as they were by spiritual significance, told of immortality. Such a presence as hers, erect and prophetic, was itself a pledge that its life cannot be spilt as water in the dust. It

* Walter Otto (born 5th August, 1853); Jenny M. C. (born 31st March, 1857), now Mrs. Raymond Maude; Ernest S. D. (born 5th January, 1861).

† She died, at Wynd's Point, her cottage on the Malvern Hills, on November 2nd, 1887.

may be burdened, as she was, by the perplexities that encompass it with darkness, but it cannot doubt the secret which it holds in itself : it cannot doubt its own unconquerable hope : it cannot doubt its own witness to the necessity of an eternal home where that which here was but suggested will be achieved—that which here did but begin shall be fulfilled. Of her, if of any, is the poet's word true—

“Sorrow is hard to bear; and doubt is slow to clear;

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:

But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;

The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know!”*

* ‘Abt Vogler,’ by Robert Browning.



WYND'S POINT, MALVERN HILLS, MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT'S COUNTRY HOME,
IN WHICH SHE SPENT MUCH OF THE LAST YEARS OF HER LIFE, AND IN
WHICH SHE DIED IN NOVEMBER 1887.

INDEX.

A.

Adelaide, Queen, 295
 "Ah! non credea mirarti" (*La Sonnambula*), 278, 280; Lablache on, 281
 Ahmausson, Mdle. Josephina, companion to J. Lind, 387; illness of, 402, 403; at Lübeck, 406, 410, 424
 Aix-la-Chapelle, 219; J. Lind at, 220, 224
 Albert Institute, the, at Windsor, 452
Allgemeine Zeitung, Deutsche, extract from, 416
 "Am Aarensee," Lindblad's song, 145
An den Sonnenschein (Schumann), 416, 421; her last notes on earth, 424
 Andersen, Hans Christian, 103; "Story of my Life," 103, 104; letter from J. Lind, 107, 108; greets her at Copenhagen, 163; on her genius and character, 163; an amusing story by, 186; J. Lind's friendship, 188, 189
 "Annotation-Book" of J. Lind, 228
 Argyll Lodge, Wimbledon, 450
 Arnemann, Consul, 168; entertains J. Lind at Nienstädten, 225.
 Arnemann, Mme., 165; at Berlin, 189
 Arnim, Frau Bettina, 132
 AT HOME ONCE MORE, 148
Athenæum Newspaper, the, 230, 285
Auf Flügeln des Gesanges (Mendelssohn's), 221, 263
 Augsburg, visit to, 246
 Austria, the Empress of, 250; Emperor, 254

B.

Bach Choir, the, 452
 Balfe, Mr., Conductor at H.M.'s Theatre, 260, 280; conductor on J.

Lind's first provincial tour, 301; second tour, 339, 344
 Barnum, Mr., in action, 405; his proposals, 406; generous conduct of, 407, 408, 441
 Bates, Mr. (of Baring Brothers), 406
Beatrice di Tenda, Cadenza introduced into an Aria, 357
 Beaumarchais, criticism on his libretto of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, 290
 Beethoven, festival at Bonn in 1815, 155
 Behrens, Miss, at Stockholm, 381
 Belletti (barytone) supports J. Lind, 98; at concert for Brompton Hospital, 333; on tour with J. Lind, 337; included in American tour, 406, 410; in *Messiah*, 433; in Ireland in 1859, 451
 Bellini's *I Puritani*, 327
 Benedict, Sir Julius, the Composer, 138; assists J. Lind in American arrangements, 406; engaged as pianist, 406; J. Lind's estimation of, 409, 410
 Bennett, Sterndale, 451
 Berg, Herr, 30, 31, 32; invited to England, 322; a messenger from King Oscar I., 400
 BERLIN, AT THE COURT OF, 115; THE RETURN TO, 168; subsequent visits to, 310, 415; the New Opera House at, 121
 Birch-Pfeiffer, Mme., 129; a good teacher, 130, 131; knowledge of "stage business," 210; Mendelssohn's negotiations with her for a libretto, 210, 211; her exertions to write an acceptable libretto, 212; declines going on with it, 251; on J. Lind's mode of study, 361; her daughter Miini, 397.

Birmingham, 342
 Blumm, Herr, 66; meetings at Herr Blumm's, 74; on an excursion, 78
 Bonde Palace, The, at Stockholm, 42, 91
 Bournonville, on the rôle of Alice, 37; induces J. Lind to sing at Copenhagen, 101, 102; incident, 104, 105
 Brockhaus, Edouard, note-book of, 181
 Brockhaus, Herr Heinrich, 146; diary of, 154, 179
 BROMPTON HOSPITAL, CONCERT FOR, 330, 333
 Brühl Schloss, near Bonn, 152, 153, 155
 Brunswick, 415
 Brunton, Mme., 422
 Buckingham Palace, 295; Mme. Goldschmidt at, 451
 Bunn, Mr. Alfred, lessee, Drury Lane, 134; the Contract, 136, 137; not signed by Mr. Bunn, 137, 165; J. Lind's fear of, 229; fear dispelled, 273; Mendelssohn's letter as to Mr. Bunn, 256, 257; the verdict in his favour, 318
 Burnham Beeches, 278; the Grotes' cottage at, 368
Burschenschaft Hannovera at Göttingen, 412
 Büttner, Herr, 398
 Bylandt, Count de, 285

C.

Cadenze, 357
 Cannes, Mme. Goldschmidt at, 452
 Carl Johann (Bernadotte), King of Sweden, Jubilee of, 97; death of, 106
 Carlsruhe, 245
Casta Diva (in the opera *Norma*), at Berlin, 127; the F♯, 356
 Catalani, Mme., 115; death of, 394; J. Lind on, 403
 Chopin, in London, 324; on J. Lind's singing, 324; on her piano passages, 324; his own *matinées*, a flippant criticism on, 325; at Mrs. Grote's, 368
 Chorley, Mr., introduced by Mendelssohn, 230; pleasure in hearing J. Lind, 230, 231
 Christmas Eve, a Swedish, 128
 Clairville Cottage, 270, 273

College of Music, The Royal, 363, 452
 Concert Room, first appearance in, 144; first in England, 294-297
 Concerts—
 American, 406, 407; proceeds of Charity Concert at New York, November, 1850, 445
 IN THE PROVINCES, 298
 Before the Queen, 294-297
 CONTRACT WITH MR. LUMLEY, THE, 225, provisions of, 235, 236; second contract, 307
 Copenhagen, 101-105; again at, 160-167
 Correspondence with Mendelssohn, 192-195; 204, 208-210; 211, 212; 217, 218; 223; 226, 227; 230; 232-235; 238-242; 243; 250-252; 256, 257
 COURT OF BERLIN, AT THE, 115
 Court Singer, J. Lind appointed Swedish, 58, 317; sings as, at Coronation of Oscar I., 113; at Lyric Concerts, as, 400, 401, 428-431
Creation, The, Haydn's, 221, 246; critical remarks on, 221
 Croelius, Herr, 12; discrimination of, 13; portrait of, inscribed by J. Lind, 14

D.

Darmstadt, J. Lind at, 160, 231-236
 DAS FELDLAGER IN SCHLESIEEN, 122, 129
 DÉBUT, THE, AT THE NEW OPERA HOUSE (Berlin), 121; AT VIENNA, 196
 Début, in London, 265
 ———, reported, in Paris, 90
Deh vieni, non tardar (Mozart's *Figaro*), 419
 Desideria, Queen, wife of Bernadotte, 66; favours J. Lind, 98; as Queen Dowager, 109, 110; a bunch of forget-me-nots, 429
 Devrient, Schroeder-, 115; as Valentine, 190
 Disraeli, Rt. Hon. B., on J. Lind, 334, 335
 Dolby, Miss, duet with J. Lind, 180
 Dresden, 111; concert at, 415; as Mme. Goldschmidt's residence, 450
 Düsseldorf, Mme. Goldschmidt in *Elijah* at, 415

E.

- Echo Song, Norwegian, 194, 357, 432
 Ed-Sollentuna, 8, 14
Elijah, Mendelssohn's letter upon, 212; first performance of, 233; at Exeter Hall, 262, 452; for foundation of Mendelssohn Scholarships, 340; soprano part composed for J. Lind, 340
 Elizabeth, Queen of Prussia, personal interest of, in J. Lind, 145, 146
 Empress-Mother of Austria, the, 215
 Ems, J. Lind at, 396
 Erikson, Mme., 35; letter from J. Lind, 173, 174
 Ernst, H. W., on tour with Mr. and Mme. Goldschmidt, 451
Euryanthe, remarks on, 139, 140

F.

- Feilitzen, Mme. Lotten von (Lindblad's daughter), 43
 Fellborg, Anna Maria, mother of J. Lind. (*See* Lind, Fru.)
 Ferndal, Carl, organist and parish clerk at Ed-Sollentuna, 8, 14
 FESTIVAL, LOWER RHINE MUSICAL, 217; committee of, 219
Figlia del Reggimento, *La*, 151, 281-3
 Forsberg, Herr, 15; signs J. Lind's first theatrical agreement, 18; J. Lind's letters to 71, 82, 453
 Frankfurt, 156-9, 228
 Frederick William IV., rebuilds Berlin Opera House, 121; recognition of J. Lind's talent, 146; causes her to sing to English Royal Guests, 152; appoints J. Lind Kammersängerin, 311
 French, Baroness and Miss French, 373, 374, 402, 425
 FRIENDS IN ENGLAND, 366
 Frith, Mr. ('Reminiscences'), 407
Frühlingslied (Mendelssohn), 181, 221
 Fund, the Swedish (J. Lind's American earnings), destination of, 408
 —, the Nightingale, 451
 —, the Turkish Refugee, 452
 Fundin, Mina, friendship for J. Lind, 21, 22; invited to meet J. Lind at Nienstädten, 225; concert for benefit of, 317

G.

- Gade, Niels W., Herr, 163; his Cantata *Comala*, 193
 Garcia, Signor Manuel, 66; first opinion of J. Lind, 67; a further hearing, 68, 69; on J. Lind in tragedy, 78; J. Lind's desire to be taught by him, 66
 Gardoni, Signor, 260; on tour in England with J. Lind, 391
 GASTROLLEN, definition of the term, 122; at Copenhagen, 161; at Berlin, 169
 Geibel, Dr. Emanuel, the poet, 199, 213
 Geijer, Professor Erik Gustaf, 56; influence of, on J. Lind, 56, 57; his song for J. Lind, 57; scholarships in his memory founded by Mme. Goldschmidt, 408
 Geijer, Mme. Erik Gustaf, letter written after musical festival at Aix-la-Chapelle, 222
 Gewandhaus, the, at Leipzig, concerts, 178, 200, 201
 Goldschmidt, Mme., artistic career, 451; concert at Cannes, 452; gift of mimicry, 453; a severe critic, 453; inner life, 454; her dominant self, 456; on her own performance of Alice, 266; on flexibility of the larynx, 362; objections to contortions of visage, 363; singing beneficial to the chest, 363; letter to the late Mr. Deacon, 363, 364; Queen Marie of Hanover's record, 414, 415
 Goldschmidt, Mr. Otto, as accompanist, 449; at Leipzig, 179; concert for Brompton Hospital, 333; at Hamburg accompanying J. Lind, 399; the Lübeck ball, 411; concert (Hamburg), 399; American tour, 419; marriage, 448, 450; co-operation with madame, 451, 452; *Ruth*, 452
 Gothenburg, 38, 39
 Göttingen, 412, 413
 Grisi, Mme., J. Lind's opinion of, 76, 77; as Norma, 286; succeeds from H.M. Theatre, 231, 260; generous words of, 285, 286
 Grote, Mr. Joseph, entertains J. Lind, 387
 Grote, Mrs., on first appearance of J. Lind before the Queen, 155; on J.

Lind's desire to leave the stage, 156; the Bunn contract, 156, 229; entertains J. Lind, 262; MS. Memoir, 263, 307, *et passim*; a home-thrust by, 264; on Mr. Lumley's fête, 299; at Clairville, 299; account of J. Lind's first provincial tour, 300, 301; "Farewell," 307; provincial tour, 1848, 337-339; the literary and musical world, 368; J. Lind with her at Paris, 392
 Guhr, Prof., enthusiasm of, 157
 Günther, Prof. Julius, 100, 101; at Westerwik, 105; concerts with J. Lind for Josephson, 106, 107; engagement to J. Lind, 322; broken off, 387

H.

Habicht, the Chevalier Charles Edward, 446
 Hall, Mr. and Mrs. S. C., 330
 Hamburg, J. Lind's first appearance at, 148; concerts at, 399
 Handel, revival of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, 452; *Messiah* at Liverpool, 433; at Halle, 451
 Hanover, King Georg V. and Queen Marie of, 225; became acquainted with J. Lind, 412; the Queen's Reminiscences, 412-15
 Harris, Capt. Claudius, 387-91
 Hauser, Herr Franz, biographical note, 203; proves a true friend, 205; letters from Mendelssohn, 204, 217, 223
 Heiberg, Fru (famous Danish actress), the beauty and genius of, 101
 Heidelberg, J. Lind at, 245
 Heimdall, a Swedish literary periodical, 25; description of J. Lind's singing, 31
 H.M. Theatre, affairs in disorder, 231; review of perplexities, 259; State visit to, 284
 Hierta, M. and Mme. Lars, 89, 90; letters from J. Lind, 123, on her philanthropic plans, 313, 314
 Huguenots, *Les*, 189

I.

Ich muss nun einmal singen, song by Rellstab and Taubert, 311, 414, 416

J.

Jaeger, Fräulein Augusta von, 253; letters to, 361, 362, 425
 Jaeger, Prof. and Mme. von, 247; letters to, 272, 275, 315, 319, 320, 321
 Jensen, the artist, picture by, 105
 Joachim, Prof., at Leipzig, 252; on tour with Mr. and Mme. Goldschmidt in Ireland, 451
 Johannson, Louise, 8; resides with J. Lind, 41; letter to, 62; companion to, 91
 Josephson, Jakob Axel, 99; J. Lind's assistance to, 100, 106, 107, 176; welcomes her to Dresden, 112; visits her at Berlin, 128; on her Berlin success, 167; letter from J. Lind to, 176, 177; concert for the benefit of, 317
 Jüngken, Prof., letter from, 416

K.

Kammersängerin, appointment as Austrian, 254; as Prussian, 311
 Kaskel, Consul Karl, 112, 113
 Kaulbach, Prof. and Mme. Wilhelm von, 238, 243; letters to, 244, 323, 336
 Koch, M. and Mme. von, 65, 151, 156
 Kuhe, Mr., concert at which J. Lind sang, 245
 Küstner, Herr von (*Intendant* of the R. Theatres, Berlin), 129, 309

L.

Lablache, Signor, 259; alone faithful, 260; letter to Mr. Lumley, 261; introduced to J. Lind, 263; J. Lind on, 295; at Osborne, 295; Dottore Dulcamara, 327; at concert for Brompton Hospital, 333; on J. Lind's *fioritura*, 361; at Mrs. Grote's, 368
 Lablache, Signor F., on tour in England with J. Lind, 301, 337; on tour with Mr. and Mme. Goldschmidt, 451
 Ladugårdslands church, at Stockholm, 64
 Lansdowne House, concert at, 277
 LAST OPERA, THE, 348
 LAST WORDS, 448

Leopold, King of the Belgians, on J. Lind, 155; at Buckingham Palace, 295

Lwin, Mr. Edward, 156, 229; on tour in England with J. Lind, 301, 337; at home in Swedish, 301; the friend of J. Lind, 301, 369; escorts J. Lind to England, 369

Leipzig, 178; the Conservatorium at, 179

Lexicon, Swedish Biographical, 11

Lind, Fru (the mother of Jenny), 8, 20, 21; Jenny boarding with her, while a pupil at Theatre-School, 17; letters from, 38, 39, 40, 41; J. Lind's record of their meeting in 1848, 319; regarding her death, 443-445

Lind, Jenny, Retrospection, 1-6; at the Royal Theatre, 7; Birth, parentage, and early life, 7; detection of musical gifts, 10; the historic *fanfare*, 10, 11; adoption 11; introduction to Croelius, 12; PUPILAGE, 15; agreement, 16, 17; summary of training, 17; first recorded letter of, 22, 23; CAREER, 24; dramatic power, 24, 77; first appearance, *et.* 10, 24, 25; *Heimdall*, 25, 30, 31; *The Daily Allehanda*, 29, 30; DISCOVERY, 35; overstrain, 37, 38; country life, 38, 39; leaves her mother, 41; final disruption, 42; a congenial home, 42; serenade and presentation of plate, 43; the "nightingale," 44; in Stockholm society, 48, 49, 50; personal appearance of, 53; height, 53; CHARACTER, 54; PILGRIMAGE, 58; provincial tour (Sweden), 62; characteristic charities, 62, 63, 161, 163, 164; overstrain, 63, 64; remuneration (1840), 64; object of visit to Paris, 64, 66; IN PARIS, 65; energy and perseverance, 68, 69; *ab initio*, 70; scale practice, 70; the shake, 70; management of the breath, 70, 71; railway accident, 78, 79; recovery of full powers, 80; engaged for Stockholm, 85, *seq.*; false report of Parisian *début*, 89, 90; ACHIEVEMENT, 91; HOME: AND AFTER? 91; *messa di voce*, 92; change of guardianship, and provision for parents, 94, 95, 97; sings at Copenhagen, 102; return to Stockholm, 106; letter on *Armida*, 106; Dresden, 109; study of German, 111; recalled to Stock-

holm, 113; appearances at, 114; offer of engagement and pension, 114; final refusal, 114; arrival at Berlin, 115, 116; TRANSFIGURATION, 117, 118; generosity of J. Lind, 123, 124; *début* in Norma, 125; first appearance as Vielka, 131; a serenade, 133; text of the Bunn contract, 136, 137; Bunn contract signed, 137; alarming attack, 141; a touching *Auf Wiedersehen*, 144; "oscillation," 147, 379; at Hamburg, 148; return to Germany, 153; appears before Queen Victoria, 154; at Frankfort, 154, 156, 157; voice, 157; *cadenzas*, 157; at Copenhagen, 161; at Leipzig, 179, *seq.*; ovation at, 182, 183; *Die Vestalin* at Berlin, 184; at Weimar with Andersen, 188; *Die Hugenotten* at Berlin, 190; a sprained foot, 192; AUF WIEDERSEHEN, 192-197; again at Leipzig, 198, 200; *début* at Vienna, 205; enthusiastic receptions, 205-7; LOWER RHINE MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 217; at Aix-la-Chapelle, 220; at Hanover, 225; at Hamburg, 226; excessive fatigue, 226; rest, 227; memorable visit to Frankfort, 229; refusal of Mr. Lumley's offers, 229; fear of Mr. Bunn, 229, 256; at Darmstadt, 231; the Lumley contract, 235, 236; *concerts particuliers*, 239, 240, 242; at Vienna, 253; accepts Mr. Lumley's proposals for London, 262; visits Mrs. Grote, 262; nervousness, 263; "a private" hearing, 263; perseverance and punctuality at rehearsals, 264; *Roberto il Diavolo*, 265 *et seq.*; the Terzetto in Act V., 266; LA SONNAMBULA, 278 *et seq.*; "the Priestess of Nature," 283; *Norma*, 284; *I Masnadieri*, 288; the music of Mozart, 290; among British Royalties, 294; Swedish songs, 295; operatic triumphs reviewed, 296; how our national heart was won, 297; IN THE PROVINCES, 298; studying at Burnham, 298; at Mr. Lumley's *Fête champêtre*, 299; on tour, 300; *Dove sono*, 302; Swedish songs, 302; last weeks in England, 307; departure, 307; arrival at Berlin, 310; *La Sonnambula*, 310; farewell to Berlin stage, 310; appointed Prussian *Kammersängerin*, 311; last

notes at Berlin, 311; religious convictions, 315; voice in normal splendour, 316; last appearance at Stockholm, 317; grief for the death of Mendelssohn, 320, 321; the Fund for the Theatre School, 321; engagement to Herr Gunther, 322; broken off by mutual consent, 387; farewell to Sweden, 323; arrival in London, second season, 324; re-appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, 324; *Lucia*, 26; *I Puritani*, 327; unrivalled as a composer of *cadenze*, 327, 328; concert for Brompton Hospital, 332; on tour in England, 337, 338; at Leeds, 338; the Mendelssohn Foundation, 337, 339 *et seq.*; performance of *Elijah*, 340; at Manchester, 342; at Birmingham, 342; Yule-tide at Crumpsall, 343; concert for Southern Hospital, Liverpool, 343; "Jenny Lind Infirmary for Sick Children," 343; at Norwich, 343; College Hall, Worcester, 344; list of charity concerts in nine weeks, 345; intended renunciation of Stage, 348; Lumley in despair, 349; a compromise, 349; re-appearance in Opera, 350; glorious reception, 350; the last farewell to the Stage, 350, 351, 352; THE METHOD, 355; quality of voice and vocal *technique*, 355, 356, 361; Norwegian Echo Song, 357; the basis of the voice, 357; indomitable perseverance, 357, 361; *cadenze*, 357; the shake, 358, 359; exercise on the shake, 358, 359; management of the breath, 359, 360; articulation, 360, 361; summary of eleven years' work, 364, 365; the home of her adoption, 366; a kindly refuge, 369; as St. Cecilia, 369; influence of the Stanley family, 369 *et seq.*; the Bishop's bible, 371; WHY DID J. LIND LEAVE THE STAGE? 376; the domestic instinct, 380; quotation from letter to Mme. Erikson on retirement, 381; to Josephson, 381; to Miss Behrens, 381; to Mme. Wichmann, 383; to Mme. Birch-Pfeiffer, 383; appeal from Rellstab, 383; resolved to leave the Stage, 384; visit to Mr. Joseph Grote, 387; engagement to Captain Harris, 388; Mr. Nassau Senior's advice, 390; the settlements, 390; engagement broken off, 392; Paris,

393; cholera, 394; at Cologne—a crisis, 394; shattered nerves, 395; at Meran, 398; Berlin, 400; American contract signed, 405; last concert as J. Lind, 408; destination of "private or separate fund," 408, 409; happy days, 410, 411, 422; with the Schumanns at Hamburg, 420 *et seq.*; the Academic Union of Lund, 424; the Stockholm medal, 429, 430, 431; address, 430; Moreton Gardens, picture of J. Lind at St. Clara, Stockholm, 431; at Liverpool, 432; marriage, 448
 Lind, Niclas Jonas, the father of J. Lind, 7, 8; resigns guardianship of, 97
 Lindblad, Adolf F., the composer, opera by, 32; receives J. Lind into his home, 42; biographical sketch of, 42, 54; his influence on J. Lind, 55; his songs, 55, 297
 Lindskog, Mdle. Apollonia, 41; accompanies J. Lind to Dresden, 112, 113
 Liverpool, J. Lind at, 343, 347, 433; departure from, 436; the *Messiah* at, 347
 Liverpool, the late Lord, on J. Lind, 155
 Lona, Tante. *See* Lindskog.
 London, J. Lind's arrival in, 262
 Lower Rhine Musical Festival (1846), *the*, 217-224
 Lübeck, 402; American contract signed at, 405-407
 Lumley, Mr., 229; affairs of H.M. Theatre, 231; letter of introduction to J. Lind for, from Mendelssohn, 232, *seq.*; letter to Mendelssohn from, 234, 235; conditions of the Lumley Contract, 235, 236; managerial enterprise, 261, 287; anxiety for a new opera, 287; withdrawal of Mendelssohn, 287; Verdi's *I Masnadieri*, 288; Lumley's villa near Putney, 299; at Bath, 307; second contract with J. Lind, 307; the Bunn verdict, 318; on season of 1848, 329; liberality of, 332; her loyalty to, 390
 Lund, University of, donation from J. Lind, 408
 Lundberg, Mdle. (a dancer at the R. Theatre, Stockholm), 12

M.

Magnus, Professor, portrait of J. Lind, 195, 251; replica of the portrait, 196
 Malvern Hills, cottage on the, bought, 408; Mme. Goldschmidt's last illness at, 423, 424; her last notes, 423, 424
 Manchester, J. Lind at, 338, 342, 432
 Mario (famous tenor), revolts from Lumley, 260; memorable party at St. Petersburg, 285
 Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Felix, 2, 3; first meeting with J. Lind, 119; his opinion of J. Lind, 163; at Berlin, 177; concert at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, 181, 182; his speech, 183; letter to J. Lind, 192, 208, 211; *Elijah* unfinished, 212; correspondence with Hauser, 217, 223; further letters to J. Lind, 226, 230, 232, 238, 250, 256; last visit to England, 262; receives J. Lind, with Mrs. Grote, 262; produces *Elijah*, 262; disappointment as to Scribe's *libretto* for *La Tempesta*, 287; songs by, sung by J. Lind at Osborne, 295; death of, 320; influence of, on J. Lind, 321, 385; proposed School of Music in honour of, 337
 Mendelssohn, Mme. Felix, 199; letters from J. Lind to, 396
 Meran, J. Lind at, 398
 "METHOD, THE," 355-364
 Meyerbeer, 2, 34; hears J. Lind in Paris, 87; his opinion of her, 89; anxiety to engage her for the Berlin Opera, 109; "enchanted" by her interpretation of his *Vielka*, 131; letter from, 142; his *Vielka* at Vienna, 254, 255; in Paris, 393; his *Prophète*, 393
 Mozart, the music of, 290; his *Recitativo secco*, 291, 293; J. Lind's admiration of, 290
 Munich, at, 238, 243, 244
 Munthe, Carl, 95-97
 Munthe, Judge H. M., 31; character of, 95; letters to, from Berlin, 116, 147, 177; letter to, from Stuttgart, 245; from London, 274; a noteworthy letter from J. Lind, 336; in Paris, and travelling with J. Lind, 394, 395; letters to, 416, 441

N.

New York, a day's work in, 445, 446
 Nienstädten, near Altona, J. Lind's visits to, 168, 225
 Nightingale, 43, 157, 164; "The Swedish," 271; the beloved, 297; J. Lind's, 298; the Northern, 412, 415
 Nissen, Mlle., 70; sings with J. Lind, 74, 75; her prospect of high reputation, 76
 Norwich, 302; the Cathedral, 302; reception continued, 303, 304; at, 343
 NOZZE DI FIGARO, LE, 290-293
 Nuremberg, J. Lind at, 245

O.

Oak Lea, Wimbledon, 450
 Oehlenschläger, the poet, 163
 Oldenburg, J. Lind at, 415
O Jugend, O schöne Rosenzeit (in Mendelssohn's song), 412
 Operas:—
 Anna Bolena, 64
 Armida (Gluck), 196
 Château de Monténéro (Dalayrac), 36
 Divertissement National (Berwald), 97, 98
 Don Giovanni, Il (*Don Juan*), Berlin, 169
 Elisir d'Amore, L', 319; first time in London, 326
 Elves, The (Van Boom), 365
 Euryanthe (Weber), 43, 138, 139, 140
 Feldlager in Schlesien, Das, 109, 111, 112; in Berlin, 131-133; at Vienna, 253
 Ferdinand Cortez (Spontini), 365
 Figlia del Reggimento (first appearance), 150; its special charm, 151; at Vienna, 248; in London, 282; at Berlin, 310; at Stockholm, 316; last performance, 350
 Freischütz, Der (Weber), 35, 36, 71, 148; at Berlin, 170; at Vienna, "an immense success," 214; at Stockholm, 316; grand *Scena* from, 360
 Frunderer (Lindblad), 32
 Gazza Ladra, La, 93
 Huguenots, Les, 93; at Berlin, 189; Vienna version, *Die Ghibellinen in Pisa*, 214

Operas—continued :—

Jag går i Kloster (Berwald), 365
Lucia di Lammermoor, 43, 150; first time in England and *Times* critique on, 325, 326

Marie (Héroid), 43

Masnadieri, I, 288

May Day in Wärend, A, 97, 106

Norma, 64; at Stockholm, 92; at Berlin, 125-127; at Vienna, 205, 206; in London, 284

Nozze di Figaro, Le, 93, 243, 290; the *Recitativo secco*, 293

Puritani, I, first performance by J. Lind, 327; *Times* critique upon, 328

Roberto il Diavolo, 34, 36, 41, 42; at Copenhagen, 102; at H.M. Theatre, 265 *et seq.*; last performance, 350 351

Semiramide (Rossini), 93, 365

Sonnambula, La, at Stockholm, 93, 149; at Vienna, 207; ovation, 214, 215; in London, 278 *et seq.*; second season in London, 324; last performance, 350, 351

Swiss Family, The (Weigl), 63, 92

Straniera, La, 30, 63

Turco in Italia, Il (Rossini), 150

Vestale, La (Spontini), 36, 43; at Berlin, 184

Vielka (*Das Feldlager in Schlesien*), at Vienna, 253; Fräulein von Jaeger's account of, 253, 254; the famous Trio in, 253

Zauberflöte, Die, 63, 349

Opera Houses :—

Berlin, 125, 169; final farewell, 310

Copenhagen, 102, 161

Dresden, 112

Hamburg (Stadt-Theater), 148

Hanover (Court Theatre), 225

Munich, 244

Stockholm, 149 *et seq.*

Vienna, 204, 247

Operatic Parts. See Operas.

Oratorio. J. Lind in, 376; "the wish of my heart," 396

Oratorios :—

Haydn's *Creation*, Aix-la-Chapelle, 221, 223; Exeter Hall, 345, 452

Handel's *Messiah*, Liverpool, 433; Halle, 451; (Rotterdam, 1855); Dusseldorf, 451; Exeter Hall, 452

— Alexander's *Feast* (Aix-la-Chapelle), 221

Oratorios—continued :—

Handel's *L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso*, 452

— St. Cecilia, Ode, Dusseldorf, 451

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* at Exeter Hall, 340, 452; at Dusseldorf, 415

Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* at Dusseldorf (1855); in London, 451

Otto Goldschmidt's *Ruth*, 452

Osborne, J. Lind at, 295

Oscar I. of Sweden, coronation of, 113; request to J. Lind, 400; letter from, 400, 401

P.

Paris, J. Lind in, 65; street cries of, 69; J. Lind's opinion of, 81; Italian Opera, 76, 89; visit to, in 1849, 392

Pasta, Mme., *Norma* written for, 125

Perman, Fru (Ostersund, Sweden), 9

Persiani, Mme., J. Lind's impressions of, 76; in revolt, 231; secedes from H.M. Theatre, 260

Pillet, Léon, Mons., Director, Grand Opera, Paris, 88; contradiction of false reports respecting, 90

Plays :—

Adèle de Sévanges, 33

American Monkey, The, 35

Angelo Malipieri, 33

Bride of the Capital, The, 33

Bride of the Tomb, The, 33

Death of Wallenstein, The, 33

Fausse Agnès, La, 29

Fisherman, The, 33

Foster-Son, The, 30

Jealous Wife, 33

Jenny Mortimer, 33

Johanna de Montfaucon, 29

Ludicrous Encounter, The, 33

Marie di Sirvy, 33

New Elizabeth, The, 32

New Garrison, The, 30

Pasha of Suresne, The, 29

Polish Mine, The, 25

Sentinel, The, 33

Sons of King Edward, The, 33, 35

Students of Småland, The, 29

Testament, 25-29

Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life, 29

Plays—continued:—

Unknown Son, The, 32*Zoe*, 33

(To this list must be added certain ephemeral plays, or fragments of plays—to the number of about a dozen—not mentioned in the text.)

Pokorny, Director (Vienna), 158, 247 ; in despair, 205

Prince Consort, H.R.H. the late, 152, 155 ; at H.M. Theatre on J. Lind's appearance, 265 ; state visit to the opera (*Norma*), 284, 350, 351

PROVINCES, IN THE, 298

Prussia, Princess of (the late Empress Augusta), 117

Puget, Mdle. du, 73, 74

Puke, Count, 12, 13

Q.

QUEEN'S STATE VISIT TO THE OPERA, THE, 284

R.

Rachel, J. Lind on, 77

Redern, Graf von, 160 ; messages to, 399, 443

Reeves, Mr. Sims, 452

Reilstab, Ludwig, critic and poet, 126, 191 ; author of *libretto* of Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*, 122 ; of Prologue for Festival performance of Weber's *Euryanthe*, 139 ; his criticisms on J. Lind's "Norma," 126 ; "Euryanthe," 140 ; "Agatha," 171 ; "Julia," in *La Vestale*, 184 ; "Valentine," in *The Huguenots*, all at Berlin, 190 ; his notices on farewell performance second Berlin season, 196 ; in *La Sonnambula* once more at Berlin (1847), 310 ; his protest against her retirement from the stage, 383 ; welcomes her back to Berlin and reviews her as a concert-singer, 417-420

Reyer, Mme., 116, 128

Rhine, the, 219 *et seq.*

Ridderstolpe, Baroness, 116, 119, 128

Roger, M., the great French tenor, 337 ; "Mark this well," 338 ; his "Le Carnet d'un Tenor," 285

Rollet, Hermann, poet, 188

Rossi, Countess (Sontag), 116 ; fame of, 117, 417

Ruckman, Fröken Marie, 81

Ruffiaques, Mme., J. Lind's hostess at Paris, 66, 73

S.

Sainton, M., on tour with Mr. and Mme. Goldschmidt, 451

Sassenay, Marquis and Marquise de (Aix-la-Chapelle), 220

Schiller, tomb of, 188 ; his *Die Räuber* (Verdi's *I Masnadieri*), 288

Scholarships:—

"Geijer," at Upsala University, 408

"Jenny Lind," at the Stockholm Academies, 313, 314, 321

"Mendelssohn," in London, 340

"Bishop Tegnér," at Lund University, 408

Schroeder, Herr Schoeltz von, Prussian envoy to Denmark, 160

Schumann, Mme. Clara, at Leipzig, 200 ; at Vienna, 248 ; diary of, 249 ; introduced to Mme. Wichmann by J. Lind, 255 ; her diary recording their meeting and joint concerts at Hamburg, 420-422 ; concert in London, 452

Schumann, Dr. Robert, at Vienna, 248 ; at Hamburg, 420 ; his genius, 423 ; his songs, 420-422 ; his *An den Sonnenschein*, 421, 424

Schwabe, Mr. and Mme. Salis, at Manchester, 343, 373 ; with J. Lind at Liverpool, 432 ; letters to, 375, 398, 427

Schwerin, Court Theatre at, 149

Seminoff, Fräulein von, 422

Senior, Mr. Nassau, 266, 393 ; his advice and intervention, 390-392

Shake, the, 269 ; Queen Victoria's remark on it, 280 ; Mme. Goldschmidt's way of teaching it, with musical example, 358, 359

Soult, Mme. la Maréchale, 66

South Germany, 237

Spontini at Berlin, 170 ; his masterpiece, 184

St. Clara (parish of), at Stockholm, 7 singing at, 431

Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn (Dean of Westminster), descriptive letter from, 303-307

Stanley, Bishop, of Norwich, 301; invitation to J. Lind, 302; his watchful care of her, 369; farewell letter, 370; the Bishop's present of a Swedish Bible, 371

—, Mrs. (the Bishop's wife) motherly devotion to J. Lind, 369, 392; letters on her second visit to Norwich, 372, 373; conversation with, 388; J. Lind's letters to, 353, 449

Staudigl, Herr, at Vienna, 205; in *Figaro*, at H.M. Theatre, 291

Stedingk, Fröken von, her Diary, 98, 109; on J. Lind's return to Sweden in 1848, 313, 318; in 1850, 428, 429

Stockholm, Home for Widows of Burghers, 11; soirée at in 1839, 48, 50; J. Lind's return to, 316, 428; Children's Hospital at, 409

Students, the Göttingen, 412; letter to, from J. Lind, 413

Stuttgart, at, 243

Suleika (Mendelssohn), 419

Sweden, bequest to, 313, 314, 408, 430

Swedish Songs, at Dresden, 113; at Berlin, 145; at Leipzig, 180, 181; at Buckingham Palace, and at Osborne, 295; at Norwich, 302; at Hanover, 411; in America, 442

Swedish Medal Committee and address, 429

T.

Taglioni, Mons. Paul, 109

Tamburini, 259, 260

Tasmania, Bishop Nixon of, 304, 306; J. Lind on, 371; letter to J. Lind, 371.

Taubert, Prussian Hof-Kapellmeister, at Leipzig, 192; Mendelssohn's account of, 193; at Vienna, 213, 218; new song by, 311, 442; messenger to J. Lind from King of Prussia, 400

Tegnér, Bishop, Scholarships in memory of, 408

TEMPESTA, LA, 289

Tengmark, Fru, Jenny's grandmother, 9, 10

Thalberg, Sigismund, a visitor at Clairville, 330; at Mrs. Grote's, 368

Theatre, Royal, at Stockholm, 15;

school of girls, 15, 16; directors of the, 16; J. Lind invited to sing for, by the King, 400

Tieck, the poet, an evening spent with him, 133

Topelius, the Finnish poet, 99

Tuczeć, Fräulein, 122-125; the Zerlina of, 170; in the concert-room, 145, 418

U.

Upsala, J. Lind at, 37, 38; concert at, for Josephson, 107; University of, 408

V.

Victoria, Queen, the preparations for entertaining, on her first visit to the Continent since her accession, 152, 153; enchanted with J. Lind, 155; at Frankfort, 159; at H.M. Theatre, 265, 267; enthusiasm of, 268; critique on *Sonnambula*, 280, 281; constant attendance at H.M. Theatre, second J. Lind season, 328, 329

Viellka. See Meyerbeer.

Vienna, J. Lind at, 202; the *début* at, 205; J. Lind's love for, 215, 276

Vivanot, Dr., 202; death of Mme., 247

W.

Wainwright, Bishop, of New York, 448

Weber, Carl Maria von, 138

Weigall, Lady Rose, memorandum by, 117-119

Weimar, J. Lind and Andersen at, 187; at Goethe's and Schiller's graves, 188

Wellington, the Duke of, 277, 346

West, Captain, s.s. *Atlantic*, 437

Westmorland, Earl of, 116, 117; and the Bunn contract, 135

Westmorland, Lady, testimony of, 117, 118

Why did J. Lind leave the Stage? 376-392

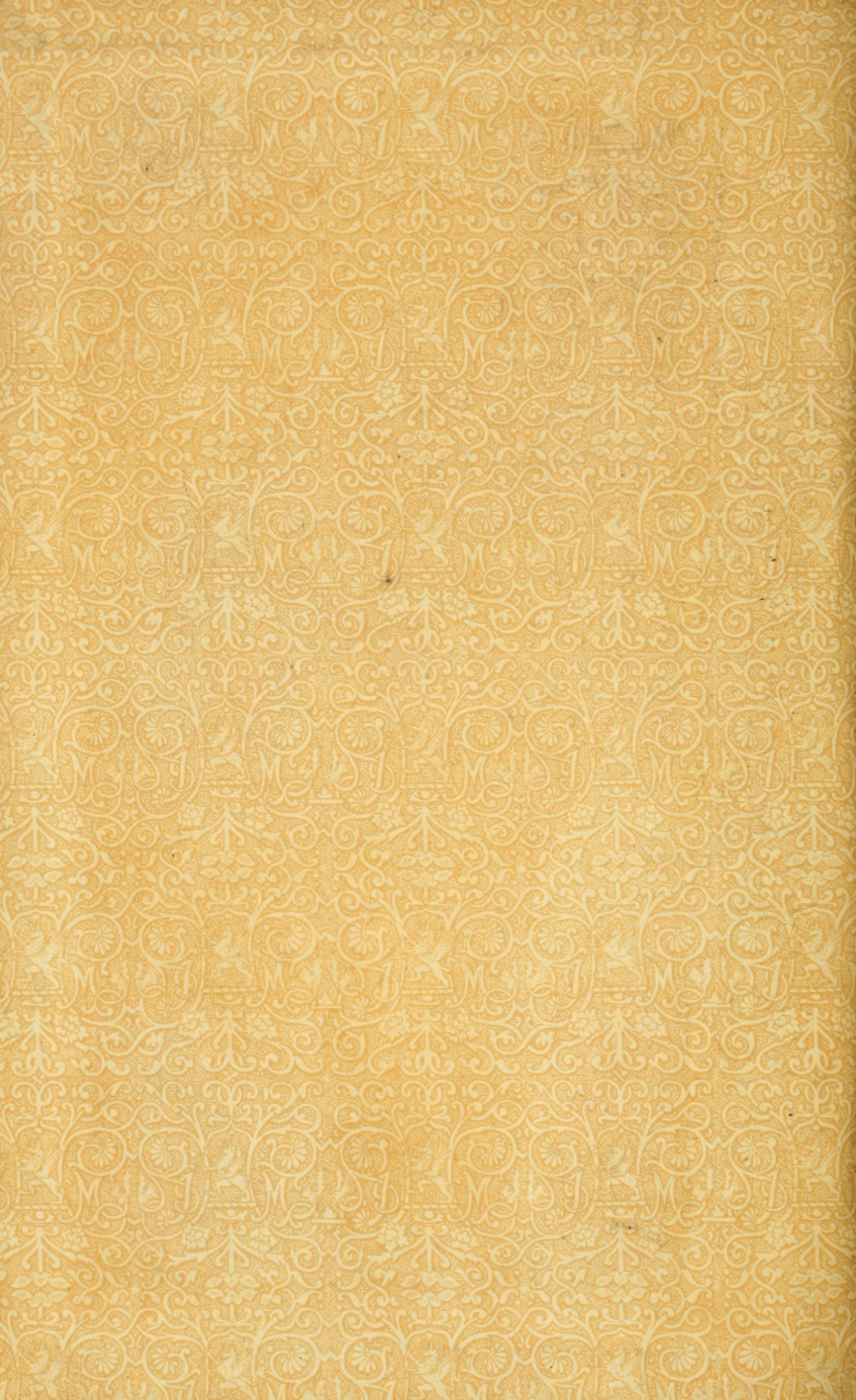
Wichmann, Prof. Ludwig and Frau Amalia, their home, 119, 415; Magnus' portrait of J. Lind, a tribute from her to them, 195; medallion-portrait by Prof. Wichmann, 195

- 309; letters to Frau Amalia, 168,
199, 213, 254, 309, 337, 394, 409,
442
- Wichmann, Herr Rudolph (member for
Koenigsberg in the German Reichs-
tag), 169, 224
- Willis, Parker, notes on J. Lind, 445-
447
- Wilton, Mr., agent for Mr. Barnum,
405, 406
- Wimbledon, 368, 450
- Windsor Castle, Mme. Goldschmidt at,
451
- Wynd's Point, Malvern Hills, 461-462

Z.

- Zauberflöte, Die*, 63, 349
- Zwiegesang* (Mangold's) first time, 419

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.



mus, stx

ML 420.L7H7 1893

Jenny Lind the artist, 1820-1851 :



3 9153 00852978 8

MUSIC/ML/420/L7/H7/1893

